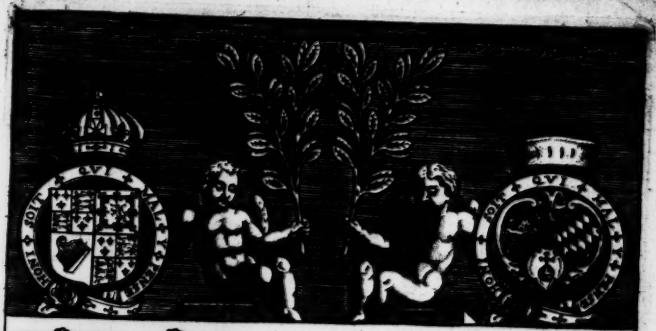


POEMS
by
MICHAEL
DRAYTON
Esquyer.

Newly Corrected & Augmented

LONDON
Printed by Willi: Stanlby for John Smethwick

POEMES:

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON

ESQVIRE.

VIZ.

THe Barons Warres.

Englands Heroicall Epistles.

The Legend of *Robert* Duke of *Normandie*.

The Legend of *Matilda*.

The Legend of *Pierce Gaueston*.

The Legend of *great Cromwell*.

Idea.

TO THE NOBLE SIR *WALTER ASTON*: Knight of the Honourable Order *Of the* BATH; *Baronet*:

And of his Maieſties Prinie Chamber.

SIR, *Theſe my few Poems the works of that Mayden Reigne, in the Spring of our Acquaintance, as it pleaſed you then to Patronize, as I ſingly ſet them forth: ſo now collected into this ſmall Volume; I make the beſt Preſent, that my poore Abilitie is able to tender you: howſoeuer they may appeare to theſe more prodigious Dayes, I know not: but thus much I will ſay, to mine owne diſaduantage, (ſhould they hap to be vnwelcome to theſe Times:) That they were the fruit of that Muſe-nurſing Seaſon: before this froſtie* Boreas (*I meane the worlds cold-*

neſſe) had nipt our fiawrie Tempe; *that with his peſtilenciall Fogs is like vterly to poyſon the* Pierean *Spring, doe not* Apollo *mightily protect it: before (I ſay) Hell had ſent vp her blacke Faries, that in euery corner breathe their venome in the face of cleere Poeſie: And, but that as ſhe is Diuine, her beauties be Immortall, or they had before this blaſted her ſweetneſſe, and made her as vgly to the world, as they themſelues are in the eyes of true Iudgement and Vertue. Worthy Sir, my wiſh is: that ſo long as theſe Poemes can liue, they may remayne as a Monument by mee rayſed to your Honour, whoſe continuance I wiſh, with as much happineſſe to your Family, as can be deſired.*

By your Deuoted,

M. DRAYTON.

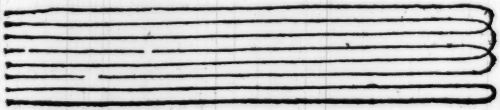
TO THE READER OF THE *Barons Warres.*

THat at firſt I made choice of this Argument, I haue not as yet repented me, for if the Muſe haue not much abuſed mee, it was moſt worthy to haue found a more worthy Pen then mine owne. For the *Barons Warres*, (omitting the qualitie of thoſe Armes whereof I haue not heere to ſpeake) where ſurely aſwell for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloudſhed, and multitude of horrid accidents, meete matter for Trumpet or Tragedie. Therefore as at firſt, the dignitie of the thing was the motiue of the doing, ſo the cauſe of this my ſecond greater labour was the inſufficient and careleſſe printing of many Impreſſions, not only of this Poeme of the Warres, but alſo of theſe other of mine, herewith ioyned in this Volume, which hath cauſed mee to vnder-

vndertake them, as you ſee: yet not ſo, as if I ſhould ſeeme now to haue excelled my ſelfe, and failing in my hopes, be kept without excuſe. And whereas I was aduiſed to write it, and alſo began it in the Stanza of ſeuen lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this Figure appeareth:



The often Harmonie thereof, ſoftned the Verſe more then the Maieſtie of the ſubiect would permit, vnleſſe they had all beene Gemels, or Couplets. Therefore (but not without faſhioning the whole frame) I choſe this Stanza of all other the moſt complete and beſt proportioned, conſiſting of eight lines, ſix interwouen, & a couplet in baſe.



For the Stanza of ſeuen firſt named, the Quadrin doth neuer double, or, to vſe a word of Heraldry, neuer bringeth forth Gemels. The Quinzaine too ſoone. The Seſtin hath Twins in the baſe, but they detayne not the Muſike nor the Cloze (as Muſicians terme it) long enough for an Epicke Poeme. This of eight both holds the tune cleane

thorow

thorow to the Baſe of the Columne, (which is the couplet, the foot or bottome) and cloſeth not but with a full ſatisfaction to the eare for ſo long detention.

Briefly, this ſort of Stanza hath in it, Maieſtie, Perfection, and Solidity, reſembling the Pillar which in Architecture is called the Tuſcan, whoſe Shaft is of ſix Diameters, and Baſes of two. The other reaſons this place will not beare, but generally, all Stanza's are in my opinion but Tyrants and Torturers, when they make inuention obey their number, which ſometime would otherwiſe ſcantle it ſelfe. A fault that great Maſters in this Art ſtriue to auoyde. Concerning the diuiſion which I vſe in this Poeme, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath vſed to diſtinguiſh Workes into Bookes, and euery one to beare the number of their order. *Homers Iliads* and *Vlyſſads* indeed, are diſtinguiſhed by ſeuerall letters of the Greeke Alphabet, as all the world knowes, and not by the numerall letters only, which to *Iota* are digit, and afterward compound; the *Alpha* being our vnite, for the Greekes had no figures nor ciphers in their Arithmeticke. *Virgils Æneis*, *Statius Thebaies*, *Silius* worke of the Carthaginian warre, *Illyricus Argonauticks*, *Vida's Chriſteies* are all diuided into Bookes. The Italians vſe *Canto's*; and ſo our firſt late great Reformer, Maſter *Spenſer*. That I aſſume another

another name for the Section in this Volume, cannot be disgracious nor vnauowable.

Lastly, if I haue not already exceeded the length of an Epistle, I am to intreate that he who will (as any man may that will) make himselfe a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that *Spartan* Prince, who being found by certaine Ambassadors playing among his Children, requested them to forbeare to censure, till also they had some of their owne. To such I giue as ample power and priuiledge, as euer *Ius liberorum* could in *Rome*, crauing backe againe at their hands by a re-grant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is, that they should vndergoe the licence which themselues challenge, and suffer that in their fames, which they would wrongly put vpon others, according to the most indifferent Law of the *Talio*. Fare you well.

TO

To Maſter *Michael Drayton.*

WHat Ornaments might I deuiſe, to fit
Th' aſpiring height of thy admired Spirit?
Or what faire Garland worthy is to ſit
On thy bleſt Browes, that compaſſe in all Merit?
Thou ſhalt not crowned be with common Bayes,
Becauſe for thee it is a Crowne too low,
Apollo's *Tree can yeeld thee ſimple prayſe,*
It is too dull a Veſture for thy Brow;
But with a Wreathe of Starres, ſhalt thou be crown'd,
Which when thy working Temples doe ſuſtaine
Will like the Spheares be euer mouing round,
After the royall Muſike of thy Braine:
Thy Skill doth equall Phœbus, *not thy Birth:*
He to Heauen gines Muſike, thou to Earth.

THOMAS GREENE.



To Master *Michael Drayton.*

THose painful Wits, which Nature: depth admire,
And view the causes of vnconstant strife,
Doe tremble, lest the Vniuerse expire,
Through lasting Iarres, the Enemies of life.
On earthly signes let not such Sages looke,
Nor on the cleere aspect of hopefull Starres,
But learn the Worlds continuance from thy Booke,
Which frames past Natures force eternall Warres;
Wherein the Muses shewing perfect glorie,
Adorne it so with gracefull Harmonie,
That all the acts of this lamented Storie,
Seeme not perform'd for Peoples libertie.
Nor through the awe of an imperious King:
But that thy Verses their deepe wounds might sing.

John Beaumont.

To his friend the Authour.

HAd I not lou'd Thee and thy Poeſie,
(Deare Friend) my Theame ſhould of thy praiſes be:
But in weake Braines it doth ſuſpition moue,
When, who is ſeene to prayſe, is knowne to loue.
For, though that firſt and Virgin birth of thine,
Be ſo articulate, ſo Maſculine,
So truly Lim'd, ſo ſinewie, ſo compact,
So ſweetly faire, ſo euery way exact,
As may indure the moſt iudicious touch,
And giue thy Friends iuſt reaſon to auouch,
It, ſpight of Enuies teeth, a liuing birth:
Though Second, Third, Fourth, Fift, of equall worth:
Though all be good: yet ſince affection
In iudgement may, as ſhadow and proiection
In Lantskip, make that which is low ſeeme high,
That's ſhallow deepe, ſmall great, and farre that's nigh,
So as it well may iuſt ſuſpition moue,
When who is ſeene to prayſe, is knowne to loue.
Yet thus my cenſure, this my doome ſhall be:
I'le alwayes loue Thee, and thy Poeſie.

E. Heyward

To his Worthy Friend, *Michael Drayton.*

I *Muſt admire thee (but to prayſe were vaine,*
What euery taſting pallat ſo approues)
Thy Martiall Pyrrhique, *and thy* Epique *ſtraine*
Digeſting Warres *with heart-vniting* Loues;
The two firſt Authors of what is compos'd
In this round Syſteme All; *it's ancient lore*
(All Arts in Diſcords *and* Concents *are clos'd.*
And when vnwinged ſoules the Fates reſtore
To th'earth for reparation of their flights,
The firſt Muſicians, Schollers, Louers *make;*
The next ranke deſtinate to Mars *his Knights;*
The following rabble meaner titles take.
I ſee thy Temples crown'd with Phœbus *rites:*
Thy Bay's *to th' eye, with* Lilly *mixt and* Roſe,
As to the eare a Diapaſon *cloſe.*

I. Selden.

THE BARONS WARRES.

In the Reigne of EDWARD the SECOND.

The first CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

The grieuous Plagues, and the prodigious Signes,
That this great Warre and Slaughter doe fore-show,
The cause which the proud Baronage combines,
The Queenes much wrong, whence many mischifs grow,
And how the Time to this great Change inclines,
As with what Armes each Countrymen doe goe,
What cause to yeeld, the Mortimers *pretend,*
And their Commitment, doth this Canto end.

1.

THe bloudie Factions and Rebelious pride
Of a strong Nation, whose ill-manag'd might
The Prince and Peeres did many a day diuide;
With whome, wrong was no wrong, nor right no right,
Whose strife, there Swords knew only to decide,
Spur'd to their high speed, by their equall spight:
Me from soft Layes and tender Loues doth bring,
Of a farre worse, then Ciuill Warre to sing.

2.

What Hellish Furie poys'ned their hot Bloud?
Or can we thinke 'twas in the power of charmes,
With those so poore hopes of the publike good,
To haue intic'd them to tumultuous Armes;
And from that Safetie, wherein late they stood,
Reft them so farre from feeling of their Harmes,
That *France* and *Belgia*, with affrighted eyes,
Stood both amazed at their Miseries?

3.

Th'inueterate Malice in ther Bosomes bred,
Who for their Charter wag'd a former Warre,
Their angrie Syres; in them that Venom fed,
As their true Heires of many a wide-mouth'd Skarre,
Or was't the Bloud they had in Conquest shed,
Hauing inlarg'd their Countries Bounds so farre,
That did themselues against themselues oppose,
With Blades of *Bilbo* changing *English* Blowes?

4.

O, Thou the Wise Director of my Muse,
Vpon whose Bountie all my Powers depend,
Into my Brest thy sacred'st Fire infuse;
Rauish Spirit, this Great Worke to attend;
Let the still Night my lab'red Lines peruse;
That when my Poems gaine their wished end,
Such, whose sad eyes shall read this Tragique Storie,
In my weake Hand may see thy Might and Glorie.

What

5.

What Care would plot, Diſſention ſtroue to croſſe,
Which like an Earthquake rent the tottering State;
In Warre abroad they ſuffered publique Loſſe,
And were at home deſpoyl'd by priuate hate:
Whil'ſt them thoſe ſtrange Calamities did toſſe,
(For there was none that nouriſht not Debate)
Confuſion did the common Peace confound;
No helpe at hand, yet mortall was their wound.

6.

Thou Church, then ſwelling in thy Mightineſſe,
Which in thy Hand ſo ample Power didſt hold,
To ſtay thoſe Factions, ere their full exceſſe,
Which at thy pleaſure thou might'ſt haue control'd;
Why didſt not Thou thoſe Outrages ſuppreſſe,
Which to all Times, thy prayſe might haue enrol'd?
Thou ſhouldſt to them haue layd the Holy Word,
And not thy hand to the vnholyed Sword.

7.

Bloud-thirſtie Warre ariſing firſt from Hell,
And ſeizing on this chiefe part of the Ile,
Where it before neere fortie yeeres did dwell,
And with abhorr'd Pollution did defile,
In which ſo many a famour Souldier fell;
By *Edward Long-ſhanks* baniſhed awhile,
Transfer'd to *Wales*, and to *Albania*, there
To ruine them, as it had ruin'd here.

8.

Where houering long with inauſpicious wings,
About the Verge of theſe diſtempered Clymes,
By comming backe, new Miſchiefe hither brings,
To worke them vp to thoſe diſaſterous Crymes;
Weakeneth their Power by her diminiſhings.
And taking faſt hold on thoſe wicked Tymes,
So farre inforc'd their Furie, that at length
It cracke the Nerues which knit their ancient ſtrength.

9.

Whoſe frightfull Viſion, at the firſt approach,
With violent Madneſſe ſtrooke that deſperate Age,
And did not onely thoſe Rebellions broach
Amongſt the Commons, but the diuelliſh Rage
Did on the beſt Nobilitie incroach,
And in their damn'd Conſpiraces, ingage
The Royall Bloud; them likewiſe downe to bring,
By vnnaturall Treaſons to their naturall King.

10.

When in the North (whilſt Horror yet was young)
Thoſe dangerous Seaſon ſwiftly comming on,
Whilſt o'er their heads portentuos Meteors hung,
And in the Skies ſterne Commets brightly ſhone,
Prodigious Births were intermix'd among,
Such as before to Times had beene vnknowne;
In bloudie Iſſues, forth the Earth doth breake,
Weeping for them, whoſe Woes it could not ſpeake.

And

11.

And by the rankene ſſe of contagious Ayre,
A mortall Plague inu adeth Man and Beaſt;
Which farre diſpers'd, and raging euery where,
In doubt the ſame too quickly ſhould haue ceaſt,
T'aſſure them of the Slaughter being neere,
Yet was by Famine cruelly increaſt;
As though the Heauens, in their remiſſull doome,
Tooke thoſe they lou'd, from worſer dayes to come.

12.

The leuell courſe that we intend to goe,
Now (to the end) that yee may cleerely ſee,
And that we euery circumſtance may ſhow,
The ſtate of Things, and truly what they be;
And our Materialls how we doe beſtow,
With each Occurrent right in his degree;
From theſe Portents we now diuert our view,
To bringe to paſſe the Horrors that inſue.

13.

The calling backe of baniſh'd *Ganeſton*,
Gainſt which, the Barons had to *Long-ſhanks* ſworne;
The Signiories, and high Promotion,
Him in his Law-leſſe Courſes to ſuborne;
Th'abetting of that wanton Minion,
Who held the old Nobilitie in ſcorne;
Stir'd vp that hatefull and outragious Strife,
Which coſt ſo many an *Engliſh-man* his life.

14.

O much lou'd *Lacy*, hadst thou spar'd that breath
Which shortly after Nature thee deny'd,
To *Lancaster* deliuerdst thy death,
To whom thy only Daughter was affy'd,
Taking for Pledge, his Knightly Oath and Faith,
Stiffely to sticke vpon the Barons side;
Thy Manors, Rents, and Titles of Renowne,
Had not so soone beene forfeit to the Crowne.

15.

Those Lordships, *Bruse* to those two *Spensers* past,
Crossing the Barons vehement desire,
As from *Ioues* Arme, that fearefull Lightning cast,
That fiftie Townes lay spent in hostile fire;
Alas, too vaine and prodigall a waste,
The strong effect of there conceiued Ire:
Vrging the weake King, by a violent Hand,
T'abiure those false Lords from the troubled Land.

16.

When as the faire Queene progressing in *Kent*,
Was there deny'd her entrance into *Leeds*
By *Badlesmer*, a Baron eminent,
Against the King, that in this Course proceeds,
Which further addeth to their discontent,
A speciall Spring, which this great Mischiefe feeds;
Wrong vpon wrong by heaping more and more,
To thrust on that, which went too fast before.

Whch

17.

Which more and more King *Edwards* hate increaſt,
Whoſe mind ran ſtill on *Gaueſton* degraded,
The thoughts of which, ſo ſettled in his Breſt,
That it had all his Faculties inuaded:
Which for the *Spenſers* hap'ned out the beſt,
By whom, thereto he cheiefely was preſwaded;
And by whoſe Counſels he e're long was led
To leaue his bright Queene, and to flye her Bed.

18.

That ſhee her ſelfe, who whilſt ſhee ſtood in grace,
Imploy'd her Powers theſe Diſcords to apeaſe,
When yet Confuſion had not fully place,
In Times not growne ſo dangerous as theſe,
A Partie made in their afflicted caſe,
Her willing Hand to his Deſtruction layes;
That Time, whoſe ſoft Palme heals the wound of Warre,
May cure the Sore, but neuer cloſe the Skarre.

19.

In all that Heat, then gloriouſly began,
The ſerious Subiect of my ſolid Vaine,
Braue *Mortimer*, that ſome-what more then Man,
Of the old *Heroes* great and God-like Straine,
For whom, Inuention doing all it can,
His weight of Honour hardly ſhall ſuſtaine,
To beare his Name immortaliz'd, and hye,
When he in Earth vn-numbred yeeres ſhall lye.

Whoſe

20.

Whose Vnkle then (whose Name his Nephew bare)
The only comfort of the wofull Queene,
Who from his Cradle held him as his care,
In whom so many early Hopes were seene,
For this yong Lord most wisely doth prepare,
Whilst yet her deepe heart-goring Wound was greene,
And on this faire aduantage firmely wrought,
To place him highly in her Princely thought.

21.

This was the Man, at whose vnusuall Birth
The Starres were said to Councell to retyre,
And in Aspects of Happinesse and Mirth,
Mark'd him a Spirit, to Greatnesse to aspire,
That had no mixture of the Drossie Earth,
But all compact of perfect Heauenly fire;
So well made vp, that such a one as He,
Ioue in a Man, like *Mortimer* would be.

22.

The quick'ning Vertue of which Nobler part,
With so rare pureneſſe rectify'd his Bloud,
And to so high a Temper wrought his Heart,
That it could not be lock'd within a Flood,
That no Misfortune possibly could thwart;
Which from the Native Greatnesse where it stood,
Shew'd at the first, the Pitch it was to flie,
Could not with lesse be bounded, then the Skie.

Worthy

23.

Worthy the Grand-child of ſo great a Lord,
Who, whilſt our *Long-ſhanks* fortunatly raign'd,
Re-edify'd King *Arthur* ancient Boord,
Which he at goodly *Kenelworth* ordain'd,
And to that former Glorie it reſtor'd,
To which a hundred gallant Knights retain'd;
With all the Pompe that might become a Court,
Or might great Honour to that Martiall Sport.

24.

The Heart-ſwolne Lords, with Furie throughly fir'd,
Whome *Edwards* Wrongs to Vengeance ſtill prouoke,
With *Lancaſter* and *Hartford* had conſpir'd,
No more to beare the *Spencers* ſeruile Yoke;
The time is come, that they a Change deſir'd;
That they (the Bonds of their Allegiance broke)
Reſolu'd with Bloud there Libertie to buy;
And in the Quarrell vow'd to liue and die.

25.

What Priuiledge hath our Free-Birth, they ſay?
Or in our Bloud, what Vertue doth remaine?
To each laſciuious Minion made a prey,
That vs and our Nobilitie diſdaine,
Whilſt they in Triumph boaſt of our decay;
Either thoſe Spirits we neuer did retaine,
That were our Fathers, or by Fate we fall
Both from their Greatneſſe, Libertie, and all.

Our

26.

Our Honor, lifted from that Soueraigne State,
From whence at first it challenged the Being,
And prostitute to Infamie and Hate,
As with it selfe in all things disagreeing,
Quite out of order, dis-proportionate,
From the right way preposterously flying;
Whilst Others are themselues, and only We
Are not held those, We would but seeme to be.

27.

Then to what end hath our great Conquest seru'd,
Those Acts atchieued by the *Normand* Sword,
Our Charters, Patents, and our Deeds reseru'd,
Our Offices and Titles to record,
The Crests that on our Mouments are caru'd,
If they to vs no greatur good, afford?
Thus doe they murmure euery one apart,
With many a vex'd Soule, many a grieued Heart.

28.

This while the Queene into deepe sorrow throwne,
Wherein she wastes her goodly Youth away,
Beyond beleefe, to all but Heauen vnknowne:
This Sparke, till now, that closely couered lay,
By the sharpe breath of desp'rate Faction blowne,
Conuerts her long Night to a wished Day;
Her wofull Winter of Misfortune chearing,
As the darke World at the bright Sunnes appearing.

Though

29.

Though much perplex'd amidſt theſe hard Extremes,
Whilſt Helps fall ſhort, that ſhould her Hopes preferre,
Nor clearely yet could ſhe diſcerne thoſe Beames,
To her deſires that elſe might lighten her,
Her Thoughts oft changing, light deceitfull Dreames,
In her ſad Breſt ſuch violent Paſſions ſtirre;
That (ſtriuing which each other ſhould controule)
Worke ſtrange confuſion in her troubled Soule.

30.

To be debarr'd of that Imperiall State,
Which to her Graces rightly did belong,
Baſely reiected, and repudiate,
A vertuous Lady, goodly, faire, and yong:
Theſe with ſuch feruour ſtill doe intimate
Her too-much ſettled and inueterate wrong;
That to the leaſt, all pardon ſhee denies,
With Argumentsof her Indignities.

31.

Whilſt, to diſpatch, the angry Heauens purſue,
What there, vn-iudg'd, had many a day depended,
When all theſe Miſchiefes to full ripenetſe grew,
And in their Harueſt haſting to be ended:
For all theſe Lines into one Centre drew,
Which way ſoe're they ſeem'd to be extended,
And all together, in proportion layde,
Although but ſmall, adde ſomewhat to her ayd.

Now

32.

Now comes the time, when *Mortimor* doth enter,
Of great Imployment in this Tragique Act,
His Youth and Courage boldly bid him venter,
Promping him still, how strongly he was backt,
Who at this time, euen as from Heauen was sent her,
When the straight Course to her Desire was tract;
And she vpon more certaintie doth stay,
In a direct, although a dangerous way.

33.

This dreadfull Comet drew her wond'ring Eye,
Which soone began his golden Head to reare,
Whose glorious Fixure in so cleare a Skie,
Strooke the Beholder with a horrid feare;
And in a Region eleuate so high,
And by the forme wherein it did appeare,
As the most skilfull wisely did diuine,
Fore-shew'd the Kingdome shortly to decline.

34.

Yet still recoyling at the *Spensers* power,
So often check't with their intemp'rate pride,
Th'inconstant Barons wauering euerie houre,
The fierce encounter of this boyst'rous Tide,
That eas'ly might her liuelyhood deuoure,
Had shee not those that skilfully could guide;
Shee from Suspition cunningly retyres,
Careletlie in shew, of what she most desires.

Dissem-

35.

Diſſembling ſo, as one that knew not ill,
So can ſhee rule the greatneſſe of her mind,
As a moſt perfect Rect'reſſe of her will,
Aboue the vſuall weakeneſſe of her kind:
For all theſe ſtormes, immoueable and ſtill,
Her ſecret Drift, the wiſeſt miſſe to find;
Nor will ſhe know yet, what theſe Factions meant,
But with a pleas'd Eye ſoothes ſad Diſcontent.

36.

The leaſt ſuſpition craftily to heale,
Still in her lookes Humilitie ſhe bearес;
The ſafeſt way with Mightineſſe to deale,
So Policie, Religion habit weares;
Twas then no time her grieuance to reueale,
" Hee's mad, which takes a Lyon by the eares.
This knew the Queene, and this will know the wiſe:
This muſt they learne, that rightly temporize.

37.

The Biſhop *Torleton*, learned'ſt of the Land,
Vpon a Text of Politiques to preach,
Which he long ſtuying, well did vnderſtand,
And by a Method could as aptly teach;
He was a Prelate of a potent hand,
Wiſe was the Man that went beyond his reach:
This ſubtill Tutor *Iſable* had taught
Points, into which King *Edward* neuer ſought;

When

38.

When Warre no longer can it ſelfe containe,
But breaketh forth into a generall flame,
And to be ſeene more viſibly and plaine,
Boldly it ſelfe dares publiquely proclaime,
And as a poore thing proudly doth diſdaine
To giue it ſelfe out by another Name,
Or take vpon it any ſtrange Diſguiſe,
But now with Legions furiouſly doth riſe.

39.

As *Seuerne* lately in her ebbes that ſanke,
Vaſt and forſaken leaues th'vncouered Sands,
Fetching full Tides, luxurious, high, and ranke,
Seemes in her pride t'inuade the neighb'ring Lands,
Breaking her Limits, couering all her Banks,
Threat'neth the proud Hilles with her wat'rie Hands;
As though ſhe meant her Empyrie to haue,
Where euen but lately ſhe beheld her Graue.

40.

From euery place, when Souldiers farre and neere,
Flocke to the Field, as Fortune lots there fide,
With th'ancient Weapons they had vs'd to beare;
Some, as they were directed by their Guide,
Others againe, as they affected were;
But the moſt part, as by their dutie tyed:
As each one finds the motion of his blood,
Let thoſe that lead them, make the Quarrell good,

From

41.

From *Norfolke*, and the Countries of the East,
That with the Pike moſt skilfully could fight;
Then thoſe of *Kent*, vnconquer'd of the reſt,
That to this day maintaine their ancient Right;
For courage no whit ſecond to the beſt,
The *Corniſh* men moſt active, bold, and light;
Thoſe neere the *Plaine*, the Pole-axe beſt that wield,
And claime for theirs the Vaward of the Field.

42.

The Noble *Welſh*, of th'ancient *Britiſh* Race;
From *Lancaſhire*, Men famous for their Bowes;
The Men of *Cheſ-ſhire*, chiefeſt for their place,
Of Bone ſo bigge, as onely made for Blowes,
Which for their faith are had in ſpeciall grace,
And haue beene euer fearfull to there Foes:
The *Northerne* then, in Feuds ſo deadly fell,
That for there Speare and Horſemanſhip excell.

43.

All that for vſe Experience could eſpie,
Such as in Fennes and Marſh-lands vſe to trade,
The doubtfull Foards and Paſſages to trie,
With Stilts and Lope-ſtaues, that doe apteſt wade,
Moſt fit for Scouts and Gurrers to deſcrie;
Thoſe from the Mynes, with Pick-axe and with Spade,
For Pioners beſt, that for intrenching are,
Men chiefely needfull in the vſe of Warre.

·44·

O Noble Nation, furnished with Armes,
So full of Spirit, as almost march'd by none!
Had Heauen but blest thee, to foresee thy Harmes,
And as thy valiant Nephewes did, haue gone
Paris, *Roan*, *Orleance*, shaking with Alarmes;
As the bright Sonne, the glorie then had shone:
To other Realmes thou hadst transfer'd this Chance;
Nor had your Sonnes been first that conquer'd *France*.

·45·

And thus on all hands setting vp their rest,
And all make forward for this mightie Day,
Where euery one prepares to doe his best,
When at the stake their Liues and Fortunes lay,
No crosse Bugrit their Purposes to wrest,
Being now on in so direct a Way:
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtfull Game,
The Queene stands off, and secretly giues ayme.

·46·

But *Mortimer* his foot had scarcely set
Into the Road, where Fortune had to deale,
But she dispos'd his forward course to let;
Her lewd Condition quickely doth reueale,
Glory to her vaine Deitie to get
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous Seale;
Taking occasion from that very Houre,
In him to proue and manifest her Power.

47.

As when we see the early rising Sunne,
With his bright Beames to emulate our sight;
But when his Course yet newly is begun,
The hum'rous Fogges depriue vs of his Light,
Till through the Clouds he his cleare Forehead runne,
Climbing the Noone-stead in his glorious height:
His cleare beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,
To make his Mid-day great and glorious.

48.

The King (discreetly) that considered
The space of Earth, whereon the Barons stand,
As what the Powers to them contributed,
Then being himselfe but Partner of his Land;
Of the small Strength and Armie that he led
'Gainst them which did so great a Power command,
Wisely about him doth begin to looke:
Great was the Taske which now he vndertooke.

49.

And warn'd by Danger to misdoubt the worst,
In equall Scales whilst either's Fortunes hung,
He must performe the vtmost that he durst,
Or vndergoe intolerable Wrong:
As good to strike, as after be enforc'd;
To stop the Source whence all these Mischiefes sprong;
He with the *Marchers* thinkes best to begin,
Which first must lose, ere he could hope to Winne.

50.

The *Mortimers* being Men of greatest Might,
Whose Name was dreadfull, and commanded farre,
Sturdie to manage, of a haughtie Spright,
Strongly ally'd, much followed, popular,
On whom, if he but happily could light,
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the Warre;
Which he intendeth speedily to trie,
To quit that first, which most stood in his eye.

51.

For which, he expeditiously prouided,
That part of Land into his Power to get;
Which, if made good, might keepe his Foes diuided,
Their Combination cunningly to let:
Which should they ioyne, would be so strongly sided,
Two mightie Hoast, together safely met,
The face of Warre would looke so sterne and great,
As it might threat to heaue him from his Seat.

52.

Wherefore the King from *London* setteth forth,
With a full Armie, furnish'd of the best,
Accompan'd with men of speciall worth,
Which to this Warre his Promises had prest:
Great *Lancaster* was Lord of all the North,
The *Mortimers* were Masters of the West;
He towards mid-*England* makes the way twixt either,
Which they must crosse, ere they could come together.

Strong-

53.

Strongly inueagled with delightfull Hope,
Stoutly t'affront and shoulder with Debate,
Knowing to meet with a resolued Troupe,
That came prepar'd with Courage, and with Hate;
Whose stubborne Crests if he inforc'd to stoupe,
It him behoues to tempt some powerfull Fate,
And through sterne Guards of Swords and hostile Fire,
Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

54.

When now the *Marchers*, well vpon their way,
(Expecting those, that them Supplyes should bring,
Which had too long abus'd them by Delay)
Were suddenly incountred by the King;
They then perceiue, that dilatorie stay
To be the cause of their running,
When at their bosomes blacke Destruction stood,
With open Iawes prepared for their Blood.

55.

And by the shifting of th'vnconstant Wind,
Seeing what Weather they were like to meet,
Which euen at first so awkwardly they find,
Before they could giue Sea-roomth to their Fleet,
Cleane from their Course, and cast so farre behind,
And yet in perill euery houre to split;
Some vnknowne Harbor suddenly must sound,
Or runne their Fortunes desp'rately on ground.

56.

The elder Peere graue, politique, and wise,
Which had all dangers absolutely scan'd,
Finding high time his Nephew to aduise,
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,
And from this Mischiefe, many more to rise,
Which his Experience made him vnderstand;
Nephew (saith he) 'tis but in vaine to striue,
Counsell must helpe, our safetie to contriue.

57.

The downe-right Perill, present in our eye,
Not to be shunn'd we see what it assures;
Thinke then what weight vpon our Fall doth lye,
And what our Being, this Designe procure;
As to our Friends, what good may grow thereby,
Proove which the Test of Reason best endures;
" For who obserues strict Policies true Lawes,
" Shifts his Proceeding, to the varying Cause.

58.

To hazzard fight with the Imperiall Powers,
Will our small Troupes vndoubtedly apall;
Then, this our Warre vs wilfully deuoures;
Yeelding our selues, yet thus we lose not all,
We leaue our Friends this smaller Force of ours,
Reseru'd for them, though hapleslie we fall;
" That Weakenesse euer hath a glorious Hand,
" That falls it selfe, to make the Cause to stand.

'Twixe

59.

Twixt vnexpected, and ſo dangerous Ills,
That's ſaf'ſt, wherein we ſmalleſt Perill ſee,
Which, to make choiſe of Reaſon iuſtly wills,
And it doth beſt with Policie agree:
The idle vulgar Breath, it nothing skills,
'Tis ſound Diſcretion muſt our Pilot be;
" He that doth ſtill the faireſt meanes preferre,
" Anſwers Opinion how foe're he erre.

60.

And to the Worlds eye ſeeming yet ſo ſtrong,
By our deſcending willingly from hence,
'Twill ſhew we were prouoked by our wrong,
Not hauing other ſiniſter Pretence:
This Force left off, that doth vs vs belong,
Will in Opinion leſſen our Offence;
" Men are not euer incident to loſſe,
" When Fortune ſeemes them frowardly to croſſe.

61.

Nor giue we Enuie abſoluse exceſſe,
To ſearch ſo farre, our Subtilties to find,
There's neerer meanes, this Miſchiefe to redreſſe,
And make ſucceſſefull what is yet behind:
Let's not our ſelues of all Hope diſpoſſeſſe,
Fortune is euer variouſly inclin'd:
" A ſmall Aduantage in th' Affaires of Kings,
" Guides a ſlight Meanes, to compaſſe mighty Things.

62.

This ſpeech ſo caught his Nephewes plyant youth,
(Who his graue Eam did euer much reſpect)
Proceeding from Integritie and Truth;
Well could he counſell, well could he direct,
With ſtrong Perſwaſions, which he ſtill purſu'th;
Which in a ſhort time ſhew'd by the effect,
" A Wiſe mans Counſell, by a ſecret Fate,
" Seeming from Reaſon, yet proues fortunate.

63.

To which, the King they gracely doe inuite,
By the moſt ſtrict and ceremonious way;
No Circumſtance omitted, nor no Rite,
That might giue colour to their new Eſſay;
Or that Applauſe might publiquely excite:
To which, the King doth willingly obay:
Who like themſelues, in ſeeing Danger neere,
Rather accepts a Doubt, then certaine Feare.

64.

Which he receiues, in preſage of his good,
To his Succeſſe auſpiciouſly applye'd;
Which ſomewhat cool'd his much deſtemp'red Blood,
Ere he their force in doubtfull Armes had try'd:
And whilſt they thus in his Protection ſtood,
At his diſpoſing wholly to abide,
He firſt, in ſafetie, doth diſmiſſe their Power,
Then ſends them both his Priſ'ners to the *Tower*,

65.

O all preparing Prouidence Diuine!
In thy large Booke, what Secrets are enrol'd?
What ſundry Helpes doth thy great Power aſſigne,
To prop that Courſe which thou intend'ſt to hold?
What mortall Senſe is able to define
Thy Myſteries, thy Counſels manifold?
It is thy Wiſdome, ſtrangely that extends
Obſcure Proceedings to apparant Ends.

66.

This was the meanes, by which the Fates diſpoſe,
More dreadfull Plagues vpon that Age to bring;
Vtter Confuſion on the heads of thoſe,
That were before the Barons ruining;
With the ſubuerſion of the Publiques Foes,
The Murther of the miſerable King;
And that which 'came Cataſtrophe to all,
Great *Mortimers* inceuitable fall.

67.

This, to theſe Troubles lends a little Breath,
As the firſt Pawſe, to hearten this Affaire,
And for a while deferres oft-threatning Death,
Whilſt each their Breach by leyſure would repaire,
And as a Bound, their Furie limiteth;
But in this manner, whilſt things ſtrangely fare,
Horror beyond all wonted Bounds doth ſwell,
As the next Conto fearefully ſhall tell.

The end of the firſt Conto. THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The second CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

At Burton *Bridge the puiſſant Powers are met,*
The Forme and Order of the doubtfull Fight,
Whereas the King the Victorie doth get,
And the prowd Barons are inforc'd to flight;
When they againe towards Borough *forward ſet,*
Where they by him were vanquiſhed out-right;
Laſtly, the Lawes doe execute their Power
On thoſe, which there the Sword did not devour.

I.

THis chance of Warre, that ſuddenly had ſwept
So large a ſhare from their ſelected ſtore,
Which for their helpe they carefully had kept,
That to their aid might ſtill haue added more;
By this ill-lucke into their Armie crept,
Made them much weaker then they were before;
So that the Barons re-inforc'd their Bands,
Finding their Hearts to ſtand in need of Hands.

For

2.

For deadly Hate, ſo long and deeply rooted,
Could not abide to heare the name of Peace,
So that Diſcretion but a little booted
'Gainſt that, thereby which only did increaſe;
For the leaſt Griefe, by Malice was promoted,
Anger ſet on, beginning to ſurceaſe;
So that all Counſell much their eares offended,
But what to Spoyle and fad Inuaſion tended.

3.

All vp in Action for the publique Cauſe,
Scarcely the meane'ſt, but he a partie ſtood,
Tax'ed by the Letter of the cenſuring Lawes,
In his eſtate, if fayling in his Blood;
And who was free't, intangled by ſom Clauſe,
Which to there Furie giues continuall feod;
" For where Confuſion once hath gotten hold,
" Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

4.

And now by Night, when as pale Leaden Sleepe
Vpon their eyelids heauily did dwell,
And ſtep by ſtep, on euery Senſe did creepe,
Miſchiefe, that blacke inhabitant of Hell,
Which neuer failes continuall Watch to keepe,
Fearefully to thinke, a horrid thing to tell,
Entred the Place, whereas thoſe warlike Lords
Lay mayl'd in Armour, gyrt with irefull Swords.

She

5.

She with a sharpe sight, and a meager looke,
Was alwayes prying where she might doe ill,
In which, the Fiend continuall pleasure tooke,
(Her starued Bodie, Plentie cold not fill)
Searching in every Corner, every Nooke,
With winged feet, to swift to worke her will;
Furnish'd with deadly Instruments she went,
Of every sort, to wound where so she meant.

6.

Having a Viall fill'd with banefull Wrath,
(Brought from *Cocytus* by that cursed Spright)
Which in her pale Hand purposely she hath,
And drops the Poyson vpon every Wight;
For to each one she knew the readie Path,
Though in the midst and dead time of the Night;
Whose strength too soone inuadeth every Peere,
Not one escap'd her, that she commeth neere.

7.

That, the next Morning, breaking in the East,
With a much-troubled and affrighted Mind,
Each, whom this Venome lately did infect,
The strong effect in their swolne stomacks find;
Now doth the Poyson boyle in every Breast,
To sad Destruction every one's inclin'd,
Rumors of Spoyle through every eare doth flye,
And threatning Furie sits in every eye.

This

8.

This done, in haſt ſhee to King *Edward* hyes,
Who late growne proud vpon his good Succeſſe,
His time to Feaſts and Wantonneſſe applyes;
And with crown'd Cups his Sorrowes doth ſuppreſſe,
Vpon his Fortune wholly that relyes;
And in the Boſome of his Courtly Preſſe,
Vaunteth the hap of this victorious Day,
Whilſt the ſicke Land in Sorrow pines away.

9.

Thither ſhe comes, and in a Minion ſhape,
She getteth neere the Perſon of the King
And as he taſt's the Liquor of the Grape,
Into the Cup her Poyſon ſhe doth wring:
Not the leaſt drop vncainted doth eſcape,
For to that purpoſe ſhe her ſtore did bring;
Whoſe ſtrong commixture (as the Sequell try'd)
Fill'd his hot Veines with Arrogance and Pride.

10.

That hauing both ſuch Courage, and ſuch Might,
As to ſo great a Buſ'neſſe did belong,
Neither yet thinke, by their vnnaturall Fight,
What the Republique ſuffred them among;
For myſtie Error ſo deludes their Sight,
(Which ſtill betwixt them and cleere Reaſon hung)
And their Opinions in ſuch ſort abus'd,
As that their Fault can neuer be excus'd.

Now

11.

Now our *Minerua* puts on dreadfull Armes,
Further to wade into this Bloudie Warre,
And from her slumber wak'ned with Alarmes,
Riseth to sing of many a Massacre,
Of gloomie Magiques, and benumming Charmes,
Of many a deepe Wound many a fearefull Skarre;
For that low Socke, wherein she vs'd to tread,
Marching in Greaues, a Helmet on her Head.

12.

Whilst thus vaine Hope doth these false Lords delude,
Who hauing drawne their Forces to a Head,
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd;
By *Lancaster* and valiant *Hereford* led,
Their long Proceeding lastly to conclude;
Whilst now to meet, both Armies hotly sped.
The Barons taking *Burton* in their way,
Till they could here where *Edwards* Armie lay.

13.

To which Report too suddenly bewrae'd
Their manner of encamping, and the Place,
Their present Strength, and their expected Ayd,
As what might most auaile them in this Case;
The speedie March th'Imperiall Power had made,
Had brought them soone within a little space:
For still the King conducted had his Force,
Which way he heard the Barons bent their Course.

Vpon

14.

Vpon the East, from Bushie *Needwoods* side,
There riseth an vp-easie-climbing Hill,
At whose faire foot, the Siluer *Trent* doth slide,
And the slow Ayre, with her soft murmuring, fill;
Which with the store of liberall Brookes supplyed,
Th'insatiate Meads continually doth swill;
Ouer whose Streame, a Bridge of wond'rous strength
Leads on from *Burton*, to that Hill in length.

15.

Vpon the Mount, the King his Tentage fixt,
And in the Towne, the Barons lay in sight,
When as the *Trent* was risen so betwixt,
That for a while prolong'd th'vnnaturall fight,
With many Waters that it selfe had mixt,
To stay their Furie, doing all it might;
" Things which presage both good and ill, there be,
" Which Heauen fore-shewes, but will not let vs see.

16.

The Heauen (eu'n) mourning o'er our Heads doth sit,
Grieuing to see the Times so out of course,
Looking on them, who neuer looke at it,
And in meere pittie, melteth with Remorse;
Longer from Teares that could not stay a whit,
Whose influence on euery lower Sourse,
From the swolne fluxure of the Clouds, doth shake
A ranke Impostume vpon euery Lake.

17.

O Warlike Nation, hold thy conqu'ring Hand,
Euen senseleſſe Things do warne thee yet to pawſe;
Thy Mother Soyle, on whom thou arm'd do'ſt ſtand,
Which ſhould reſtraine thee by all naturall Lawes,
Canſt thou (vnkind) inuiolate that Band?
Nay, Heauen and Earth are angry with the Cauſe;
Yet ſtay thy foot, in Miſchiefes vgly Gate.
" Ill comes too ſoone, Repentance oft too late.

18.

O, can the Clouds weepe ouer thy decay,
Yet not one drop fall from thy droughtie eyes?
See'ſt thou the Snare, and wilt not ſhun the way,
Nor yet be warn'd by paſſed Miſeries?
'Tis yet but early in this diſmall Day,
Let late Experience learne thee to be wiſe;
" An Ill foreſeene, may eas'ly be preuented,
" But hap'd, vn-help'd, through ne'er inough lamented.

19.

Cannot the *Scot* of your late Slaughter boaſt,
And are yee yet ſcarce healed of the Sore?
Is't not inough yee haue alreadie loſt,
But your owne Madneſſe muſt needs make it more?
Will yee ſeeke Safetie in ſome foraine Coaſt?
Your Wiues and Children pitied yee before:
But when your own Bloods your own Swords imbrue,
Who pities them, who ſhould haue pitied you?

The

20.

The neigb'ring Groues are ſpoyled of their Trees,
For Boars, and Timber, to allay the Flood,
Where Men are lab'ring as 'twere Summe Bees,
Some hollowing Trunkes, ſome binding heapes of Wood
Some on their Breſts, ſome working on their Knees,
To winne the Banke whereon the Barons ſtood;
Which, o'er the Current they by ſtrength muſt rew,
To ſhed that Bloud, which many an Age ſhall rew.

21.

Some ſharp their Swords, ſome right their Murriens ſet,
Their Greaue and Pouldrons others riuet faſt,
The Archers now their bearded Arrowes whet,
Whilſt euery where the clam'rous Drums are bras'd;
Some taking view, where they ſure ground might get,
Not one, but ſome aduantage doth fore-caſt;
With Ranks & Files, each Plaine & Medow ſwarmes,
As all the Land were clad in angry Armes.

22.

The Creſts and Badges of each Nobler Name,
Againſt their Owners rudely ſeeme to ſtand,
As angry for th'Atchieuements whence they came,
That to their Fathers gaue that generous Brand.
O yee vnworthie of your ancient Fame,
Againſt your ſelues to lift your conqu'ring Hand;
Since forraine Swords your Height could not abate,
By your owne Pride, your ſelues to ruinate!

Vpon

23.

Vpon his Surcote, valiant *Neuil* bore
A Siluer Saltoyre, vpon Martiall Red;
A Ladies Sleeue, high-spirited *Hastings* wore;
Ferrer his Taberd, with rich Verry spred,
Well knowne in many a Warlike Match before;
A Rauen set on *Corbets* armed Head;
And *Culpepper*, in Siluer Armes enrayl'd,
Bare thereupon a bloundie Bend engrayl'd.

24.

The Noble *Percy*, in this dreadfull Day,
With a bright Cressant in his Guidehome came,
In his white Cornet, *Verdon* doth display
A fret of Gueles, priz'd in this mortall Game,
That had beene seene in many a doubtfull Fray,
His Lances Penons stayned with the same;
The angrey Horse, chaf'd with the stubborne Bit,
With his hard Hoofe the Earth in furie smit.

45.

I could the summe of *Staffords* arming show,
What Colours *Rosse* and *Courtney* did vnfold,
Great *Warrens* Blazon I could let you know,
And all the glorious Circumstance haue told,
Nam'd euery Ensigne as they stood arow;
But O, deare Muse, too soone thou art controul'd!
For in remembrance of their euill speed,
My Pen, for Inke, warme drops of Bloud doth sheed.

On

26.

On the King part, th'Imperiall Standard's pitch'd,
With all the Hatchments of the *English* Crowne,
Great *Lancaster* (with no leſſe Power enriched)
Sets the ſame Leopards in his Colours downe:
O, if yee be not frantique, or bewitch'd,
Yet doe but ſee, that on your ſelues you frowne:
A little note of diff'rence is in all;
How can the ſame ſtand, when the ſame doth fall?

27.

Behold the Eagles, Lyons, Talbots, Beares,
The Badges of your famous Anceſtries;
Shall thoſe brane Marks, by their inglorious Heires,
Stand thus oppos'd againſt their Families?
More ancient Armes no Chriſtian Nation beares,
Reliques vnworthy of their Progenies:
Thoſe Beaſts yee beare, doe in their kinds agree,
O, that then Beaſts more ſauage Men ſhould be!

28.

And whilſt the King doth in ſad Councell ſit,
How he might beſt the other Banke recouer,
See how Misfortune ſtill her time can fit!
Such as were ſent, the Countrey to diſcouer,
(As vp and downe, from place to place they flit)
Had found a Foord, to paſſe their Forces ouer;
" Ill Newes hath Wings, and with the Wind doth goe
" Comfort's a Cripple, and comes euer ſlow.

29.

When *Edward* fearing *Lancaſters* Supplyes,
Proud *Richmont*, *Surrey*, and great *Pembroke* ſent,
On whoſe Succeſſe, he mightily relyes,
Vnder whoſe Conduct, halfe his Armie went,
The neereſt way conducted by the Spyes;
And he himſelfe, and *Edmond*, Earle of *Kent*,
Vpon the Hill, in ſight of *Burton* lay,
Watching to take aduantage of the Day

30.

Stay *Surrey*, ſtay, thou may'ſt too ſoone be gone,
Pawſe till this Heat be ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
Full little know'ſt thou whither thou do'ſt runne,
Richmont and *Pembroke*, neuer make ſuch haſte,
Yee doe but ſtriue to bring more Horror on:
" Neuer ſeeke Sorrow, for it come too faſt,
Why ſtriue yee thus, to paſſe this fatall Floud,
To fetch but Wounds, and ſhed your neereſt Bloud?

31.

Great *Lancaſter*, yet ſheath thy angrie Sword,
On *Edwards* Armes, whoſe edge thou ſhould'ſt not ſet,
Thy naturall Kinſman, and thy Sou'raigne Lord,
Both from the Loynes of our *Plantaginet*,
Call yet to mind thy once engaged Word;
Canſt thou thy Oath to *Long-ſhanckes* thus forget?
" Men ſhould performe, before all other things,
" The ſerious Vowes they make, to God, and Kings.

The

32.

The Winds were huſh'd (no little Breath doth blow)
Which ſeemes ſat ſtill, as though they liſt'ning ſtood,
With trampling Crowds, the very Earth doth bow,
And through the Smoake, the Sunne appear'd like Bloud;
What with the Showt, and with the dreadfull Show,
The Heards of Beaſts ran bellowing to the Wood;
When Drums and Trumpets to the Charge did ſound,
As they would ſhake the groſſe Clouds to the ground.

33.

The Earles then charging with their power of Horſe,
Taking a Signall when they ſhould begin,
Being in view of th'Imperiall force,
Which at that time aſſay'd the Bridge to win,
Which made the Barons change their former courſe,
T'auoid the preſent Danger they were in;
Which on the ſuden had they not fore-caſt,
Of their laſt Day, that Houre had beene the laſt.

34.

When frō the Hil the Kings main Powers come down,
Which had *Aquarius* to their valiant Guide,
Braue *Lancaſter* and *Harford*, from the Towne,
Doe iſſue forth vpon the other ſide,
Peere againſt Peere, the Crowne againſt the Crowne,
The King aſſayles, the Barons munify'd;
Englands Red Croſſe vpon both ſides doth flye,
Saint *George*, the King, Saint *George*, the Barons crye.

35.

Like as an Exhalation, hot and dry,
Amongst the Ayre bred moysture Vapours throwne,
Spetteth his Lightning forth outragiously,
Rending the thicke Clouds with the Thunder stone,
Whose fierie Splinters through the thinne Ayre flye,
That with the Horror, Heauen and Earth doth grone:
With the like Clamour, and confused O,
To the dread Shock the desp'rate Armeis goe.

36.

There might Men see the famous *English* Bowes,
Wherewith our Foes we wonted to subdue,
Shoot their sharpe Arrowes in the face of those,
Which oft before victoriously them drew;
Yet shun their Ayme; and troubled in the Loose,
Those well-wing'd Weapons mourning as they flew,
Slip'd from the Bow-string, impotent, and slacke,
As to the Archers they would faine turne backe.

37.

Behold the Remnant of *Troyes* ancient Stocke,
Laying on blowes, as Smyth on Anuyls strike,
Grappling together in the fearefull Shocke,
Where still the strong encountreth with the like,
(And each as euchelle as the hard'ned Rocke)
Wer't with the Speare, or Browne Bill or the Pike,
Still as the Wings, or Battles came together,
Ere fortune gaue aduantage yet to either.

From

38.

From batt'red Helmes, with eu'ry enuious Blow,
The ſcatt'red Plumes flye looſely here and there,
To the Beholder like to flakes of Snow,
That eu'ry light breath on its Wings doth beare,
As they had ſenſe and feeling of our Woe:
And thus affrighted with the ſudden feare,
Now back, now forward, ſuch ſtraine windings make,
As though vncertaine which way they ſhould take.

39.

Slaughter alike inuadeth either Hoaſt,
Whilſt ſtill the Battle ſtrongly doth abide,
Which eu'ry where runnes raking through the Coaſt,
As't pleas'd outragious Furie it to guid,
Yet not ſuffic'd where tyrannizing moſt;
So that there Wounds, like Mouthes, by gaping wide,
Made as they meant to call for preſent Death,
Had they but Tongues, their deepnes giues the breath.

40.

Here lyes a heape halfe ſlaine, and partly drown'd,
Gaſping for breath amongſt the ſlymie Segges,
And there a ſort layd in a deadly Swoun'd,
Trod with the Preaſe into the Mudde and Dregges;
Others lye bleeding on the firmer ground,
Hurt in the Bodies, maym'd of Armes and Legges;
One ſticks his Foe, his Scalpe another cuts,
Ones feet intangled in anothers guts.

41.

One his aſſayling Enemie beguiles,
As from the Bridge he fearefully doth fall,
Cruſh'd with his weight vpon the Stakes and Pyles;
Some in their gore vpon the Pauement ſprall,
Our Native Bloud, our Native Earth defiles,
And dire Deſtruction ouerwhelmeth all;
Such hideous Shrikes the Bedlam Souldiers breath,
As the damn'd Sp'rits had howled from beneath.

42.

The Faction ſtill defying *Edwards* might,
Edmond of *Wood-ſtock*, with the Men of *Kent*,
Charging afreſh, renues the doubtfull Fight
Vpon the Barons, languiſhing and ſpent,
Bringing new matter for a Tragique ſight;
Forth againſt whom, their skilfull Warriors went,
Brauely to end, what brauely did begin,
Their Nobleſt Sp'rits will quickly loſe, or win.

43.

As before *Troy*, bright *Thetis* Gold-like Sonne,
Talbot himſelfe in this fierce Conflict bare,
Mowbray in fight him matchleſſe Honor wonne,
Clifford for Life ſeem'd little but to care,
Awdley and *Elmsbridge* Perill ſcorne to ſhunne,
Gifford ſeem'd Danger to her teeth to dare,
Nor *Badleſmer* gaue backe to *Edwards* Power,
As though they ſtroue whō Death ſhould firſt deuoure.

Ile

44.

Ile not commend thee *Mountfort*, nor thee *Teis*,
Else your high Valour much might iustly merit;
Nor *Dennyl*, dare I whisper of thy prayse;
Nor *Willington*, will I applaud thy prayse;
Your Facts forbid, that I your Fame should rayse;
Nor *Damory*, thy due may'st thou inherit;
Your Bayes must be your well-deserued blame,
For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

45.

O, had you fashion'd your great Deeds by them,
Who summon'd *Acon* with an *English* Drum;
Or theirs, before, that to *Ierusalem*
Went with the gen'rall Power of *Christendome*;
Then had yee raught Fames richest Diadem,
As they who fought to free the Sauiours Tombe,
And like them, had immortaliz'd your Names,
Where now my Song can be but of your Shames.

46.

O Age inglorious, Armes vntimely borne,
When that approued and victorious Shield
Must in this ciuill Massacre be torne,
Brus'd with the Blowes of many a foraine Field;
And more, in this sad Ouerthrow be worne,
By those, in flight inforced it vp to yeeld;
For which, since then, the Stones for very dead,
Against rough stormes, cold drops for tears doe shead.

47.

When ſoone King *Edwards* faint & wau'ring friends,
Which had this while ſtood doubtfully to pawſe,
When they perceiue, that Deſtinie intends,
That his Succeſſe ſhall iuſtifie his Cauſe,
Each in himſelfe freſh Courage aprehends,
" (For Victorie both Feare and Friendſhip drawes)
And ſmile on him, on whom they late did frowne,
All lend their hands to hew the conqu'red downe.

48.

That ſcarce a Man, which *Edward* late did lacke,
Whilſt the proud Barons bare an vpright Face,
But (when they ſaw, that they had turn'd their backe)
Ioynes with the King, to proſecute there Chaſe,
The Baronage ſo headlong goes to wracke;
In the iuſt ryall of ſo neere a Caſe,
Inforc'd to proue the fortune of the Coaſt,
The Day at *Burton* that had cleerely loſt.

49.

And to the aid of the victorious King,
(Which more and more gaue vigour to his hope,
With good Succeſſe him ſtill encouraging,
And to his Actions lent an ampler Scope)
Sir *Andrew Herckley* happily doth bring,
One thouſand light Horſe a valiant Northerne Troupe,
Arm'd but too lapely, and with too much ſpeed,
Moſt to doe harme, when leaſt there of was need.

When

50.

When ſtill the Barons making forth their way,
Through Places beſt for their Aduantage knowne,
Retaine their Armie, bodyed as they may,
By their Defeat, farre weaker that was growne;
In their beſt skill deuiſing day by day,
T'offend th'Aſſaylent, and defend their owne,
Of their Miſ-haps the vtmoſt to endure,
If nothing elſe their Safetie might aſſure.

51.

In their ſad flight, with Furie followed thus,
Tracing the *North* through many a tyreſome Strait,
And forc'd through many a Paſſage perillous,
To *Borough Briage*, led by their luckleſſe Fate:
Bridges ſhould ſeeme to Barons ominous,
For there they laſtly were precipitate;
Which place, the marke of their Miſchance doth beare,
For ſince that time, Graſſe neuer proſp'red there.

52.

Where, for new Bloudiſhed they new Battles rang'd,
And take new Breath, to make Deſtruction new:
Chang'd is their Ground, but yet their Fate vnchang'd,
Which too directly ſtill doth them purſue;
Nor are they, and their Miſeries eſtrang'd,
To their Eſtats though they meere ſtrangers grew
The only hope whereon they doe depend,
With Courage is to conſummate their end.

Like

53.

Likeas a Heard of ouer-heated Deere,
By hot-ſpur'd Hunters lab'red to be caught,
With Hues and Houndsrecou'red eu'ry where,
when as they find their ſpeed anailes them naught,
Vpon the Toyles runne headlong, without feare,
With noyſe of Houuds, and Hollow's, as diſtraught;
Euen ſo the Barons, in this deſp'rate cauſe.
Turne vpon thoſe which lately did them chaſe.

54.

Enſigne beards Enſigne, Sword 'gainſt Sword doth ſhake,
Drum brawles with Drum, as Ranke doth Ranke oppoſe,
Ther's not a Man that care of Life doth take,
But Death in earneſt to his Buſ'neſſe goes,
A gen'rall Hauocke as of all to make,
And with Deſtruction doth them all incloſe,
Dealing it ſelfe impartially to all,
Friend by his friend, as foe by foe doth fall.

55.

Yet the braue Barons, whilſt they doe reſpire,
(In ſpight of Fortune, as they ſtood prepar'd)
With Courage charge, with Comelineſſe retyre,
Make good their Ground, and then relieue their Guard,
Withſtand the Ent'rer, then purſue the Flyer,
New forme their Battell, ſhifting eu'ry Ward;
As your high Skill, were but your Quarrell good,
O Noble Spirits, how deare had beene your Blood!

That

56.

That well-arm'd Band, ambitious *Herckley* led,
Of which, the Barons neuer dreamt before,
Then greatly ſtood King *Edwards* Powers inſtead,
And in the Fight aſſayl'd the Enemie ſore:
O Day moſt fatall, and moſt full of dread!
Neuer can Time thy ruinous Waſte reſtore;
Which with his ſtrength through he attemp to doo,
Well may he ſtriue for, and yet fayle of too.

57.

Pale Death beyond his wonted Bounds doth ſwell,
Caruing proud fleſh in Cantles out at large;
As Leaues in Autumne, ſo the Bodies fell,
Vnder ſharpe Steele, at euery boeſt'rous Charge:
O, what ſad Pen can their Deſtruction tell!
Where Scalpes lay beaten like the batt'red Targe;
And euery one he claymeth as his right,
Whoſe lucke it was not to eſcape by flight.

58.

Thoſe Warlike Enſinges, wauing in the Field,
Which lately ſeem'd to braue th'imbattell'd Foe,
Longer not able their owne weight to wield,
Their loftie Tops to the baſe Duſt doe bow;
Here ſits a Helmet, and there lyes a Shield:
O, ill did Fate thoſe ancient Armes beſtow!
Which as a Quarry on the ſoyl'd Earth lay,
Seiz'd on by Conqueſt, as a glorious Prey.

Where

59.

Where noble *Bohun*, that most Princely Peare,
Harford, much honor'd and of high desert,
And to this Nation none as he so deare,
Passing the Bridge with a resolued heart,
To stop his Souldiers; which retyring were,
Was twixt two Planks slaine through his lower part;
But *Lancaster*, not destin'd there to die;
Taken, reserv'd to further Miserie.

60.

Whose Tragique Scene, some Muse vouchsafe to sing:
His, of fiue Earledomes who then liu'd possest,
A Brother, Sonne, and Vnckle to a King,
With Fauor, Friends, and with Abundance blest:
What could Man thinke, or could deuise the thing,
That but seem'd wanting to his worldly Rest?
"But on this Earth, what's free from Fortunes Power?
"What an Age got, is lost in halfe an houre.

61.

Some few, themselues in Sanctuaries hide:
Which, though they haue the mercie of the place,
Yet are their Bodies so vnsanctify'd,
As that their Soules can hardly hope for grace;
Where, they in Feare and Penurie abide
A poore dead Life, which length'neth but a space,
Hate stands without, whilst Horror still within
Prolongs their shame, yet pard'neth not their sinne.

Nor

62.

Nor was Death then contented with the dead,
Of full Reuenge as though it were decyd,
And till it might haue that accomplished,
It held it selfe in nothing satisfy'd;
And with delayes no longer to be fed,
An vnknowne Torment further doth prouide,
That dead Men should in Miseries remaine,
To make the Louing die with greater paine.

63.

Yee Sou'raine Cities of this woefull Ile,
In Cypresse Wreaths, and your most sad Attyre,
Prepare your selues to build the Funerall Pile,
Lay your pale Hands to this exequious Fire,
All Mirth and Comfort from your Streets exile,
Fill'd with the groanes of Men, when they expire;
The Noblest Bloud approching to be shed,
That euer drop'd from any of your Dead.

64.

When *Tomas*, Earle of *Lancaster*, that late
Th'rebellious Barons trayt'rously retain'd,
As the chiefe Agent in this great Debate,
Was for the same (ere many dayes) arraign'd,
'Gainst whom, at *Pomfret* they articulate,
(To whom those Treasons chiefely appertain'd;)
Whose Proofes apparant, so well may, ill sped,
As from his shoulders reft his reu'rend Head.

Yet

65.

Yet *Lancaſter*, it is not thy loſt breath,
That can aſſure the ſafetie of the Crowne,
Or that can make a Couenant with Death,
To warrant *Edward*, that he thinks his owne;
But he muſt pay the forfait of his Faith,
When they ſhall riſe, which he hath trodden downe;
" All's not a Mans that is from others racke,
" And others Agents other wayes doe act.

66.

Nor was it long, but in that fatall place,
The way to Death where *Lancaſter* had led,
But many other, in the ſelfe-ſame caſe,
Him in like manner ſafely followed.
London, would thou hadſt had thy former grace,
As thou art firſt, moſt Bloud that thou hadſt ſhed,
By others Cities not exceeding farre,
Whoſe Streets deuoure the Remnant of that Warre.

67.

O Parents ruthfull and heart-renting ſighe!
To ſee that Sonne, that your ſoft Boſomes fed,
His Mothers Ioy his Fathers ſole Delight,
That with much Coſt, yet with more Care was bred;
O Spectacle (euen) able to affright
A ſenſeleſſe Thing, and terrifie the Dead!
His deare, deare Bloud, vpon the cold Earth powr'd,
His quartered Coarſe, of Crowes and Kytes, deuour'd.

But

68.

But'tis not you that here complaine alone,
Or to your ſelues this fearefull Portion ſhare;
Here's ſtrange and choiſe varietie of Moane,
Poore Orphans teares with Widowes mixed are,
With many Friends ſigh, many a Maidens Groane;
So innocent, ſo ſimply pure, and rare,
As Nature, which till then had ſilence kept,
Neere burſt with Sorrow, bitterly had wept.

69.

O Bloudie Age! had not theſe things beene done,
I had not now, in theſe more calmer Times,
Into the ſearch of thoſe paſt Troubles runne;
Nor had my Virgin vnpolluted Rimes
Alt'red the courſe wherein they firſt begun,
To ſing theſe horrid and vnnaturall Crimes;
My Layes had ſtill been of *Ideas* Bowre,
Of my deare *Ancor*, or her loued *Stwore*.

70.

Nor other Subiect then your Selfe, had choſe,
Your Birth, your Vertues, and your high Reſpects,
Whoſe Bounties oft haue nouriſh'd my Repoſe;
You, whom my Muſe ingeniouſly elects,
Denying Earth your braue Thoughts to incloſe,
Maugre the Momiſts, and Satyricke Sects;
That whilſt my Verſe to after-Times is ſung,
You may liue with me, and be honor'd long.

But

71.

But great things my Subiect hath in ſtore,
Still to her Taske my armed Muſe to keepe,
And offreth her Occaſion as before,
Whereon ſhe may in mournefull Verſes weepe;
And as a Ship being gotten neere the Shore,
By awkward Winds re-driuen to the Deepe,
So is the Muſe, from whence ſhe came of late,
Into the Buſineſſe of a troubled State.

The end of the ſecond Canto.

THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The third CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

By sleepie Potions that the Queene ordaynes;
Lords Mortimer *escapes out of the* Tower;
And by false Sleights, and many subtill Traynes,
She gets to France, *to rayse a foraine Power:*
The French *King leaues his Sister; Need constrayneth*
The Queene to Henalt *in a happie Houre;*
Edward *her Sonne, to* Philip *is affide;*
They for Innasion instantly prouide.

1.

SCarse had these passed Miseries an end,
But other Troubles instantly began;
As Mischiefe doth new Matter apprehend,
By things that still irregularly ran:
For further yet their Fury doth extend;
All was not yeelded that King *Edward* wan;
And some there were in Corners that did lye,
Which o'er his Actions had a watchfull eye.

2.

When as the King (whilſt things thus fairely went)
Who by this happie Victorie grew ſtrong,
Summon'd at *Yorke* a ſoleme Parlament,
T'vphold his Right, and helpe the *Spenſers* wrong,
(In all Affaires t'eſtabliſh his Intent)
Whence more and more his Minions Greatneſſe ſprong;
Whoſe Counſels ſtill, in eu'ry Bus'neſſe croſt
Th'inraged Queene, in all Misfortunes toſt.

3.

When as the eld'ſt, a Man extremely hated.
(Whom, till that time, the King could not preferre,
Vntill he had the Barons Pride abated)
That Parlament made Earle of *Wincheſter*;
As *Herckey*, Earle of *Carlel* he created;
And likewiſe. *Baldock* he made Chancelor;
One, whom the King had for his Purpoſe wraught,
A Man, as ſubtill, ſo corrupt and naught.

4.

When as Miſ-haps (that ſeldome come alone)
Thicke in the neckes of one another fell;
The *Scot* began a new Inuaſion,
And *France* did thence the *Engliſh* Powers expell,
The *Iriſh* ſet the *Engliſh* Pale vpon,
At home, the Commons eu'ry day rebell;
Miſchiefe on Miſchiefe, Curſe doth follow Curſe,
One Ill ſcarce paſt, but after comes a worſe.

5.

For *Mortimer*, that Wind moſt fitly blew,
Troubling their eyes, which otherwiſe might ſee,
Whilſt the wiſe Queene, who all Aduantage knew,
Was cloſely caſting, how to ſet him free;
And did the Plot ſo ſeriouſly purſue,
Till ſhe had found the Meanes how it ſhould be,
Againſt Opinion, and Imperious Might,
To worke her owne Ends, through the Iawes of Spight.

6.

And to that purpoſe ſhe a Potion made,
In Operation of that poys'ning Power,
That it the Spirits could preſently inuade,
And quite diſ-ſenſe the Senſes in an houre,
With ſuch cold numneſſe, as it might perſwade
That very Death the Patient did deuoure,
For certaine Houres, and ſealed vp the eyes,
'Gainſt all that Art could poſſibly deuiſe.

7.

In which, ſhe Plantan and cold Lettuce had,
The Water-Lilly from the Mariſh ground,
With the wan Poppie, and the Nightſhade ſad,
And the ſhort Moſſe, that on the Trees is found,
The poys'ning Henbane, and the Mandrake drad,
With Cypreſſe flowers, that with the reſt were pown'd;
The braine of Craues amongſt the reſt ſhee takes,
Mix'd with the Bloud of Dormice, and of Snakes.

8.

Thus, like *Medea*, ſat ſhee in her Cell,
Which ſhee had circled with her potent Charmes,
From thence all hind'rance cleerely to expell;
Then her with Magique Inſtruments ſhe Armes,
And to her Buſ'neſſe inſtantly ſhe fell;
A Veſtall Fire ſhe lights, wherewith ſhe warmes
The mixed Iuices, from thoſe Simples wrong,
To make the Med'cine wonderfully ſtrong.

9.

The ſundry Feares that from her Fact might riſe,
Men may ſuppoſe, her trembling Hand might ſtay,
Had ſhee conſider'd of the Enterpriſe,
To thinke what Perill in th'Attempt there lay;
Knowing beſides, that there were ſecret Spyes
Set by her Foes, to wath her eu'ry way:
" But when that Sex leaue Vertue to eſteeme,
" Thoſe greatly erre, which think the what they ſeeme.

10.

Their plighted Faith they at their pleaſure leaue,
Their Loue is cold, but hot as fire their Hate,
On whom they ſmile, they ſurely thoſe deceiue,
In there Deſires they be inſatiate:
Them of their Will there's nothing can bereaue,
Their Anger hath no bound, Reuenge no date;
They ſay by Feare, when they at Ruine ayme,
They ſhun not Sinne, as little weigh they Shame.

The

11.

The elder of the *Mortimers*, this while
That their ſure Friends ſo many ſundry wayes,
By Fight, by Execution, by Exile,
Had ſeene cut off; then finiſhed his dayes;
Which (though with griefe) doth ſomewhat reconcile
The youngers Thoughts, and lends his Cares ſome eaſe;
Which oft his Heart, oft troubled had his Head,
For the deare ſafetie of his Vncle, dead.

12.

But there was more did on his Death depend,
Then Heauen was pleas'd the fooliſh World ſhould know;
And why the Fates thus haſted on his end,
Thereby intending ſtranger Plagues to ſhow.
Braue Lord, in vaine thy breath thou didſt not ſpend,
From thy Corruption, greater Conflicts grow;
Which began ſoone, and fruitfully to ſpring,
New kinds of Vengeance on that Age to bring.

13.

As Heart could wiſh, when euery thing was fit,
The Queene attends her Potions Power to proue;
Their ſtedfaſt Friends their beſt aſſiſting it,
Their truſtie Seruants ſeale vp all in loue:
And *Mortimer*, his Valour and his Wit
Then muſt expreſſe, whom moſt it doth behoue;
Each place made fit, where Guides and Horſes lay,
And where the Ship, that was for his Conuay.

14.

When as his Birth-day he had yeerely kept,
And vs'd that day, those of the *Tower* to feed;
And on the Warders, other Bounties heapt,
For his Aduantage, he that day decreed;
Which did Suſpition clearely intercept,
And much auayl'd him at that time of need;
When after Cates, their Thirſt at laſt to quench,
He mix'd their Liquor with that ſleepie Drench.

15.

Which ſoone each Senſe doth with dead coldneſſe ſeize;
When he which knew the Keepers of each Ward,
Out of their Pockets quickly tooke the Keyes,
His toarded Ladders readily prepar'd;
And ſtealing forth, through darke and ſecret wayes,
(Not then to learne his Compas by thy Card)
To winne the Wall couragiouſly doth goe,
Which look'd as ſcorning to be maſtred ſo.

16.

They ſoundly ſleepe, whilſt his quicke Spirits awake,
Expos'd to Perill in the high'ſt Extremes,
Alcydes Labours as to vndertake, (Streames,
O'er Walls, o'er Gates, through Watches, and through
By which, his owne way he himſelfe muſt make:
And let them tell King *Edward* of their Dreames,
For ere they came out of their Beaſtie-ſicke Traunce,
He made no doubt to be arriu'd in *France*.

The

17.

The ſullen Night had her blacke Curtaine ſpred,
Lowring that Day had tarried vp ſo long,
And that the Morrow might lye long a Bed,
She all the Heau'n with duskie Clouds had hung,
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly horned Head,
Away to to Weſt and vnder Earth ſhe flung,
As ſhe had long'd to certifie the Sunne,
What, in his abſence, in our World was done.

18.

The leſſer Lights, like Sentinels in Warre,
Behind the Clouds, ſtood priuily to prie,
As though vnſeene, they ſubt'ly ſtroue from farre,
Of his eſcape the manner to deſcrie;
Hid was each Wand'ring, as each fixed Starre,
As they had held a Councell in the Skie,
And had concluded with that preſent Night,
That not a Starre ſhould once giue any Light.

19.

In a ſlow ſilence, all the Shoares are huſht,
Only the Shreech-owle ſounded to th'Aſſault,
And *Iſis* with a troubled Murmure ruſht,
As if conſenting, and would hide the Fault;
And as his Foot the Sand or Grauell cruſht,
There was a little whiſp'ring in the Vault,
Mou'd by his treading, ſoftly as he went,
Which ſeem'd to ſay, it furth'red his intent,

20.

Whilſt that wiſe Queene, whom Care yet reſtleſſe kept,
For happie Speed, to Heau'n held vp her hands,
With worlds of Hopes, and Feares together heapt
In her full Boſome; liſt'ning as ſhe ſtands,
She ſigh'd and pray'd, and ſigh'd againe and wept,
She ſees him how he Climbes, how Swims, how Lands,
Though abſent, preſent in Deſires they bee,
"Our Soule much farther then our Eyes can ſee.

21.

The ſmall Clouds iſſuing from his Lips, ſhe ſayth,
Lab'ring ſo faſt as he the Ladder claime,
Should purge the Ayre of Peſtilence and Death;
And as from Heau'n that filch'd *Promethian* flame,
The ſweetneſſe ſo, and vertue of his Breath,
New Creatures in the Element ſhould frame;
And to what Part it had the hap to ſtray,
There ſhould it make another Milkie Way.

22.

Attayn'd the Top, whilſt ſpent, he paws'd to blow,
She ſaw, how Round he caſt his longing Eyes,
The Earth to greet him gently from below,
How greatly he was fauored of the Skeyes;
She ſaw him marke the Way he was to goe,
And tow'rds her Palace how he turn'd his Eyes;
From the Walls height, as when he downe did ſlide,
She heard him crie, Now Fortune be my Guide.

As

23.

As he deſcended, ſo did ſhe deſcend,
As ſhe would hold him, that he ſhould not fall,
On whom alone her Safetie did depend:
But when ſome Doubt did her deepe Thoughts appall,
Diſtractedly ſhe did her Hands extend
For ſpeedie Helpe, and earneſtly did call
Softly againe, if Death to him ſhould hap,
She beg'd of Heauen, his Graue might be her Lap.

24.

To ſhew him fauour, ſhe intreats the Ayre,
For him ſhe beg'd th mercy of the Wind,
For him ſhe kneel'd before the Night with Prayer,
For him, her ſelfe ſhe to the Earth inclin'd,
For him, his Tydes beſeeching *Thames* to ſpare,
And to command his Billowes to be kind;
And tells the Floud, if her Loue would quit,
No Floud, of her ſhould honor'd be, but it.

25.

But when ſhe thought ſhe ſaw him ſwim along
Doubting the Streame was taken with his Loue,
She fea'rd the Drops that on his Treſſes hung,
And that each Waue, which moſt ſhould woo him, ſtroue,
To his cleare Bodie that ſo cloſely clung,
Which when before him with his Breſt he droue,
Pallid with Griefe, ſhe turn'd away her Face,
Iealous, that he the Waters ſhould imbrace.

That

26.

That angry Lyon hauing ſlip'd his Chaine,
As in a Feuer, made King *Edward* quake;
Who knew, before he could be caught againe,
Deare was the Bloud, that his ſtrong Thirſt muſt ſlake;
He found, much labour had beene ſpent in vaine,
And muſt be forc'd a further Courſe to take,
Perceiuing Tempeſts riſing in the Wind,
Of which too late, too truly he diuin'd.

27.

By his Eſcape, that aduerſe Part growne prowd,
On each hand working for a ſecond Warre,
And in their Councels nothing was allow'd,
But what might be a Motiue to ſome Iarre;
And though their Plots were carried in a Clowd,
From the diſcerning of the Popular,
The Wiſer yet, whoſe Iudgements farther raught,
Eas'ly perceiue how things about were brought,

28.

Thoſe ſecret Fires, by enuious Faction blowne,
Brake out in *France*, which couer'd long had layne;
King *Charles* from *Edward* challenging his owne,
First *Guyne*, next *Pontieu* and then *Aquitayne*,
To each of which he made his Title knowne,
Nor from their Seiſure longer would abſtaine;
The cauſe thereof, lay out of moſt Mens view,
Which though fooles found not, wiſe Men quickly knew

29.

Their Proiects hitting (many a day in hand)
That to their Purpose prosp'rously had thriu'd,
The Base whereon a mightie Frame must stand,
By all their Cunnings that had beene contriu'd;
Finding their Actions were so throughly man'd,
Their fainting Hopes were wond'rously reuiu'd,
They made no doubt, to see in little time,
The full of that, which then was in the prime.

30.

The King much troubled with the *French* Affayre,
Which as a thapelesse and vnweldie Masse,
Wholly imploy'd the vtmost of his care,
To *Charles* of *France* his Embassie to passe,
For which, it much behou'd him to prepare,
Before the Warre too deepely settled was;
Which when they found, they likewise cast about,
As they would goe, to make him send them out.

31.

Which, when they came in Councell to debate,
And to the depth had seriously discust,
Finding how neerely it concern'd the State,
To stay a Warre, both dang'rous and vniust;
That weighrie Busnesse to negotiate,
They must find One of speciall worth and trust:
Where'eu'ry Lord his Censure freely past,
Of whom he lik'd the Bishop was the last.

Torkon,

32.

Torlton, whose Tong Mens Eares in chaines could tye,
And like *Iones* fearfull Thunderbolt could pierce,
In which there more Authoritie did lye,
Then in those words the *Sibyls* did rehearse,
Whose Sentence was so absolute and hye,
As had the power a Iudgement to reuerse,
For the wise Queene, with all his might did stand,
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

33.

Vrging what credit she the Cause might bring,
Impartiall, 'twixt a Husband and a Brother,
A Queene in Person, betwixt King and King;
And more then that, to shew herselfe a Mother,
There for her Sonne, his Right establishing,
Which did as much concerne them as the other;
Which Colour seru'd to worke in this Extreame,
That, of which then, the King did neuer dreame.

34.

Torlego, was this thy Spirituall Pretence?
Would God thy Thoughts had beene Spirituall,
Or lesse pressed thy great Eloquence:
But O, thy Actions were too Temporall,
Thy Knowledg had too much Pitheminence,
Thy Reason subtill, and Sophisticall;
" But all is not true, that Supposition sayth,
" Nor haue the Mightiest Arguments most Fayth.

Nor

35.

Nor did the Bishop those his Learned lacke,
As well of Power, as Policie and Wit,
That were prepar'd his great Designe to backe,
And could amend where ought he did omit:
For with such Cunning they had made their Packe,
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;
That the faire Queene to *France* with speed must go,
Hard had he ply'd, that had perswaded so.

36.

When she, well fitted both of Wind and Tyde,
And saw the Coast was cu'ry way so cleere,
As a wise Woman she her Bus'nesse plyde,
Whilst things went currant, and well carried were,
Her selfe, and hers, to get aboord she hyde,
As one, whose Fortune made her still to feare;
Knowing those Times so variously inclin'd,
And cu'ry Toy soone alt'ring *Edwards* Mind.

67.

Her Followers such, as meerely Friendlesse stood,
Sunke, and deiected by the *Spensers* Pride,
Who bore the Taynts of Treason in their Blood,
And for Reuenge, would leaue no wayes vntryde,
Whose Meanes were bad, but yet their Minds were good,
When now at hand they had their Helpe descryde;
Nor were they wanting, Mischiefe to inuent,
To worke their Wills, and further her Intent.

Whilst

38.

Whilſt *Mortimer* (that all this while hath layne,
From our faire Courſe) by Fortune ſtrangely croſt,
In *France* was ſtruggling how he might regayne,
That which before in *England* he he had loſt,
And all good Meanes doth gladly entertaine,
No iot diſmay'd, in all thoſe Tempeſts toſt,
Nor his great Mind could ſo be ouerthrowne,
All men his Friends, all Countries were his owne.

39.

Then muſe (tranſported by thy former zeale,
Led in thy Progreſſe, where his Fortune lyes)
To thy ſure aid, I ſeriouſly appeale:
To ſhew him fully, without fain'd Diſguiſe,
The ancient *Heroes* then I ſhall reueale,
And in their Patterns I ſhall be preciſe,
When in my Verſe, tranſparent, neat, and cleare,
They, ſhall in his pure Character appeare.

40.

He was a Man (then boldly dare to ſay)
In whoſe rich Soule the Vertues well did ſute,
In whom, ſo mix'd, the Elements all lay,
That none to one could Sou'raigntie impute,
As all did gouerne, yet all did obay;
He of a temper was ſo abſolute,
As that it ſeem'd, when Nature him began,
She meant to ſhew all, that might be in Man.

So

41.

So throughly ſeaſon'd, and ſo rightly ſet,
That in the Leuell of the cleareſt Eye,
Time neuer toucht him with deforming Fret,
Nor had the power to warpe him but awry;
Whom, in his Courſe, no Croſſe could euer let,
His Eleuation fixed was ſo hye; (proue,
That thoſe rough Stormes, whoſe rage the World doth
Neuer raught him, who ſat them farre aboue.

42.

Which the Queene ſaw, who had a ſeeing Spirit,
For ſhe had mark'd the largeneſſe of his Mind,
And with much Iudgement look'd into his Merit,
Aboue the vſuall compaſſe of her kind,
His Grandſires Greatneſſe rightly to inherit;
When as the Ages in their Courſe inclin'd,
And the World weake, with Time began to bow
To that poore Baſeneſſe that it reſts at now.

43.

He weighs not Wealth, nor yet his *Wigmore* left,
Let needleſſe Heapes, as things of nothing ſtand;
That was not his, that Man could take by Theft,
He was a Lord, if he had Sea, or Land,
And thought him rich of thoſe who was not reft;
" Man, of all Creatures, hath an vpright hand,
" And by the Starres is onely taught to know,
" That as they progreſſe Heau'n, he Earth ſhould doe.

Where-

44.

Wherefore wiſe Nature, from this face of Ground,
Into the Deepe taught Man to find the way,
That in the Floods her Treaſure might be found,
To make him ſearch, for what ſhe there did lay;
And that her Secrets he might throughly ſound,
She gaue him Courage, as her only Kay,
That of all Creatures, as the worthieſt, hee
Her glorie there and wond'rous works ſhould ſee.

45.

Let wretched Worldlings ſweat for Mud and Earth,
Whoſe groueling Beſomes licke the recreant Stones,
Such Peſants carke for Plentie, and for Dearth,
Fame neuer lookes vpon thoſe proſtrate Drones;
The braue Mind is allotted in the Birth,
To manage Empires from the ſtate of Throns,
Frighting eby Fortune, when ſhe ſtern'ſt appeares,
Which ſcorneth Sighes, and ieereth at our Teares,

46.

But when Report (as with a tremling Wing)
Tickled the entrance of his liſtning Eare,
With newes of Ships, ſent out the Queene to bring,
For her at *Sanwich* which then wayting were;
He ſurely thought he heard the Angels ſing,
And the whole Frame of Heau'n make vp the Quire,
That his full Soule was ſmoth'red with exceſſe,
Her ample loyes vnable to expreſſe.

Quoth

47.

Quoth he, slide Billowes smoothly for her sake,
Whose sight can make your aged *Nereus* yong,
For her faire Passage euen Allyes make,
And as the soft Winds waft her Sayles along,
Sleeke eu'ry little Dimple of the Lake:
Sweet *Syrens*, and be readie with your Song;
Though 'tis not *Venus* that doth passe that way,
Yet is as faire as she borne on the Sea.

48.

Yee Scalie Creatures, gaze vpon her Eye,
And neuer after, with your kind make Warre;
O steale the Accents, from her Lippes that flye,
Which like the Tunes of the Celestials are,
And them to your sicke amorous Thoughts apply,
Compar'd with which, *Arions* did but iarre;
Wrap them in ayre, and when blacke Tempests rage,
Vse them as Charmes, the rough Seas to asswage.

49.

France, send t'attend her with full Sholes of Oares,
With which her Fleet may eu'ry way be ply'de;
And when she landeth on thy blessed Shoares,
And the vast Nauie doth at Anchor tyde,
For her departure, when the wild Sea roares,
Ship mount to Heauen, and there be stellify'de;
Next *Iasons Argo*, on the burnish'd Throne,
Assume thy selfe a Constellation.

60.

Queene *Isabell* then landing with delight,
Had what rich *France* could lend her for her eafe;
And as ſhe paſſ'd, no Towne but did inuite
Her with ſome Shew, her Appetite to pleaſe:
But *Mortimer* once comming in her ſight,
His ſhape and features did her Fancie ſeize;
When, ſhe that knew how, her fit time to take,
Thus ſhe her moſt-lou'd *Mortimer* beſpake:

51.

O *Mortimer*, ſweet *Mortimer*, quoth ſhe,
What angry Power did firſt the meanes deuiſe,
To ſeparate Queene *Iſabell*, and thee,
Whom (to diſpight) Loue yet together tyes?
But if thou think'ſt the Fault was made by me,
For a iuſt Penance to my longing Eyes,
Though guiltleſſe they, this be to them aſſign'd,
To gaze vpon thee, till they leaue me blind.

52.

My deare, deare heart, thought I to ſee thee thus,
When firſt in Court thou didſt my Fauor weare,
When we haue watch'd, leſt any noted vs,
Whilſt our Lookes vs'd Loues Meſſages to beare,
And we by ſignes ſent many a ſecret Buſſe,
An Exile then, thought I to ſee thee here?
But what couldſt thou be then, but now thou art?
Though baniſh'd *England*, yet not from my heart.

That

53.

That Fate which did thy Franchiſement inforce,
And from the depth of Danger ſet thee free,
Still Regular, and conſtant in that Courſe,
Made me this ſtraight and euen Path to thee,
Of our Affections as it tookeremorſe,
Our Birth-fix'ed Starres ſo luckily agree,
Whoſe Reuolution ſeriouſly directs.
Our like Proceedings, to the like effect.

43.

Onely wiſe Counſell hath contriu'd this thing,
For which we wiſh'd ſo many a wofull day,
Of which;the cleare and perfect managing,
Is that ſtrong Prop, whereon our Hopes may ſtay:
Which in it ſelfe th'Authoritie doth bring,
That weake Opinion hath not Power to ſway,
Confuting thoſe, whoſe ſightleſſe Iudgements ſit
In the thicke Rauke, with eu'ry common Wit.

55.

Then ſince th'aſſay our good ſucceſſe aſſures,
And we her Fau'rities leane on Fortune Breſt,
That eu'ry houre new Comfort vs procures,
Of theſe her Bleſſings let vs chuſe the beſt,
And whilſt the day of our good Hap endures,
Let's take the bounteous Benefits of Reſt;
Let's feare no Storme, before we feele a Showre,
My Sonne a King, two Kingdomes helps my Dower.

56.

Of wanton *Edward* when I first was woo'd,
Why cam'st thou not into the Court of *France*?
Before thy King, thou in my grace hadst stood;
O *Mortimer*, how good had beene thy Chance!
My Loue attempted in that youthfull Mood,
I might haue beene thine owne Inheritance;
Where entring now by Force, thou holdst by Might,
And art Dissisor of anothers Right.

57.

Thou Idoll Honour, which we Fooles adore,
(How many Plagues doe rest in thee, to grieue vs?)
Which when we haue, we find there is much more,
Then that which onely is a Name, can giue vs;
Of reall Comforts thou do'st leaue vs poore,
And of those Ioyes thou often do'st deprive vs,
That with our selues doth set vs at debate,
And makes vs Beggers in our greatest state.

58.

With such braue Raptures from her words that rise,
She made a breach in his impressiue Brest,
And all his Pow'rs so fully did surprize,
As seem'd to rocke his Senses to their rest,
So that his Wit could not that thing deuise,
Of which he thought his Soule was not possest;
Whose great abundance, like a swelling Flood
After a Showre, ran through his rauish'd Blood.

Like

59.

Like as a Lute, that's touch'd with curious skill,
Each ſtring ſtretch'd vp, his right Tone to retayne;
Muſicks true Language that doth ſpeake at will,
The Baſe and Treble married by the Meane,
Whoſe Sounds each Note with Harmonie doe fill,
Whether it be in Deſcant, or on Playne;
So their Affections, ſet in Keyes alike,
In true Conſent meet, as their Humors ſtrike.

60.

As the plaine Path to their Deſigne appeares,
Of whoſe wiſh'd ſight, they had been long debar'd,
By the diſſoluing of thoſe threat'ning Feares,
That many a Purpoſe, many a Plot had mar'd;
Their Hope at full, ſo heartily them cheares,
And their Protection by a ſtronger Guard,
Lends them that leyſure, the euents to caſt
Of things to come, by thoſe alreadie paſt.

61.

For this great Bus'neſſe eas'ly ſetting out,
By due proportion, meaſuring eu'ry pace,
T'auoid the cumbrance of each hindering Doubt;
And not to fayle of Comelineſſe and Grace,
They came with euery Circumſtance about,
Obſerue the Perſon, as the Time, and Place;
Nor leaue they ought, that in Diſcretions Lawes,
They could but thinke might beautifie the Cauſe.

62.

Their Embassie deliu'ring in that height,
As of the same, the Dignitie might fit,
Apparelling a matter of that Weight,
In Ceremonie, well beseeming it:
And that it should goe steadily, and right,
They at their Audience no one Point omit,
As to the full each Tittle to effect,
That in such Cases Wisdome should respect.

63.

Nor to negotiate neuer doe they cease,
Till they againe that ancient League combine;
Yet so, that *Edward* should his Right release,
And to his Sonne the Prouinces resigne:
With whom, King *Charles* concludes the happy Peace,
Hauing the homage due to him for *Guyne*;
And that both Realmes should ratifie their Deed,
They for both Kings an Enterview decreed.

64.

Yet in this thing, which all Men thought so plaine,
And to haue been accomplish'd with such care,
Their inward Falsehood hidden did remaine,
Quite from the Course that the Out-side bare:
For onely they this Enterview did gaine,
T'intrap the King, so trayned to their Snare;
For which, they knew that he must passe the Seas,
Or else the Prince, which better would them please.

Which

65.

Which by the *Spenſers* was approued; who
(As in his Councels they did chiefely guide)
With him their Sou'raigne, nor to *France* durſt goe,
Nor in his abſence, durſt at home abide;
Whilſt the weake King ſtood doubtfull what to doe,
His liſt'ning Eares they with Perſwaſions plyde,
That he to ſtay, was abſolutely wonne,
And for that Bus'neſſe, to diſpatch his Sonne.

66.

Thus is the King incompaſſe'd by their skill,
And made to act what *Torlton* did deuiſe,
Who thruſt him on, to draw them vp the Hill,
That by his ſtrenght they might get Power to riſe,
For they in all things were before him ſtill;
That perfect Steerſ-man in all Policies,
Had caſt to walke, where *Edward* bare the Light,
And by his Ayme, he leuelled their Sight.

67.

Thus hauing made, what *Edward* moſt did will
For his Aduantage further their Intent,
With ſeemed Good ſo varniſhing their Ill,
That it went currant by the faire Euent,
And of their Hopes the vtmoſt to fulfill;
Things in their courſe came in ſo true Concent,
To bring their Bus'neſſe to that happie end,
That they the ſame might publiquely defend.

68.

The precious Time no longer they protract,
Nor in ſuſpence their Friends at home doe hold,
Being abroad ſo abſolutely backt,
They quickly waxed confident and bold,
In their proceeding publiſhing their Act;
Nor did they feare to whom Report it told,
But with an armed and erected hand,
To abet their owne, did abſolutely ſtand.

69.

And that baſe Biſhop then of *Exceſter*,
A Man experienc'd in their Counſels long,
(Thinking perhaps his Falſehood might preferre
Him, or elſe moued with King *Edwards* Wrong;
Or whether that his Frayletie made him erre,
Or other fatall Accident among:)
But he from *France*, and them, to *England* flew,
And knowing all, diſcouer'd all he knew.

70.

Their Treaſons long in hatching, thus diſclos'd,
And *Torltons* Drift by Circumſtances found,
With what Conueyance things had beene diſpos'd,
The Cunning vs'd in caſting of their ground,
The Frame as fit in euery Point compos'd,
When better Counſell coldly came to ſound,
Awak'd the King to ſee his weake eſtate,
When the preuention came a day too late.

Yet

71.

Yet her departing whilſt ſhe doth adiorne,
Charles, as a Brother, by perſwaſion deales,
Edward with Threats would force her to returne;
Pope *Iohn*, her with his dreadfull Curſe aſſayles:
But all in vaine againſt her Will they ſpurne;
Perſwaſion, Threat, nor Curſe with her preuayles;
Charles, *Edward*, *Iohn*, ſtriue all to doe your worſt,
The Queene fares beſt, when ſhe the moſt is curſt.

72.

Which to the *Spencers* ſpeedily made ſeene,
With what cleane ſleight things had been brought about,
And that thoſe here, which well might rul'd haue beene,
Quickly had found, that they were gotten out,
And knowing well their Wit, their Power, and Spleene,
Of their owne Safeties much began to doubt,
And therefore muſt ſome preſent Meanes inuent,
T'auoid a Danger, elſe moſt eminent.

73.

When they, who had the *Frenchmens* Humors felt,
And knew the Bayt wherewith they might be caught,
By promiſe of large Penſions, with them dealt,
If that King *Charles* might from her Aid be wrought:
"What Mind ſo hard, that Money cannot melt?
Which they to paſſe in little time had brought;
That *Iſabell*, too eas'ly ouer-way'd
By their great Summes, was fruſtrate of her Aid.

Yet

74.

Yet could not this amaze that mightie Queene,
(Whom ſad Affliction neuer had control'd,
Neuer ſuch Courage in that Sex was ſeene,
She was not caſt in other Womens Mold)
Nor could rebate the edge of her high Spleene,
Who could endure, Warre, Trauell, Want, and Cold,
Struggling with Fortune, ne're by her oppreſt,
Moſt chearefull ſtill, when ſhe was moſt diſtreſt.

75.

But then reſolu'd to leaue ingratefull *France*,
And in the World her better Fate to trye,
Changing the Ayre, hopes Time may alter Chance,
Vnder her Burthen ſcorning ſo to lye,
Her weak'ned ſtate ſtill ſtriuing to aduance,
Her mightie Mind flew in a Pitch ſo hye;
Yet ere ſhe went, her vex'd Heart that did ake,
Somewhat to eaſe, thus to the King ſhe ſpake:

76.

Is this a Kings, a Brothers part (quoth ſhee?)
And to this end, did I my Griefe vnfold?
Came I to heale my wounded Heart to thee,
Where ſlaine out-right, I now the ſame behold?
Be theſe thy Vowes, thy Promiſes to me?
In all this Heat, art thou become ſo Cold?
To leaue me thus forſaken at the worſt,
My ſtate at laſt, more wretched then at firſt.

Thy

77.

Thy Wiſdome weighing what my Wants require,
To thy deare Mercie might my Teares haue ty'd,
Our Blouds receiuing heat both from one Fire;
And we by Fortune as by Birth ally'd,
My Sute ſupported by my iuſt Deſire,
Were Arguments not to haue been deny'd:
The grieuous Wrongs that in my Boſome bee,
Should be as neere thy Care, as I to thee.

78.

Nature to eas'ly working on my Sex,
Thus at thy pleaſure my poore Fortune leaues
Which being intic'd with hopes of due reſpects
From thee, my Truſt diſhoneſtly deceiues,
Who me and mine vnnaturally neglects,
And of all Comfort laſtly vs bereaues:
What 'twixt thy Baſeneſſe, and thy beaſtly Will,
T'expoſe thy Siſter to the worſt of Ill.

79.

But for my Farwell, thus I prophecie,
That from my Wombe hee's ſprung, or he ſhall ſpring,
Who ſhall ſubdue thy next Poſteritie,
And lead a Captiue thy ſucceeding King,
The iuſt Reuenge of thy vile Iniurie;
To fatall *France*, I as a *Sibyl* ſing
Her Cities Sacke, the ſlaughter of her Men,
Of whom, one *Engliſhman* ſhall conquer ten,

The

80.

The Earle of *Henault*, in that Season great,
The wealthy Lord of many a Warlike Towre,
Who, for his Friendship, Princes did intreat,
As fearing both his Policie, and Power,
Hauing a Brother wound'rously compleat,
Cal'd *Iohn* of *Beamount* (in a happie Houre,
As it for the distressed Queene did chance)
That time abiding in the Court of *France*.

81.

He, there the while, this shuffling that had seene,
Who to her partie *Isabell* had wonne,
To passe for *Henault*, humbly prayes the Queene,
Prompting her still what good might there be done,
To ease the anguish of her tumorous Spleene,
Offring his faire Neece to the Prince her Sonne,
The only way to winne his Brothers Might,
Against the King to backe her in her Right.

82.

Who had an Eare, not fil'd with his Report,
To whom the Souldiers of that Time did throng,
The Patterne to all other of his sort,
Well learn'd in what to Honour did belong,
With that braue Queene long trayned vp in Court,
And constantly confirmed in her Wrong;
Besides all this, croſs'd by the aduerse Part,
In things that sat too neere to his great Heart.

Sufficiene

83.

Sufficient Motiues to inuite Diſtreſſe,
To apprehend ſo excellent a Meane,
(Againſt thoſe Ills that did ſo ſtrongly preſſe)
Whereon the Queene her weake eſtate might leane;
And at that Seaſon, though it were the leſſe,
Yet for a while it might her Want ſuſteine;
Vntill th'approching of more proſp'rous dayes,
Her drouping Hopes to their firſt height might rayſe.

84.

When they at large had leyſure to debate,
Where Welcome look'd with a well-pleaſed face,
From thoſe Diſ-honors ſhe receiued late,
For there ſhe wanted no obſequious grace,
Vnder the guidance of a gentler Fate,
All bounteous Offers freely they imbrace,
And to conclude, all Ceremonies paſt,
The Prince affyes faire *Philip* at the laſt.

85.

All Couenants betwixt them ſurely ſeal'd,
Each to the other laſtingly to bind,
Nothing but done with Equitie and Zeale,
And ſuting well with *Hennults* mightie Mind,
Which, to them all did much Content reueale;
The Eaſe the Queene was like thereby to find,
The Comfort comming to the louely Bride,
Prince *Edward* pleas'd, and Ioy on euery ſide.

The end of the third Canto. THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fourth CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

The Queene in Hertault *mischiefe Friends doth win,*
In Harwitch *Haven safely is arriv'd,*
Gaveston is in England *now and now begin,*
King Edward *of his Safetie is depriv'd;*
Flyeth to Wales *at* Neath *received in,*
Whilst many Plots against him are contriv'd:
Lastly betrayed the Spensers *and his friends*
Are put to Death: with which, this Canto ends.

I.

NOw seuen times *Phœbus* had his welked Waine,
Vpon the top of *Cancers* Tropicke set,
And seuen times, in his descent againe,
His fierie Wheeles had with the Fishes wet,
In the Occurrents of King *Edwards* raigne,
Since Mischiefe did these Miseries beget;
Which through more strange Varieties had runne,
Then he that while Celestiall Signes had done.

Whilst

2.

Whilſt our ill-thriuing in thoſe *Scottiſh* Broiles;
Their ſtrength and courage greatly did aduance,
In a ſmall time made wealthie by our Spoyles;
And we, much weak'ned by our Warres in *France*,
Were well-neere quite diſ-heart'ned by our Foyles:
But at theſe things the Muſe muſt only glance,
And *Herckleys* Treaſons haſte to bring to view,
Her ſerious ſubiect ſooner to purſue.

3.

When *Robert Bruſe*, with his braue *Scottiſh* Band,
By other In-rodes on the Borders made,
Had well-neere waſted all *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Townes he leuell with the Earth had layd;
And finding none his Power there to withſtand,
On the North part of ſpacious *Yorkeſhire* prey'd,
Bearing away with Pride his Pillage got,
As Fate to him did our laſt Fall allot.

4.

For which, that *Herckley*, by his Sou'raigne ſent,
T'intreat a needfull, though diſ-honor'd Peace;
Vnder the colour of a true intent,
Kindled the Warre, in a faire way to ceaſe,
And with King *Robert* did a Courſe inuent,
His Homage due to *Edward*, to releaſe:
Beſides, their Faith they each to other plight,
In Peace and Warre to ioyne with all their Might.

Yet

5.

Yet more, King *Robert* (things being carried ſo)
His Siſter ſo that trech'rous Earle affyde;
Which made too playne and euident a ſhow,
Of what before his Truſt did cloſely hyde: (grow,
But the Cauſe found, from whence this League ſhould
By ſuch as (neere) into their Actions pry'de,
Diſcouer'd Treaſons, which not quickly croſt,
Had ſhed more Bloud, then all the Warres had coſt.

6.

Whether the Kings weake Councels cauſes are,
That eu'ry thing ſo badly falleth out,
Or that the Earle did of our ſtate deſpayre,
When nothing proſper'd, that was gone about,
And therefore careleſſe how the *Engliſh* fare;
Ile not diſpute, but leaue it as a doubt:
Or ſome vaine Title his Ambition lackt;
But ſomething hatch'd this Treaſonable Act.

7.

Which euer reuealed to the iealous King;
Th'apprehenſion of that Trayt'rous Peere
He left to the Lord *Lueyes* managing,
(One whoſe prou'd Faith he had held euer deare)
By whoſe braue carriage in ſo hard a thing,
He did well worthie of his Truſt appeare;
Who, in his Caſtle, careleſly defended,
That crafty *Carlel* cloſely apprehended.

For

8.

For which, ere long, to his iuſt Tryall led,
In all the Robes befitting his Degree,
Where *Scroope*, chiefe Iuſtice in that dang'rous ſtead,
Commiſſion had, his lawfull Iudge to be;
And on the proofes of his Indictment read,
His Treaſons all ſo eaſily might ſee;
Which ſoone themſelues ſo plainely did expreſſe,
As might aſſure them of his ill ſucceſſe.

9.

His Style and Titles to the King reſtor'd,
Noted with Names of Infamie, and Scorne,
And next, diſarmed of his Knightly Sword,
On which (before) his Felicitie was ſworne;
Then, by a Varlet of his Spurres diſ-ſpur'd,
His Coat of Armes (before him) ras'd and torne;
And to the Hurdle laſtly he was ſent,
To a trayt'rous death, that trayt'rouſly had meant.

10.

Whereon the King a Parlement procur'd,
To fixe ſome things, whoſe Fall he elſe might feare;
Whereby he hop'd, the Queene to haue abiur'd,
His Sonne, and ſuch as them Aduitors were:
But thoſe, of whom himſelfe he moſt aſſur'd,
What they had ſeem'd, the ſame did not appeare!
When he ſoone found, he had his Purpoſe miſt,
For there were thoſe, that durſt his Power reſiſt.

11.

For *Hereford*, in Parlament accus'd
Of ſundry Treaſons, wherein he was caught,
By ſuch his Courſes ſtrictly as perus'd,
Whereby ſubuerſion of the Realme was ſought,
His holy Habit and his Truſt abus'd,
Who, to his Anſwer when he ſhould be brought,
Was by the Clergie (in the Kings diſpight)
Seiz'd, vnder colour of the Churches Right.

12.

When, ſome, the fauorers of this fatall Warre,
Whom this Example did more ſharpely whet,
Thoſe for the Cauſe that then impris'ned were,
Boldly attempt, at libertie to ſet;
Whoſe Purpoſe fruſtrate, by their Enemies care,
New Garboyles doth continually beget,
Bidding the King, with care to looke about,
Thoſe ſecret Fires ſo howrely breaking out.

13.

And th'Earle of *Kent*, who was by *Edward* plac'd
As the great Gen'rall of his Force in *Gayne*,
Was in his abſence, here at home diſgrac'd,
And fruſtrated both of Supplyes and Coyne,
By ſuch lewd perſons, to maintaine their Waſte,
As from his Treaſures ceas'd, not to purloyne;
Nor could the King be mou'd, ſo careleſſe ſtill
Both of his owne loſſe, and his Brothers ill.

Whoſe

14.

Whoſe Diſcontent too quickly being found,
By ſuch as all Aduantages did wait,
Who ſtill apply'd ſtrong Cor'ſiues to the wound,
And by their Tricks, and intricate Deceit,
Hind'red thoſe Meanes that hap'ly might redound,
That faſt ariſing Miſchiefe to defeat;
Til *Edmunds* wrongs were to that ripeneſſe growne,
That they had made him abſolute their owne;

15.

With all his faithfull Followers in thoſe Warres,
Men well experienc'd, and of worthieſt parts,
Who for their pay receiued only Scarres,
Whilſt the Inglorious had their due deſerts;
And Minnions hate of other hope debarres
Which vex'd them deepely, to the very hearts,
That to their Gen'rall for Reuenge they cry,
Ioyning with *Beamount*, giuing him ſupply.

16.

Theſe great Commanders, and with them combyne
The Lord *Pocelles*, *Sares*, and *Boiſiers*,
Dambretticourt, the yong and valiant *Hein*,
Eſtotiuyles, *Comines* and *Villeers*,
The valiant Knights, Sir *Michael de-la-Lyne*,
Sir *Robert Baliol*, *Boſwit*, and *Semeers*;
Men of great skill, whom Spoyle and Glory warmes,
Such as (indeed) were dedicate to Armes.

17.

Leading three thousand must'red Men, in pay,
Of *French*, *Scots*, *Alman*, *Swisser*, and the *Dutch*;
Of Natiue *English*, fled beyond the Sea,
Whose number neere amounted to as much,
Which longe had look'd, nay, wayted for that day,
Whom their Reueng did but too nearely touch;
Besides, Friends readie to receiue them in:
And new Commotions eu'ry day begin.

18.

Whilst the wise Queene, from *England* day by day,
Of all those Doings that had certaine word,
Whose Friends much blam'd her ouer-long delay,
When as the time such firnesse did afford;
Doth for her Passage presently puruay,
Bearing Prouision eu'rie howre aboord,
Ships of all Burthens rig'd and manned are,
Fit for Inuasion, to transport a Warre.

19.

When she for *English* fairely setting forth,
Spreading her proud Sayles on the Wat'rie Playne,
Steereth her Course directly to the North,
With her young *Edward* Duke of *Aquitane*,
With other three, of speciall name and worth,
(The destin'd Scourages of King *Edwards* raine)
Her Souldier *Beamount*, and the Erle of *Kent*,
With *Mortimer*, that mightie Malecontent.

For

20.

For *Harwitch* Road, a fore-wind finely blowes,
But blew too, fast, to kindle such a fire,
Whilst with full Sayle, and the stiffe Tyde, she goes;
It should haue turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,
The Fleet it droue, was fraughted with our Woes:
But Seas and Winds doe *Edwards* wracke conspire;
" For when iust Heauen, to chastise vs is bent,
" All things conuert to our due punishment,

21.

The Coasts were kept with a continuall Ward,
The Beacons watch'd, her comming to descrie;
Had but the loue of Subiects been His Guard,
Thad been t'effect, that he did fortifie:
But whilst he stood gainst his Foes prepar'd,
He was betray'd by his home Enemie;
Small help by this he was but like to win,
Shutting Warre out, he lockt Destruction in.

22.

When *Henry*, Brother to that luckless Prince,
The first great Mouer of that ciuill strife,
Thomas, whom Law but lately did conuince,
That had at *Pomfret* left his wretched life;
That *Henry*, in whose Bosome euer since
Reuenge lay couered, watching for reliefe,
Like fire in some fat Myn'rall of the Earth,
Finding a fit Vent, giues her Furie birth.

23.

And being Earle Marſhall, great vpon that Coaſt,
With Bells and Bone-fires welcomes Her aſhore;
And by his Office gath'ring vp an Hoaſt,
Shew'd the great Spleene that he to *Edward* bore,
Nor of the ſame, abaſh'd at all to boaſt;
The Clergies Power in readineſſe before,
And on their Friends a Tax as freely layd,
To rayſe Munition, for their preſent Ayd.

24.

And to Confuſion all their Powers expoſe,
On the rent Boſome of the Land, which long
Warre, like the Sea, on each ſide did incloſe,
A Warre, from our owne home Diſſentions ſprong,
In little time which to that greatneſſe roſe,
As made vs loath'd our neighb'ring States among:
But this Inuaſion, that they hither brought
More Miſchiefe farre then all the former wrought.

25.

Beſides, this Innouation in the State
Lent their great Action ſuch a violent Hand,
When it ſo boldly durſt inſinuate
On the cold faintneſſe of th'infeebled Land;
That being arm'd with all the power of Fate,
Finding a way ſo openly to ſtand,
To their intendment, might, if followed well,
Regayne that Height, from whence they lately fell.

Their

26.

Their Strenghts together in this meane time met,
All Helpes and Hurts, by Warres beſt Councels way'd,
As what might further, what their Courſe might let,
As their Reliefes conueniently they layd,
As where they hop'd Securitie to get,
Whereon, at worſt, their Fortunes might be ſtay'd;
So fully furniſh'd, as themſelues deſir'd,
Of what the Action needfully requir'd.

27.

When at Saint *Edmunds* they a while repoſe,
To reſt themſelues, and their Sea-beaten Force,
Better to learne the manner of their Foes,
To th'end not idly to direct their Courſe,
And ſeeing dayly how their Armie growes,
To take a full view of their Foot and Horſe;
With much diſcretion managing the Warre,
To let the World know what to doe, they dare.

28.

When as the King of their Proceedings heard,
And of the Routs that dayly to them runne;
But little Strength at *London* then prepar'd,
Where he had hop'd moſt fauour to haue wonne;
He left the Citie to the watchfull guard
Of his approu'd moſt truſted *Stapleton*;
To *Iohn* of *Eltham*, his deare Sonne, the *Tower*,
And goes himſelfe tow'rds *Wales*, to rayſe him Powre-

29.

Yet whilſt his Name doth any hope admit,
He made proclaym'd, in paine of Goods and Life,
Of who would haue a Subiects benefit,
Should bend themſelues againſt his Sonne and Wife,
And doth all Slaughters gen'rally acquit,
Committed on the mouers of this Striſe;
As who could bring in *Mortimers* proud Head,
Should freely take th'Reuenues of the dead.

30.

Which was encounterd by the Queenes Edict,
By publiſhing the luſtneſſe of her Cauſe;
That ſhe proceeded in a Courſe ſo ſtrict,
T'vphold their ancient Liberties and Lawes:
And that on *Edward* ſhe did nought inflict,
For priuate Hate, or Popular Applauſe;
Only the *Spenſers* to Account to bring,
Whoſe wicked counſels had abus'd the King.

31.

Which ballaſted the Multitude, that ſtood,
As a Barke beaten betwixt Wind and Tide,
By Winds exps'd, oppoſed by the Flood,
Nought therein left, to Land the ſame to guide;
Thus floated they in their vnconſtant Mood,
Till that the weakeneſſe of King *Edwards* ſide
Suffred a Seiſure of it ſelfe at laſt,
Which to the Queene a free Aduantage caſt.

Thus

32.

Thus *Edward* left his *England* to his Foes,
Whom Danger did to recreant Flight debaſe,
As farre from Hope, as he was neere his Woes,
Depriu'd of Princely Sou'raignetie and Grace,
Yet ſtill grew leſſe, the farther that he goes,
His Saferie ſoone ſuſpecting eu'ry Place;
No Helpe at Home, nor Succour ſeene Abroad,
his Mind wants Reſt, his Bodie ſafe Aboad.

33.

One ſcarce to him his ſad Diſcourſe hath done,
Of *Henaults* Power, and what the Queene intends;
But whilſt he ſpeakes another hath begun;
A third then takes it, where the ſecond ends,
And telles what Rumors through the Countries run,
Of thoſe new Foes, of thoſe reuolted Friends;
Straight came a fourth, in poſte that thither ſped,
With newes of Foes come in, of Friends out-fled.

34.

What Plagues did *Edward* for himſelfe prepare?
Forſaken King, O whether didſt thou flye!
Changing the Clyme, thou couldſt not change thy Care,
Thou fledſt thy Foes, but followedſt Miſerie:
Thoſe euill Lucks, in numbers many are,
That to thy Foot-ſteps doe themſelues apply;
And ſtill thy Conſcience, corroſiu'd with greefe,
Thou but purſu'ſt thy ſelfe, both rob'd, and Theefe.

Who

35.

Who ſeeking Succour, offred next at hand,
At laſt, for *Wales* he takes him to the Seas,
And ſeeing *Lundy*, that ſo faire did ſtand,
Thither would ſteere, to giue his Sorrowes eaſe;
That little Modell of his greater Land,
As in a Dreame, his Fancie ſeem'd to pleaſe;
For faine he would be King (yet) of an Ile,
Although his Empire bounded in a Mile.

36.

But when he thought to ſtrike his proſp'rous Sayle,
As vnder Lee, paſt danger of the Flood,
A ſudden Storme of mixed Sleet and Hayle,
Not ſuffreth him to rule that piece of Wood:
" What doth his Labor, what his Toyle auayle,
" That is by the Celeſtiall Powers withſtood?
And all his Hopes him vainely doe delude,
By God, and Men, inceſſantly purſu'd.

37.

In that blacke Tempeſt, long turmoyl'd and toſt,
Quite from his Courſe, and well he knew not where,
Mongſt Rocks and Sands, in danger to be loſt,
Not in more Perill, then he was in Feare:
At length perceiuing he was neere ſome Coaſt,
And that the Weather ſomewhat 'gan to cleare,
He found 'twas *Wales*; and by the Mountaines tall,
That part thereof, which we *Glamorgan* call.

In

38.

In *Neath*, a Caſtle next at hand, and ſtrong,
Where he commandeth Entrance, with his Crue,
The Earle of *Gloſter*, worker of much Wrong,
His Chancelor *Baldocke*, which much Euill, knew,
Reding his Marſhall, other Friends among;
Where cloſely hid (though not from Enuies veiw)
The Muſe a little leaueth them to dwell,
And of great Slaughter ſhapes her ſelfe to tell.

39.

Now, lighter Humor, leaue me, and be gone,
Your Paſſion poore, yeelds Matter much too ſlight:
To write thoſe Plagues that then were comming on,
Doth aske a Pen of *Ebon*, and the Night;
If there be Ghoſts, their Murther that bemoane,
Let them approch me, and in pittious plight
Howle, and about me with blacke Tapers ſtand,
To lend a ſad Light to my ſadder Hand.

40.

Each Line ſhall lead to ſome one weeping Woe,
And eu'ry Cadence as a tort'red Cry,
Till they force Teares in ſuch exceſſe to flow,
That they ſurround the Circle of each Eye:
Then whilſt theſe ſad Calamities I ſhow,
All looſe Affections, ſtand yee idly by,
Deſtin'd againe to dip my Pen in gore,
For the ſad'ſt Tale that Time did e'er deplore.

New

41.

New ſorts of Plagues were threart'ned to the Earth,
The raging Ocean paſt his Bounds did riſe,
Strange Apparitions, and prodigious Birth,
Vnheard of Sickneſſe, and Calamities,
More vnaccuſtom'd and vnlook'd for Dearth,
New ſorts of Meteors gazing from the Skies;
As what before, had ſmall or nothing bin,
And only then their Plagues did but begin.

42.

And whilſt the Queene did in this Courſe Proceed,
The Land lay open to all offred Ill:
The Lawleſſe Exile did returne with ſpeed,
Not to defend his Countrey, but to kill,
Then were the Priſons diſſolutely freed,
Both Field and Towne with Wretchedneſſe to fill:
London, as thou waſt Author of ſuch ſhame,
Euen ſo waſt thou moſt plagued with the ſame.

43.

Whoſe giddie Commons, mercileſſe and rude,
Let looſe to Miſchiefe on that diſmall Day,
Their hands in bloud of *Edwards* Friends imbru'd;
Which in their Madneſſe hauing made away,
Th'implacable, the monſtrous Multitude,
On his Lieutenant *Stapleton* did pray;
Who drag'd by them o'er many a lothſome Heape,
Beheaded was before the *Croſſe* in *Cheape*.

Here

44.

Here firſt ſhee read, vpon her ruin'd Wall,
Her ſad Deſtruction, which was but too nye,
Vpon her Gates was charact'red her Fall,
In mangled Bodies, her Anatomie,
Which for her Errors did that Reck'ning call,
As might haue wraught Teares from her ruthleſſe Eye;
And if the thicke Ayre dim'd her hatefull ſight,
Her Buildings were on fire, to giue her light.

45.

Her Chanels ſeru'd for Inke, her Paper, Stones,
Whereon to write her Murther, Inceſt, Rape;
And for her Penn's, a heape of dead Mens Bones,
To make each Letter in ſome monſtrous ſhape,
And for her Accents, ſad departing Grones:
And that to Time no deſp'rate Act ſhould ſcape,
If ſhe with Pride againe ſhould be o'ergone,
To take that Booke, and ſadly looke thereon.

46.

The tender Gyrle, ſpoyl'd of her Virgin ſhame,
Yet for that Sinne, no Rauiſher was ſhent:
Blacke is my Inke more blacke was her Defame,
None to reuenge, ſcarce any to lament;
Nought could be done, to remedie the ſame;
It was too late thoſe Miſchiefes to preuent;
Againſt thoſe Horrors ſhe did idly ſtriue,
But ſaw her ſelfe to be deuour'd aliue.

47.

She wants redreſſe, and Rauiſhment remorſe,
None would be found, to whom ſhe could complayne,
And crying out againſt th'Adulterers force,
Her Plaints vntimely did returne in vayne;
The more ſhe grieu'd, her Miſerie the worſe,
Onely to her this Helpe there did remayne,
She ſpoyl'd of Fame, was prodigall of Breath,
And made her Life cleere, by her reſolute Death.

48.

Then, of that World Men did the want complayne,
When they might haue been buried, when they dyde,
Young Children ſafely in their Cradles layne,
The Man new married haue enioy'd his Bryde,
When in ſome Bounds Ill could it ſelfe contayne;
The Sonne kneel'd by his Fathers Death-bed ſide,
The Liuing wrong'd, the Dead no right could haue,
The Father ſaw his Sonne to want a Graue.

49.

But 'twas too late thoſe Courſes to recall,
None haue externall nor internall Feare,
Thoſe deadly Sounds, by their continuall Fall,
Settle Confuſion in each deaf'ned Eare;
Of our ill Times, this was the worſt of all,
Onely of Garboyles that did loue to heare,
Armes our Attyre, and Wounds were all our Good,
Branded the moſt with Rapine and with Blood.

Inglorious

50.

Inglorious Age, of whom it ſhould be ſayd,
That all theſe Miſchiefes ſhould abound in thee,
That all theſe Sinnes ſhould to thy charge be layd,
From no calumnious nor vile Action free!
O let not Time, vs with thoſe Ills vpbrayd,
Leſt feare what hath been argue what may be,
And faſhioning ſo a Habit in the Mind,
Make vs alone the Haters of our Kind!

51.

O pow'rfull Heauen, in whoſe moſt Sou'raigne Raigne,
All thy pure Bodies moue in Harmonie,
By thee, in an inviolable Chayne,
Together link'd; ſo ty'd in vnitie,
That they therein continually remayne,
Sway'd in one certaine Courſe eternally;
Why his true Motion keepeth eu'ry Stare,
Yet what they gouerne, ſo irregular.

52.

But in the Courſe of this vnnaturall Warre,
Muſe, ſay from whence this height of Miſchiefe grew,
That in ſo ſhort time ſpred it ſelfe ſo farre,
From whence ſo ſundry Bloudſheds did enſue,
The Cauſe, I pray thee, faithfully declare:
What, Men Religious, was the Fault in you?
Which reſtie growne, with your much Power, withdraw
Your ſtiff'ned Necks from th'yoke of Ciuill Awe.

No

53.

No wonder though the People grew prophane,
When Church-mens liues gaue Lay-men leaue to fall,
And did their former Humblenesse disdaine;
The Shirt of Hayre turn'd Coat of costly Pall,
The holy Ephod made a Cloake for Gayne;
What done with Cunning, was Canonicall,
And blind Promotion shun'd that dang'rous Rode,
Which the old Prophets diligently trode.

54.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd,
That Rocke remou'd, whereon our Faith was grounded,
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,
And being weake, by vaine Opinions wounded:
Professors liues did little Fruit afford,
And in her Sects, Religion lay confounded;
Most sacred things were Merchandise become,
None talk'd of Texts, but Prophecying dumbe.

55.

The Church then rich, and with such Pride possest,
Was like the poyson of infectious Ayre,
That hauing found a way into the Breast,
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stayes it there,
But through the Organs seizeth on the rest,
The ranke Contagion spreading eu'ry where;
So, from that Euill by the Church begun,
The Common-wealth was lastly ouer-run.

When

56.

When Craft crept in, to cancell wholesome Lawes,
Which fast'ning once on the defectiue Weale,
Where Doubts should cease, they rose in eu'ry Clause,
And made them hurt, which first were made to heale;
" One Euill pull another forward drawes:
" For when Disorder doth doth so farre preuayle,
" That Conscience is cast off, as out of vse,
" Right is the Cloake of Wrong, and all Abuse.

57.

Meane while, the King thus keeping in his Hold,
(In that his poore imprisoned Libertie,
Liuing a Death, in Hunger, Want, and Cold,
Almost beyond imagin'd Miserie)
By hatefull Treason secretly was sold,
Through Keyes, deliuer'd to the Enemie;
" For when th'oppress'd is once vp to the Chin,
" Quite ouer head, all helpe to thrust him in.

58.

They dyre Disaster of that captiu'd King,
So surely seiz'd on by the aduerse part,
(To his few Friends sad matter menacing)
Strucke with pale Terror eu'ry willing heart,
Their expectation cleane discouraging,
Him no euasion left, whereby to start;
And the blacke Cloud which greatliest did thē feare,
Rose, where their Hopes once brightest did appeare.

59.

For first, their Enuie with vnusuall Force,
Fell on the *Spensers*, from whose onely Hate
The Warre first sprung; who found, their lawlesse Corse
Drew to an end, confined by their Fate;
Of whom, their was not any tooke remorse:
But as pernitious Cankers of the State,
The Father first to *Bristow* being led,
Was drawne to Death, then hang'd and quartered.

60.

When as the Heire to *Wincheſter* then dead,
The Lot, ere long, to his Sonne *Gloſter* fell;
Reding the Marshall, the like way was led,
And after him, the Earle of *Arundel*,
To pay the forfait of a reuerend Head:
Then *Muchelden*, and with him *Daniel*;
These following him in his laſciuious wayes,
Then went before him, to his fatall dayes.

61.

Like some large Pillar, of a Lordly height,
On whose proud Top som huge Frame doth depend,
By Time disabled to vphold the weight,
And that with Age his backe begins to bend,
Shrinkes to his first Seat, and in pittious plight,
The lesser Props with his sad Load doth spend;
So far'd it with King *Edward*, crushing all
That had stood neere him, in his violent Fall.

The

62.

They State whereon theſe Princes proudly leane,
Whoſe high aſcent, Men trembling ſtill behold,
From whence oft times, with inſolent diſdaine,
The kneeling Subiect heares himſelfe controul'd;
Their earthly Weakeneſſe truly doth explane,
Promoting whom they pleaſe, not whom they ſhould;
When as their Fall ſhewes how they foulely er'd,
Procur'd by thoſe, whom fondly they prefer'd.

63.

For when that Men of Merit goe vngrac'd,
And by her Fautors, Ignorance held in,
And Paraſites in good Mens Roomes are plac'd,
Onely to ſooth the Higheſt in their ſinne,
From thoſe whoſe skill and knowledge is debas'd,
There many ſtrange Enormities beginne:
" For great Wits forged into factious Tooles,
" Proue great Men (oft) to be the greateſt Fooles.

64.

But why, ſo vainely Time doe I beſtow,
The baſe abuſe of this vile World to chide?
Whoſe blinded Iudgement eu'ry houre doth ſhew,
What Folly weake Mortalitie doth guide.
Wiſe was that Man which laugh'd at humane Woe;
My Subiect ſtill more Sorrow doth prouide,
And theſe Deſignes more matter ſtill doth breed,
To haſten that which quickly muſt ſucceed.

The end of the fourth Canto.

THE BARONS WARRES.

The fifth CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Th'imprisoned King his Scepter doth forsake,
To quit himselfe of what he was accus'd;
His Foes, him from the Earle of Lester *take,*
Who their Commission faine would haue refus'd;
His Torturers a Mock'rie of him make;
And basely and reprochfully abus'd,
By secret wayes to Berckley *he is led,*
And there in Prison lastly murthered.

I.

THe wretched King vnnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his Native Land,
From *Neath* in *Wales* to *Kenelworth* conuay'd
By th'Earle of *Lester*, with a mightie Band;
Some few his Fauors, quickly ouer-wayd:
When straight there went a Parlament in hand,
To ratifie the generall intent,
For resignation of his Gouernment.

Falne,

2.

Falne, through his Frayletie, and intemp'rate Will,
That with his Fortune it ſo weakelely far'd,
To vndergoe that vnexpected Ill,
For his deſerued Puniſhment prepar'd;
Paſt meaſure, as thoſe Miſeries to fill
To him allotted, as his iuſt reward:
All arm'd with Malice, either leſſe, or more,
To ſtrike at Him, who ſtrucke at all before.

3.

It being a thing the Commons ſtill did craue,
The Barons thereto reſolutely bent,
Such happie Helpe ſon eu'ry ſide to haue,
To forward that their forcible intent,
So perfect ſpeed to their great Action gaue,
Eſtabliſh'd by the generall conſent;
On *Edward* that ſuch Miſeries did bring,
As neuer were inflicted vpon King.

4.

Earles, Biſhops, Barons and the Abbots all,
Each in due order, as became their ſtate,
By Heralds placed in the Caſtle Hall;
The Burgeſſes for Places Corporate,
(Whom the great Buſineſſe at that time did call)
For the Cinque Ports, the Barons conuocate
With the Shrie Knights, for the whole Body ſent,
Both for the South, and for the North of *Trent*.

5.

When *Edward*, cloathed mornefully in blacke,
Was forth before the great Aſſembly brought,
A doleſull Hearſe vpon a dead Mans backe,
Whoſe heauie Lookes expreſſ'd his heauie Thought,
In which their did no part of Sorrow lacke,
"True Griefe needs not fayn'd Action to be taught;
His Funerall ſolemniz'd in his Cheere,
His Eyes the Mourners, and his Legs the Beere.

6.

Torlton, as one ſelect to that intent,
The beſt experienc'd in that great Affaire,
A Man graue, ſubtill, ſtout, and eloquent,
Firſt, with faire ſpeech th'Aſſembly doth prepare;
Then, with a grace, auſtere and eminent,
Doth his Abuſe effectually declare,
Winning each ſad Eye to a reuerend Feare,
To due Attention drawing euery Eare.

7.

Vrging th'Exactions rayſed by the King,
With whoſe full Plentie he his Mynions fed,
Him and his Subiects ſtill impoueriſhing;
And the much Bloud he lauſhly had ſhed,
A deſolation on the Land to bring:
As vnder him, how ill all Bus'neſſe ſped;
The loſſe in Warre, ſuſtayned through his Blame,
A laſting Scandall to the *Engliſh* Name.

Withall,

8.

Withall proceeding with the future good,
That they thereby did happily intend,
And with what vpright Police it ſtood,
No other Hopes their Fortunes to amend;
The Reſignation to his proper Blood,
That might the Action lawfully defend;
The preſent Want, that will'd it to be ſo,
Whoſe Impoſition they might not foreſlow.

9.

Much more he ſpake; but faine would I be ſhort,
To this intent a Speech deliuering;
Nor may I be too curious to report,
What toucheth the depoſing of a King:
Wherefore I warne thee Muſe, not to exhort
The after-Times to this forbidden thing,
By Reaſons for it, by the Biſhop layd;
Or from my feeling what he might haue ſayd.

10.

The graue deliuerie of whoſe vehement Speech,
Grac'd with a dauntleſſe vncontracted Brow,
Th'Aſſembly with Seueritie did teach,
Each word of his Authentike to allow,
That in the Buſineſſe their could be no breach,
Each thereto bound by a peculiar Vow;
Which they in publique generally proteſt,
Calling the King to conſummate the reſt.

11.

Whose faire cheekes, couer'd with pale sheets of shame,
Neere in a Swound, he his first Scene began,
Wherein his Passions did such Postures frame,
As euery Sense playd the Tragedian,
Truly to shew from whence his Sorrowes came,
Farre from the compasse of a common Man;
As Nature to her selfe had added Art,
To teach Despayre to act a Kingly Part.

12.

O Pittie! didst thou liue, or wert thou not?
(Mortals by such sights haue to Stone beene turn'd)
Or what, Men haue been, had their Seed forgot?
Or that for One, another neuer mourn'd?
In what so strangely were yee ouer-shot,
Against your selues, that your owne Fr.yletie spurn'd?
Or had Teares then abondon'd Humane Eyes,
That there was none to pittie Miseries?

13.

His Passion calm'd, his Crowne he taketh to him,
With a slight view, as though he thought not on it,
As he were senselesse that it should forgoe him;
And then he casts a scornefull Eye vpon it,
As he would leaue it, yet would haue it woo him:
Then snatching at it, loth to haue forgone it,
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,
He faine would keepe, what faine he would forgoe.

In

14.

In this confuſed Conflict in his Mind,
Teares drowning ſighes and ſighes repelling Teares;
But when in neyther, that he eaſe could find,
And to his Wrong no Remedie appeares,
Perceiuing none to him pittie their inclin'd,
Beſides, the time to him prefixed, weares;
As then his Sorrow ſomewhat 'gan to ſlake,
From his full Boſome, thus he them beſpake:

15.

If firſt my Title ſtedfaſtly were planted
Vpon a true indubitate Succeſſion,
Confirm'd by Nations, as by Nature granted,
Which lawfully deliuer'd me Poſſeſſion;
You muſt thinke Heauen ſufficiencie hath wanted,
And ſo denie it Power, by your oppreſſion,
That into queſtion dare thus boldly bring
The awfull Right of an anoynted King.

16.

That hallowed Vnction, by a ſacred Hand,
Which once was powr'd vpon this crowned Head,
And of this Kingdome gaue me the Command,
When it, about me, the rich Verdure ſpred,
Either my Right in greater ſtead ſhould ſtand,
Or wherefore then was it ſo vainely ſhed?
Whoſe prophanation, and vnreu'rend touch,
Iuſt Heauen hath often puniſh'd alwayes much.

As

17.

As From the Sunne, when from our Soueraigne due,
Whose vertuall influence, as the Sourse of Right,
Lends safetie of your liuelyhood to you,
As from our Fulnesse taking borrow'd Light,
Which to the Subiect being euer true,
Why thus oppugne you, by prepost'rous Might?
But what Heauen lent me, wisely to haue vsed,
It giues to him, that vainely I abused.

18.

Then here I doe resigne it to your King;
Pawsing thereat, as though his Tongue offended,
With griping Throwes seem'd forth that word to bring,
Sighing a full Point, as he there had ended.
O, how that sound his grieued Heart did wring!
Which he recalling, gladly would haue mended.
"Things of small Moment we can scarcely hold,
"But Griefes that touch the Heart, are hardly told.

19.

Which said, his Eyes seem'd to dissolue to Teares,
After some great Storme, like a show'r of Rayne,
As his Tongue strooe to keepe it from his Eares,
Or he had spoke it with exceeding payne;
O, in his Lips how vile that word appeares,
Wishing it were within his Breft againe!
Yet sayth he, Say so to the Man you beare it,
And thus say to him, that you meane shall weare it.

"Let

20.

" Let him account his Bondage from that day,
" That he is with a Diadem inueſted;
" (A glitt'ring Crowne hath made this Hayre ſo gray)
" Within whoſe Circle he is but arreſted,
" To true Content, this is no certaine way,
" With ſweeter Cates the meane eſtate is feaſted;
" For when his proud Feet ſcorne to touch the Mold,
" His Head's a Priſoner in a Gaole of Gold.

21.

" In numbring Subiects, he but numbers Care;
" And when with Shouts the People doe begin,
" Let him ſuppoſe, th'Applauſe but Prayers are,
" That he may ſcape the Danger he is in,
" Wherein t'aduenture, he ſo boldly dares;
" The Multitude hath multitudes of Sin,
" And he that firſt doth cry, God ſaue the King,
" Is the firſt Man him euill Newes doth bring.

22.

" Loſt in his owne, miſ-led in others Wayes,
" Sooth'd with Deceits, and fed with Flatteries,
" Himſelfe diſpleaſing, wicked Men to pleaſe,
" Obey'd no more then he ſhall tyrannize,
" The leſt in ſafetie, being moſt at eaſe,
" With one Friend winning many Enemies;
" And when he ſitteth in his greateſt State,
" They that behold him moſt, beare him moſt hate.

23.

A King was he but now, that now is none,
Disarm'd of Power, and here deiected is;
By whose deposing, he enioyes a Throne,
Who were he naturall, should not haue done this:
I must confesse, th'Inheritance his owne;
But whilst I liue, it should be none of his:
But the Sonne climbes, and thurst the Father downe,
And thus the Crowned goes without a Crowne.

24.

Thus hauing play'd his hard constayned Part,
His Speech, his Reigne, the Day, together ended,
His Brest shot through with Sorrowes deadlyest Dart,
Car'd for of none, not look'd on, vnattended,
Sadly returning, with a heauie Heart,
To his strait Lodging strictly recommended,
Left to bemoane his miserable plight,
To the deafe Walls, and to the darkesome Night.

25.

Whilst Things were thus disast'rously decreed,
Seditious Libels euery day were spred,
(By such as lik'd not of the violent Deed)
That he by force should be deliuered:
Whether his Wrong, Remorse in some did breed,
That him (alas) vntimely pitied;
Who knew: or, whether but deuis'd by some,
To cloake his Murther, afterward to come.

A Night

26.

And Hate at hand, which heark'ning ſtill did lurke,
And ſtill ſuſpitious *Edward* was not ſure,
Fearing, that Bloud with *Leiceſter* might worke,
Or, that him Friends his Name might yet procure,
Which the Queenes, Faction mightily did irke;
At *Kenelworth*, that no way could endure
His longer ſtay; but caſt to haue him layd,
Where his Friends leaſt might hope to lend him Ayd

27.

Of which, when as they had debated long,
Of *Breckley* Caſtle they themſelues bethought,
A place by nature that was wond'rous ſtrong,
And yet farre ſtronger eas'ly might be wrought;
Beſides, it ſtood their cheifeſt Friends among,
And where he was vnlikelyeſt to be ſought:
And for their Men, to worke what they deſyr'd,
They knew where Villaines were, that might be hyr'd.

28.

For though the Great, to couer their Intent,
Seeme not to know of any that are ill,
Yet want they not a Diuelliſh Inſtrument,
Which they haue readie euer at their will;
Such Men theſe had, to Miſchiefe wholly bent,
In Villanie, notorious for their skill,
Diſhoneſt, deſp'rate, mercileſſe, and rude,
That dar'd into Damnation to intrude.

Vile

29.

Vile *Gurney* and *Matreuers* were the Men,
Of this blacke Scene, the Actors chose to be,
Whose hatefull Deed pollutes my Maiden Pen:
But, I beseech you, be not grieu'd with me,
Which haue these Names now (that were famous then)
Some Boughes grow crooked from the straightest Tree;
Yee are no way partakers of their Shame,
The Fault is in their Fact, not in their Name.

30.

To *Kenelworth* they speedily dispatch'd,
Fitted with each thing that they could desire,
At such a time, as few their comming watch'd,
When of their Bus'nesse none was to enquire:
Well were the Men and their Commission match'd,
For they had their Authoritie entire,
To take the King his Guardian to acquit,
And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

31.

This Crue of Ribalds, villanous and nought,
With their Co-agents in this damned thing,
To Noble *Lester* their Comission brought,
Commanding the deliu'rie of the King,
Which (with much griefe) they lastly from him wrought;
About the Castle closely houering,
Watching a time, till Silence, and the Night,
Could with conuenience priuiledge their Flight.

With

32.

With ſhamefull Scoffes, and barbarous Diſgrace,
Him on a leane ill-fauor'd Iade they ſet,
In a vile Garment, beggerly, and baſe,
Which, it ſhould ſeeme, they purpoſely did get;
So carrying him in a moſt wretched caſe,
Benum'd, and beaten with the Cold and Wet,
Depriu'd of all Repoſe, and naturall Reſt,
With Thirſt and Hunger grieuouſly oppreſt.

33.

Yet ſtill ſuſpitions that he ſhould be knowne,
From Beard and Head they ſhau'd away the Hayre,
Which was the laſt that he could call his owne:
Neuer left Fortune any Wight ſo bare,
Such Tyrannie on King was neuer ſhowne,
And till that time, with Mortals bad beene rare;
His Comfort then did vtterly deceiue him,
But to his Death, his Sorrowes did not leaue him.

34.

For when they had him farre from all reſort,
They tooke him downe from his poore wearie Beaſt,
And on a Mole-hill (for a State in Court)
With Puddle Water him they lewdly dreſt,
Then with his wofull Miſeries made Sport;
And for his Baſon, fitting with the reſt,
A ruſtie Iron Skull: O wretched ſight!
Was euer Man ſo miſerably dight?

His

35.

His Teares increas'd the Water with their fall,
Like a Poole, rising with a sudden Rayne,
Which wrestled with the Puddle, and withall,
A troubled Circle made it to retayne;
His endlesse Griefe which to his Mind did call,
His Sighes made Billowes like a little Maine;
Water and Teares contending, whether should
The Mast'rie haue, the hot ones, or the cold.

36.

Vile Traytors, hold off your vnhallowed Hands,
His Brow, vpon it Maiestie still beares:
Dare yee thus keepe your Sou'raigne Lord in Bands?
And can your Eyes behold th'Anoynted's Teares?
Or if your Sight all Pittie thus withstands,
Are not your Hearts yet pierced through your Eares?
"The Mind is free, what ere afflict the Man,
"A King's a King, doe Fortune what she can.

37.

"Dare Man take that which God himselfe hath giuen?
"Or Mortall spill the Spirit by him infus'd,
"Whose pow'r is subiect to the Pow'r of Heauen?
"Wrongs passe not vnreueng'd, although excus'd.
Except that thou set all at six and seuen,
Rise Maiestie, when thou art thus abus'd;
Or for thy Refuge, which way wilt thou take,
When in this sort thou do'st thy selfe forsake?

When

38.

When in Deſpight, and Mock'rie of a Crowne,
A Wreath of Graſſe they for his Temples make:
Which when he felt, then comming from a twowne,
And that his Spirits a little gan to wake;
Fortune (quoth he) thou do'ſt not alwayes frowne,
I ſee thou giu'ſt, as well as thou do'ſt take,
That wanting naturall couert for my Braine,
For that defect, thou lend'ſt me this againe.

39.

To whom, iuſt Heauen, ſhould I my Griefe Complayne,
Since it is onely Thou, that worke'ſt all?
How can this Bodie naturall ſtrength retayne,
To ſuffer things ſo much vnnaturall?
My Cogitations labour but in vaine,
'Tis from thy Iuſtice that I haue my Fall,
That when ſo many Miſeries doe meet,
The change of ſorrow makes my Torment ſweet.

40.

Thus they to *Berckley* brought the wreatched King,
Which, for their purpoſe, was the Place fore-thought.
Yee Heauenly Powrs, doe yee behold this thing,
And let this Deed of Horror to be wrought,
That might the Nation into queſtion bring!
But O, your Wayes with Iuſtice ſtill are fraught!
But he is hap'd into his Earthly Hell,
From whence he bad the wicked World farwell.

41.

They lodg'd him in a melancholy Rome, (farre,
Where, through ſtrait Windowes, the dull Light came
(In which, the Sunne did at no Seaſon come)
Which ſtrength'ned were with many an Iron Barre,
Like to a Vault vnder ſome mightie Tombe,
Where Night and Day wag'd a continuall Warre;
Vnder whoſe Floore, the common Sewer paſt
Vp to the ſame, a loathſome ſtench that caſt.

42.

The ominous Rauen often he doth heare,
Whoſe croking, him of following Horror tells,
Be getting ſtrange imaginarie Feare,
With heauie Ecchoes, like to paſſing Bells;
The howling Dogge a dolefull Part doth beare,
As though the chym'd his laſt ſad burying Knells;
Vnder his Eaue, they buzzing Shreech-Owle ſings,
Beating the Windowes with her fatall Wings.

43.

By Night affrighted, in his fearefull Dreames,
Of raging Fiends and Goblings that he meets,
Of falling downe from ſteep Rocks into Streames,
Of Deaths, of Buryals, and of Wynding Sheets,
Of Wand'ring Helpleſſe, in farre forraine Realmes,
Of ſtrong Temptations by ſeducing Sprights;
Wherewith awak'd, and calling out for aid,
His hollow Voyce doth make himſelfe afraid.

Then

44.

Then came the Vision of his bloudie Raigne,
Marching along with *Lancasters* sterne Ghost,
Twentie eight Barons, either hang'd, or slaine,
Attending with the rufull mangled Hoast,
That vnreuenged did all that while remayne,
At *Barton* Bridge, and fatall *Borough* lost;
Threat'ning with Frownes, and quaking euery Limb,
As though that piece-meale they would torture him.

45.

And if it chanc'd, that from the troubled Skyes,
The least small Starre through any Chinke gaue light,
Straight wayes on heapes the thronging Clouds did rise,
As though that Heauen were angry with the Night,
That it should lend that comfort to his Eyes;
Deformed Shaddowes glimpsing in his sight,
As Darkenesse, that it might more vgly bee,
Through the least Cranny would not let him see.

46.

When all th'affliction that they could impose
Vpon him, to the vtmost of their Hate,
Aboue his Torments, yet his strength so rose,
As though that Nature had conspir'd with Fate;
When as his watchfull and too warie Foes,
That ceas'd not still his Woes to aggrauate,
His further Helpes suspected, to preuent,
To take away his Life, to *Berckley* sent.

47.

And to that end a Letter fashioning,
Which in the words a double sense did beare;
Which seem'd to bid them, not to kill the King,
Showing withall, how vile a thing it were;
But by the Pointing, was another thing,
And to dispatch him, bids them not to feare:
Which taught to find, the Murth'rers need no more,
Being thereto, too readie long before.

48.

When *Edward* hap'd a Chronicle to find,
Of those nine Kings, which did him here precede,
Which some, there lodg'd, forgotten had behind,
On which, to passe the Howr'rs, he fell to read,
Thinking thereby to recreate his Mind;
But in his Brest, That did sore Conflicts breed:
" For when true Sorrow once the Fansie seizeth,
" What ere we see, our Miserie increaseth.

49.

And to that *Norman*, entring on this Ile,
Cal'd *William Conqueror*, first his time he plyes,
The Fields of *Hastings* how he did defile
With *Saxon* Bloud, and *Harold* did surprize,
And those, which he so could not reconcile,
How ouer them he long did tyrannize;
Where he read, how the Strong o'ercame the Strong,
As God oft-times makes Wrong to punish Wrong.

How

50.

How *Robert* then, his eldeſt Sonne, abord,
Rufus, his ſecond ſeiz'd on his Eſtate,
His Fathers ſteps apparantly that trode,
Depreſſing thoſe who had beene conquer'd late:
But as on them he layd a heauie Load,
So was he guerdon'd by impartiall Fate;
For whilſt Mens Roomes for Beaſts he did intend,
Hee'n that Forreſt had a beaſtly end.

51.

Henry, his yong'ſt, his Brother *William* dead,
Taketh the Crowne from his vſurping Hand,
Due to the eldeſt, good Duke *Robert's* Head,
Not then returned from the Holy Land;
Whoſe Power was there ſo much diminiſhed,
That he his Foe not able to withſtand,
Was ta'en in Battle, and his Eyes out-done;
For which, the Seas left *Henry* not a Sonne.

52.

To *Maud* the Empreſſe he the Scepter leaues,
His onely Daughter, whom (through falſe Pretext)
Stephen, Earle of *Bulloyn*, from the Kingdome heaues:
The Conquerors Nephew, in Succeſſion next,
By which, the Land a ſtranger Warre receiues,
Wherewith it long was miſerably vext;
Till *Stephen* fayling, and his Iſſue gone,
The Heire of *Maud* ſteps vp into the Throne.

53.

Henry the ſecond, *Maud* the Empreſſe Sonne,
Of th'*Engliſh* King, *Plantaginet* the firſt,
By *Stephens* end, a glorious Reigne begun;
But yet his Greatneſſe ſtrangely was accurſt,
By his Sonne *Henries* Coronation:
Which to his Age much Woe and Sorrow nurſt;
When His, whom he had labor'd to make Great,
Abroad his Townes at home vſurp'd his Seat.

54.

Richard, his Sonne, him worthily ſucceeds;
Who not content with what was ſafely Ours,
(A Man whoſe Mind ſought after glorious Deeds)
Into the Eaſt tranſports the *Engliſh* Powers;
Where, with his Sword whilſt many a Pagan bleeds,
Relentleſſe Fate doth haſte on his laſt Houres,
By one, whoſe Syre he iuſtly there had ſlaine,
With a ſharpe Arrow ſhot into the Braine.

55.

Next followed him his faithleſſe Brother *Iohn*,
By *Arthurs* Murther (compaſſ'd by his Might)
His Brother *Geffrey*, th'Earle of *Britaines* Sonne;
But he by Poyſon was repay'd his Spight:
For whilſt he ſtroue to haue made all his owne,
(For what he got by Wrong, he held his Right)
And on the Clergie tyrannouſly fed,
Was by a Monke of *Swinſted* poyſoned.

Henry

56.

Henry his Sonne, then crowned very yong,
For hate the *Engliſh* to the Father bare,
The Sonne's here raigning was in queſtion long,
Who thought, on *France* t'haue caſt the Kingdome care;
With whom the Barons, inſolent and ſtrong,
For the old Charter in Commotion were;
Which his long Raigne did with much Care moleſt,
Yet with much Peace went laſtly to his Reſt.

57.

Of him deſcends a Prince, ſtout, iuſt, and ſage,
(In all things happie, but in him, his Sonne)
In whom, wiſe Nature did her ſelfe ingage,
More then in Man, in *Edward* to haue done;
Whoſe happie Raigne recur'd the former Rage,
By the large Bounds he to his Empire wonne:
O God (quoth he) had he my Patterne bin,
Heau'n had not powr'd theſe Plagues vpon my ſin.

58.

Turning the Leafe, he found as vnawares,
What day young *Edward*, Prince of *Wales*, was borne;
Which Letters look'd like coniuring Characters,
Or to deſpight him, they were ſet in ſcorne,
Blotting the Paper like diſfiguring skarres:
O, let that Name (qouth he) from Bookes be torne,
Leſt in that place the ſad diſpleaſed Earth
Doe loath it ſelfe, as ſlandered with my Birth.

59.

Be thence hereafter Humane Birth exil'd,
Sunke to a Lake, or ſwallow'd by the Sea;
And future Ages asking for that Child,
Say 'twas abortiue, or 'twas ſtolne away:
And leſt, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,
In thy vn-numbred Houres deuoure that Day;
Let all be done, that Pow'r can bring to paſſe,
To make forgot, that ſuch a one there was.

60.

The troubled Teares then ſtanding in his Eyes,
Through which, he did vpon the Letters looke,
Made them to ſeeme like Roundlets, that ariſe,
By a Stone caſt into a ſtanding Brooke,
Appearing to him in ſuch various wiſe,
And at one time ſuch ſundry faſhions tooke,
As like deluding Goblins did affright,
And with their foule ſhapes terrifie his ſight.

61.

And on his Death-bed ſits him downe at laſt,
His fainting Spirit fore-ſhewing Danger nie,
When the Doores forth a fearefull howling caſt,
To let thoſe in, by whom he was to die:
At whoſe approach, whilſt there he lay agaſt,
Thoſe ruthleſſe Villaines did vpon him flie;
Who ſeeing none, to whom to call for ayd,
Thus to theſe cruell Rigicydes he ſayd:

62.

O be not Authors of ſo vile an Act,
My Bloud on your Poſteritie to bring,
Which after Time with Horror ſhall diſtract,
When Fame ſhall tell it, how you kil'd a King;
And yet more, by the manner of the Fact,
Mortalitie ſo much aſtoniſhing,
That they ſhall count their Wickedneſſe ſcarſe ſinne,
Compar'd to that, which done by you hath bin.

63.

And ſince you deadly hate me, let me liue;
Yee thus aduantage angry Heauen hath left,
Which, except Life, hath ta'en what it did giue,
But that Reuenge ſhould not from you be reft,
Me yet with greater Miſerie to grieue,
Hath ſtill reſeru'd this from its former Theft;
That this, which might of all theſe Plagues preuent me,
Where I depriu'd it, laſteth to torment me.

64.

Thus ſpake this wofull and diſtreſſed Lord,
As yet his Breath found Paſſage to and fro,
With many a ſhort Pant, many a broken word,
Many a ſore Groane, many a grieuous Throw,
Whilſt him his Spirit could any ſtrength afford
To his laſt gaſpe, to moue them with his Woe;
Till ouer-maſt'red by their too much ſtrength,
His ſickly Heart ſubmitted at the length.

When

65.

When 'twixt two Beds they los'd his wearied Coarſe,
Baſely vncouering his moſt ſecert Part,
And without Humane Pittie, or Remorſe,
With a hot Spit they thruſt him to the Heart.
O that my Pen had in it but that force,
T'expreſſe the Paine, but that ſurpaſſeth Art;
And that, the Soule muſt euen with trembling doe,
For words want weight, nor can they reach thereto.

66.

When thoſe (i'th' depth and dead time of the Night)
Poore ſimple People, that then dwelled neare,
Whom that ſtrange Noyſe did wond'rouſly affright,
That his laſt Shreeke did in his parting heare,
As pittying that moſt miſerable Wight
(Betwixt Compaſſion and obedient Feare)
Turn'd vp their Eyes, with Heauineſſe oppreſt,
Praying to Heauen, to giue the Soule good Reſt,

67.

Berckley, whoſe faire Seat hath bin famous long,
Let thy ſad Ecchoes ſhreeke a deadly ſound,
To the vaſt Ayre complayne his grieuous Wrong,
And keepe the Bloud that iſſued from his Wound,
The Teares that drop'd from his dead Eyes among,
In their blacke foot-ſteps printed on the ground,
Thereby that all the Ages that ſucceed,
May call to mind the ſoulenеſſe of their Deed.

Let

68.

Let thy large Buildings ſtill retayne his Grones,
His ſad Complaints by learning to repeat,
And let the dull Walls, and the ſenſeleſſe Stones,
By the impreſſion of his Torment ſweat,
And for not able to expreſſe his Mones,
Therfore with Paine and Agonie repleat,
That all may thither come, that ſhall be told it,
As in a Mirror clearely to behold it.

69.

And let the *Genius* of that wofull Place
Become the Guide to his more frightfull Ghoſt,
With Hayre diſheuel'd, and a gaſtly Face,
And haunt the Priſon where his Life was loſt,
And as the Den of Horror, and Diſgrace,
Let it be fearefull ouer all the Coaſt,
That thoſe hereafter, that doe trauell neare,
Neuer may view it, but with heauie cheare.

The end of the fifth Canto.

THE

THE BARONS WARRES.

The sixt CANTO.

THE ARGVMENT.

Lord Mortimer, *made Earle of* March; *how he*
And the bright Queene rule all things by their Might;
The State wherein at Nottingham *they be,*
The Coſt wherewith there pompous Court is dight,
Enuy'd by thoſe, their hatefull pride that ſee:
The King attempts the dreadfull Caue by Night;
Entring the Caſtle, taketh him from thence,
And March *at* London *dyes for his Offence.*

I.

NOw, whilſt of ſundry Accidents we ſing,
Some, of much Sadneſſe, others, of Delight,
In our Conceit, ſtrange Obiects faſhioning;
We our free Numbers tenderly inuite,
Somewhat to ſlacke this Melancholy String;
For we too ſoone of Death come to endite,
When things of Moment, in the courſe we hold,
Fall in their order fitly to be told.

Whilſt

2.

Whilſt they, the Houres doe carefully redeeme,
Their fraudfull Courſes finely to contriue,
How foule ſoe'r, to make them fayre to ſeeme,
For which, they all did diligently ſtriue,
To tempt Men ſtill, ſo of them to eſteeme,
That all might wiſh their Purpoſes to thriue;
For it was Cunning, mixed with their Might,
That had, & ſtill muſt, make their Wrong ſeeme Right.

3.

The Pompous Synod of thoſe Earthly Gods,
Was then aſſign'd to *Saliſburie*, to bring
Things to be euen, that had been at ods,
To the faire entrance of the new-crown'd King,
And thereby ſo to ſettle their Abodes,
That Peace from their firſt Parliment might ſpring;
Wiſely to end what well they had begun,
For many thought, that ſtrange things had been done.

4.

Whilſt *Mortimer* (ſo Lord of his deſire,
That none preuayl'd, his Purpoſe to defeate)
His ſtile of Baron heau'd an Earldome higher,
T'extend the Honour of his ancient Seate,
That his Command might be the more entire;
Who only then, but th'Earle of *March*, was great?
Who knew, the Land into her Lap was throwne,
Which hauing all, would neuer ſtarue her owne.

And

5.

And firme they ſtood, as thoſe two ſtedfaſt Poles,
'Twixt which, this *All* doth on the Axtree moue;
Whoſe Strength the Frame of Gouernment vpholds,
Which to thoſe Times, their Wiſdomes did approue:
Strong muſt that Fate be, which their Will controules,
Or had the Power, them from their Seats to ſhoue;
For well they found, that that which they could feele,
Muſt of force make the Realme it ſelfe to reele.

6.

When *Edward's* Nonage, that of Peace had need,
The *Scot* incourag'd to renew the Warre,
Of which, it much behou'd them to take heed,
Matters ſo ſtrangely manag'd as they were,
Which ſhould they ſuffer (by neglect) to breed,
Nothing they yet had made, but it might marre,
Which for their good (reſeruing their Eſtate)
They proue to purchaſe at the deareſt rate.

7.

Nor leſſe then *Ragman* the rough *Scot* ſuffic'd,
Of all our Writings, of the moſt renowne,
By which, the King of *Scotland* had diuis'd,
Their yeerely Homage to the *Engliſh* Crowne,
With other Reliques, (that were highly priz'd)
But that which made the patient'ſt Men to frowne,
Was the *Blacke Croſſe* of *Scotland*, ominous deem'd,
Before all other, anciently eſteem'd.

To

8.

To colour which, and to confirme the Peace,
They made a Marriage betweene them and vs,
And for a ſtrong Pretext to that Releaſe,
Which to the wiſeſt ſeem'd moſt dangerous;
Whilſt *Robert* reign'd, and after his deceaſe,
That it might laſt, it was concluded thus,
David their Prince, our Princeſſe *Joan* ſhould take,
Betwixt the Realmes a laſting League to make.

9.

When th'Earle of *Kent*, that had been long of thoſe,
Which in their Actions had a pow'rfull Hand,
Perceiuing them of Matters to diſpoſe,
Tending to the ſubuerſion of the Land,
And further Danger daily did diſcloſe,
If that the Kingdome they ſhould ſtill command;
Whilſt he their Fall did cunningly fore-caſt,
Did but his owne too violently haſte.

10.

For giuing out, his Brother to ſuruiue,
(Of all Men called the deceaſed King)
Into the Peoples Head ſuch Doubts did driue,
As into queſtion *Edwards* Right did bring,
Ill this Report was rays'd, and worſe did thriue,
Being ſo foule and dangerous a thing;
That as a Mouer of inteſtine Strife,
He for the Treaſon forfeited his Life.

Whilſt

11.

Whilſt *Edward* takes but what they onely giue,
Whoſe Nonage crau'd their carefulleſt Protection,
Who knew to rule, and he but learn'd to liue,
From their Experience taking his Direction:
Hard was the thing, that they could not contriue,
When he that reign'd, was crown'd by their Election;
And that the Right which did to him belong,
And muſt vphold him, chiefely made them ſtrong.

12.

Prouiding for the Councell of the King
Thoſe of moſt Power, the Nobleſt of the Peeres,
Experienc'd well, complete in euery thing,
Whoſe Iudgements had been rip'ned with their Yeeres;
With Comelineſſe their Actions managing:
Yet whilſt they row, 'tis *Mortimer* that ſteeres;
"Well might we thinke, the Man were more the blind,
"That wanted Sea-roomth, and could rule the Wind.

13.

Keeping their Couſe, that it ſtill clearely ſhone,
By the moſt curious Cunning to be ſcan'd;
And made that which was *Edwards* then, their owne,
Being receiued from his Sou'raigne Hand,
Into their Boſomes abſolutely throwne,
Both for his good, and ſafetie of his Land,
All their Proceedings coloured with that care,
To the Worlds Eye ſo faire an Out-ſide bare.

And

14.

And they which could the Complements of State,
To Greatneſſe gaue each Ceremonious Rite,
To their Deſignes to giue the longer date,
The like againe in others to excite;
In entertaining Loue, they welcom'd Hate,
And to one Banquet freely both inuite;
" A Princes Wealth, by ſpending ſtill doth ſpred,
" Like to a Brooke, by many Fountaines fed.

15.

To *Nottingham*, the North's Imperious Eye,
Which as a *Pharus* doth ſuruey the Soyle,
Armed by Nature, Danger to defie;
March to repoſe him after all his Toyle,
(Where Treaſon leaſt Aduantage might eſpie)
Cloſely conuey'd his paſt-price valued Spoyle;
That there reſiding from the publique ſight,
He might with pleaſure reliſh his Delight.

16.

Nineſcore in Check belonging to their Court,
By honor'd Knight-hood knit in mutuall Bands,
Men moſt ſelect, of ſpeciall worth and ſort:
Much might they doe, that had ſo many Hands:
March and the Queene maintaine one equall Port
In that proud Caſtle, which ſo farre commands;
From whence they ſeem'd, as they like thoſe would riſe,
Who once threw Rocks at the Imperiall Skies.

17.

As Fortune meant, her Power on *March* to ſhow,
And in her Armes to beare him through the Skye,
By him to dant whos'euer ſat below,
Hauing aboue them mounted him ſo hye:
Who, at his becke was he that did not bow,
If at his feet he did not humbly lye?
" All things concure with more then happy Chance,
" To rayſe the Man, whom Fortune will aduance.

18.

Here all along, the Flower-befilled Vales,
On her cleere Sands the Siluer *Trent* doth ſlide,
And to the Medowes telling wanton Tales,
Her Cryſtall Limbes laſciuiouſly, in pride,
(As rauiſhed with the inamor'd Gales)
With often Turnings caſts from ſide to ſide;
As ſhe were loth the faire ſight to forſake,
And runne her ſelfe into the *German* Lake.

19.

And North from thence, rude *Sherwood* as ſhe roues,
Caſts many a long Looke at thoſe loftie Tow'rs,
And with the thickneſſe of her well-growne Groues,
Shelters the Towne from ſtormie Winters Show'rs
In pleaſant Summer, and to ſhew her loues,
Bids it againe to ſee her ſhadie Bow'rs;
Courting the Caſtle, which as turning to her,
Smiles to behold th'inamor'd Wood-Nymph woo her.

March

20.

March and the Queene ſo plaſted in that place,
Thither, in Perſon, Princely *Edward* drawes,
Who ſeem'd their Friendſhips friendly to imbrace,
And vpon eu'ry little offred cauſe,
Readie to doe them ceremonious Grace;
Whom they obſerue (of Court that knew the Lawes:)
Whilſt in the Towne King *Edward* tooke his Seat,
The Queenes great confluence made the Caſtle ſweat

21.

Where, when they pleas'd in Councell to debate,
Or they the King at any Pleaſure met,
They came with ſuch Magnificence of State,
As did all Eyes vpon their Greatneſſe ſet,
Prizing their Preſence at that coſtly rate,
As to the ſame due Reu'rence might beget;
Which, in moſt People Admiration wrought,
And much amazed many a wand'ring Thought.

22.

O, could Ambition apprehend a Stay,
The giddie Courſe it wand'reth in, to guide!
And giue it Safetie in that ſlipp'rie Way,
Where the moſt worldly prouident doe ſlide;
It not ſo ſoone ſhould ſee it owne Decay:
But it ſo much beſotted is with Pride,
That it ne'r thinketh of that Pit at all,
Wherein, through Boldneſſe, it doth blindly fall.

23.

But neuer doth it ſurfet with Exceſſe,
Each Diſh ſo ſauorie, ſeaſon'd with Delight,
Nor nothing can the Gluttonie ſuppreſſe,
But ſtill it longs, ſo liquoriſh is the ſight,
Nor hauing all, is in deſire the leſſe,
Till it ſo much be tempted paſt the Might,
That the full ſtomacke more then well ſuffic'd,
Vomits, what late it vilely gourmandiz'd,

24.

Like to ſome low Brooke, from a loftier ground,
By waſte of Water that is ouer flow'd,
Is fated, till it ſhouldreth downe the Mound,
And the old courſe quite of it ſelfe vnload,
That where it was, it after is not found,
But from the ſtrait Bankes layes it ſelfe abroad,
Leading the Fountaine that doth feed it, by,
So leaues the Channell deſolate and drie.

25.

when as thoſe few, that many Teares had ſpent,
By gazing long on murth'red *Edwards* Graue,
Mutt'red in corners, grieu'd, and diſcontent;
And finding thoſe, them willing Eare that gaue,
Still, as they durſt, diſcouered what they meant,
Tending their Pride and Greatneſſe to depraue;
Vrging withall, what ſome might iuſtly doe,
If things ſo borne, were rightly look'd into.

And

26.

And ſome gaue out, that *Mortimer*, to riſe,
Had cut off *Kent*, that next was to ſucceed,
Whoſe Treaſons they auow'd *March* to ſurmiſe,
As a meere Colour to that lawleſſe deed;
Which his Ambition onely did deuiſe,
Quite out the Royall Family to weed,
And made account, if *Edward* once were gone,
He, o'r the reſt, migh, ſtep into the Throne.

27.

As thoſe his Fauorers, in thoſe former Times,
Then credulous, that Honour was his end
And for the hate they bare to others Crimes,
Did not his Faults ſo carefully attend;
Perceiuing he ſo diſſolutely clymes,
Hauing then brought his purpoſe to an end,
With a ſeuere Eye did more ſtrictly looke,
Into the courſe which his Ambition tooke.

28.

All fence the Tree, that ſerueth for a ſhade,
Whoſe big-growne Bodie doth beare off the Wind,
Till that his waſtfull Branches doe inuade
The new-ſprung Plants, and them in Priſon bind;
When as a Tyrant to his weaker made,
And as a vile deuourer of his kind,
All lend their Hands, at his large Root to hew,
Whoſe Greatneſſe hind'reth others that would grow.

29.

So, at his eaſe ſecurely whilſt he ſate,
And as he would, ſo all things ſetled were,
Vnder the guidance of a gracious Fate,
Neuer more free from Iealouſie and Feare;
So great his Mind, ſo mightie his Eſtate,
As they admit not Danger to be neere;
But ſtill we ſee, before a ſudden Showre,
The Sunne vpon vs hath the greateſt power.

30.

Within the Caſtle had the Queene deuis'd,
(Long about which, ſhe buſied had her Thought)
A Chamber, wherein ſhe imparadiz'd,
What ſhapes for her could any where be ſought;
Which in the ſame were curiouſly compriz'd,
By skilfull Painters excellently wrought:
And in the place of greateſt Sateetie there,
Which ſhe had nam'd the Tower of *Mortimer*.

31.

A Roome prepar'd with Pilaſters, ſhe choſe,
That to the Roofe their ſlender Poynts did reare,
Arching the Top, whereas they all did cloſe,
Which from below ſhew'd like an Hemiſphere;
In whoſe Concauitie, ſhe did compoſe
The Conſtellations, that to vs appeare,
In their corporeall ſhapes, with Starres inchaſed,
As by th'old Poets they on Heauen were placed.

About

32.

About which Lodging, towrds the vpper Face,
Ran a fine Border, circularly led,
As equall 'twixt the Zenith and the Base,
Which as a Zone the Waste ingirdled,
That lent the Sight a breathing, by the space
'Twixt things neere hand, and those farre ouer head,
Vpon the plaine Wall of which lower Part,
Painting expreſs'd the vtmoſt of her Art.

33.

There *Phœbus* clipping *Hiacynthus*, ſtood,
Whoſe Lifes laſt drops did the Gods Breſt imbrew,
His Teares ſo mixed with the young Boyes Blood,
That whether was the more, no Eye could view;
And though together loſt as in a Flood,
Yet here and there th'one from th'other drew;
The prettie Wood-Nymphes chafing him with Balme,
Prouing to wake him from his deadly qualme.

34.

Apollo's Quiuer, and farre-killing Bow,
His Gold-frindg'd Mantle one the Graſſe-full Ground,
T'expreſſe whoſe Act, Art (eu'n) her beſt did ſhow,
The Sledge ſo ſhadow'd ſtill, as to rebound,
As it had ſcarce done giuing of the Blow,
Lending a laſting freſhneſſe to the Wound;
The purple flower from the Boyes Bloud begun,
That ſince ne'r ſpreads, but to the riſing Sunne.

35.

Neere that, was Iô, in a Heyfers ſhape,
Viewing her new-ta'n Figure in a Brooke,
In which, her ſhadow ſeem'd on her to gape,
As on the ſame ſhe greedily did looke,
To ſee how *Ione* could cloud his wanton ſcape:
So done, that the Beholders oft miſtooke
Themſelues: to ſome, that one way did allow
A Womans likeneſſe, th'other way, a Cow.

36.

There *Mercurie* was like a Shepherds Boy,
Sporting with *Hebe*, by a Fountaine brim,
With many a ſweet Glance, many an am'rous Toy;
He ſprinkling Drops at her, and ſhe at him:
Wherein the Painter ſo explain'd their Joy,
As he had meant the very Life to limne;
For on their Browes he made the Drops ſo cleare,
That through each Drop, their faire Skins did appeare.

37.

By them, in Landskip, Rockie *Cynthus* rear'd,
With the Clouds leaning on his loftie Crowne,
On his ſides ſhewing many a ſtraggling Heard,
And from his Top, the cleare Springs creeping downe
By the old Rocks, each with hoarie Beard,
With Moſſe and climbing Iuie ouer-growne;
So done, that the Beholders with the Skill,
Neuer ynough their longing Eyes could fill.

The

38.

The halfe-nak'd Nymphs, ſome climbing, ſome deſcending,
The ſundry Flowers at one another flung,
In Poſtures ſtrang, their limber Bodies bending;
Some cropping Branches, that ſeem'd lately ſprung,
Vpon the Brakes, their coloured Mantles rending,
Which on the Mount grew here and there among;
Combing their Haire ſome, ſome made Garland by;
So ſtroue the Painter to content the Eye.

39.

In one part, *Phaeton* caſt amongſt the Clouds
By *Phœbus* Palfreyes, that their Reynes had broke,
His Chariot tumbling from the welked Shrowds,
And the fierce Steeds flew madding from their yoke,
The Elements confuſedly in Crowds,
And Heauen & Earth were nought but flame & ſmoke:
A Piece ſo done, that many did deſire
To warme themſelues, ſome frighted with the Fire.

40.

And into *Padus* falling, as he burn'd,
Thereinto throwne by *Ioue*, out of the Skyes;
His weeping Siſters, there to Trees were turn'd,
Yet ſo of Women did retayne the guiſe,
That none could cenſure, whether (as they mournd)
Drops from their Boughes, or Teares fel from their Eyes:
Done for the laſt, with ſuch exceeding Life,
As Art therein with Nature ſeem'd at ſtrife.

And

41.

And for the Light to this braue Lodging lent,
The Workeman, who as wiſely could direct,
Did for the ſame the Windowes ſo inuent,
That they ſhould artificially reflect
The Day alike on eu'ry Liniament,
To their Proportion, and had ſuch reſpect,
As that the Beames, condenſated and graue,
To eu'ry Figure a ſure Colour gaue.

42.

In part of which, vnder a golden Vine,
Which held a curious Canopie through all,
Stood a rich Bed, quite couered with the Twyne,
Shadowing the ſame, in the redoubling fall,
Whoſe Cluſters drew the Branches to decline,
'Mongſt which, did many a naked *Cupid* ſprawle:
Some, at the ſundry-colour'd Birds did ſhoot,
And ſome, about to plucke the Purple Fruit.

43.

On which, a Tiſſue counterpoyne was caſt,
Arachnes Web did not the ſame ſurpaſſe,
Wherein the ſtorie of his Fortunes paſt,
In liuely Pictures, neatly handled was,
How he eſcap'd the *Tower*, in *France*, how grac'd,
With Stones imbroyd'red, of a wond'rous Maſſe;
About the Border, in a fine-wrought Fret,
Emblem's, Empreſſa's, Hieroglyphicks, ſet.

This

44.

This flatt'ring Sunne-shinne had begot the Showre,
And the blacke Clouds with such abundance fed,
That for a Wind they wayted but the Howre,
With force to let their Furie on his Head:
Which when it came, it came with such a Pow'r,
As he could hardly haue imagined;
" But when Men thinke they most in Safetie stand,
" Their greatest Perill often is at hand.

45.

For to that Largenesse they increased were,
That *Edward* felt *March* heauie on his Throne,
Whose Props no longer both of them could beare,
Two, for one Seat, that ouer-great were growne,
Prepost'rously that moued in one Sphere,
And to the like predominancie prone,
That the young King downe *Mortimer* must cast,
If he himselfe would e'r hope to sit fast.

46.

Who finding the necessitie was such,
That vrg'd him still th'Assault to vndertake,
And yet his Person it might nearely touch,
Should he too soone his sleeping Power awake:
Th'Attempt wherein the Danger was so much,
Droue him at length a secret Meanes to make,
Whereby he might the Enterprise effect,
And hurt him most, where he did least suspect.

Without

47.

Without the Caſtle, in the Earth, is found
A Caue, reſembling ſleepie *Morpheus* Cell,
In ſtrange *Meanders* winding vnder Ground,
Where Darkneſſe ſeekes continually to dwell,
Which with ſuch Feare and Horror doth abound,
As though it were an entrance into Hell;
By Architects to ſerue the Caſtle, made
When as the *Danes* this Iland did inuade.

48.

Now, on along the crankling Path doth keepe,
Then, by a Rocke turnes vp another way,
Riſing tow'rds Day, then falling tow'rds the Deepe,
On a ſmooth Leuell then it ſelfe doth lay,
Directly then, then obliquely doth creepe,
Nor in the Courſe keepes any certaine ſtay;
Till in the Caſtle, in an odde by-place,
It caſts the foule Maske from its duskie Face.

49.

By which, the King with a ſelected Crue,
Of ſuch as he with his Intent acquainted,
Which he affected to the Action knew,
And in reuenge of *Edward* had not fainted,
That to their vtmoſt would the Cauſe purſue,
And with thoſe Treaſons that had not beene tainted;
Aduentured, the Labyrinth t'aſſay,
To rowſe the Beaſt, which kept them all at bay.

Long

50.

Long after *Phœbus* tooke his lab'ring Teame,
To his pale Sister and resign'd his Place,
To wash his Cauples in the Ocean Streame,
And coole the feruor of his glowing Face;
And *Phœbe*, scanted of her Brothers Beame,
Into the West went after him apace,
Leauing blacke Darknesse to possesse the Skie,
To fit the time of that blacke Tragedie.

51.

What time, by Torch-light, they attempt the Caue,
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright
With the reflection that their Armour gaue,
As it till then had ne'r seene any Light;
Which, striuing there pre-eminence to haue,
Darknesse therewith so daringly doth fight,
That each confounding other, both appeare,
As Darknesse Light, and Light but Darknesse were.

52.

The craggie Cleeues, which crosse them as they goe,
Made, as their Passage they would haue denyde,
And threat'ned them their Iourney to foreslow,
As angry with the Path that was their Guide,
And sadly seem'd their Discontent to show,
To the vile Hand that did them first diuide;
Whose comb'rous Falls and Risings seem'd to say,
So ill an Action could not brooke the Day.

And

53.

And by the Lights as they along were led,
There ſhadowes then them following at their backe,
Were like to Mourners, carrying forth their dead,
And as the Deed, ſo were they vgly blacke,
Or like to Fiends that them had followed
Pricking them on to Bloudſhed, and to Wracke;
Whilſt the Light look'd as it had been amazed,
At their deformed ſhapes whereon it gazed.

54.

The clatt'ring Armes their Maſters ſeem'd to chide,
As they would reaſon, wherefore they ſhould wound,
And ſtrooke the Caue, in paſſing on each ſide,
As they were angry with the hollow Ground,
That it an Act ſo pittileſſe ſhould hide;
Whoſe ſtonie Roofe lock'd in their angrie Sound,
And hanging in the Creekes, drew backe againe,
As willing them from Murther to refraine.

55.

The Night wax'd old (not dreaming of theſe things)
And to her Chamber is the Queene withdrawne,
To whom a choiſe Muſician playes and ſings,
Whilſt ſhe ſat vnder an Eſtate of Lawne,
In Night-Attyre more God-like glittering,
Then any Eye had ſeene the chearefull Dawne,
Leaning vpon her moſt lou'd *Mortimer*,
Whoſe Voice, more then the Muſicke, pleas'd her Eare.

Where

56.

Where her faire Breaſts at libertie were let,
Whoſe Violet Veines in brainched Riuerets flow,
And *Venus* Swanes, and milkie Doues were ſet
Vpon thoſe ſwelling Mounts of driuen Snow;
Wheron whileſt Loue, to ſport himſelfe doth get,
He loſt his Way, nor backe againe could goe,
But with thoſe Bankes of Beautie ſet about,
He wand'red ſtill, yet neuer could get out.

57.

Her looſe Hayre look'd like Gold (O word too baſe!
Nay, more then ſinn but ſo to name her Hayre)
Declining, as to kiſſe her fayrer Face,
No word is fayre ynough for thing ſo fayre,
Nor neuer was their Epithite could grace
That, by much prayſing, which we much impayre;
And where the Pen fayles, Penſils cannot ſhow it,
Only the Soule may be ſuppos'd to know it.

58.

She layd her fingers on his Manly Cheeke,
The Gods pure Scepters, and the Darts of Loue,
That with their Touch might make a Tygre meeke,
Or might great *Atlas* from his Seat remoue;
So white, ſo ſoft, ſo delicate, ſo ſleeke,
As ſhe had worne a Lilly for a Glove,
As might beget Life, where was neuer none,
And put a Spirit into the hardeſt Stone.

The

59.

The Fire, of precious Wood; the Light, Perfume,
Which left a sweetnesse on each thing it shone,
As eu'ry thing did to it selfe assume
The Sent from them, and made the same their owne;
So that, the painted Flowres within the Roome
Were sweet, as if they naturally had growne:
The Light gaue Colours, which vpon them fell,
And to the Colours the Perfume gaue smell.

60.

When on those sundry Pictures they deuise,
And from one Peece they to another runne,
Commend that Face, that Arme, that Hand, those Eyes,
Shew how that Bird, how well that Flowre was done,
How this part shadow'd, and how that did rise,
This Top was clouded, how that Trayle was spunne,
The Land-skip, Mixture and delineatings,
And in that Art, a thousand curious Things.

61.

Looking vpon proud *Phaeton*, wrap'd in Fire,
The gentle Queene did much bewayle his Fall;
But *Mortimer* commended his Desire,
To lose one poore Life, or to gouerne all:
What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,
And his great Mind made him proud Fortunes Thrall?
Yet in despight, when she her worst had done,
He perish'd in the Chariot of the Sunne.

Phœbus

62.

Phœbus (he ſaid was our-forc'd by Art,
Nor could ſhe find, how that Imbrace could be:
But *Mortimer* then tooke the Painters part;
Why thus bright Empreſſe, thus, and thus, quoth he;
That Hand doth hold his Backe and this his Heart,
Thus their Armes twyne, and thus their Lippes, you ſee;
Now are you *Phœbus*, *Hiacynthus* I,
It were a Life thus eu'ry Houre to die.

63.

When, by that time, into the Caſtle Hall
Was rudely entred that well-armed Rout,
And they within ſuſpecting nought at all,
Had then no Guard, to watch for them without:
" (See how Miſchances ſuddenly doe fall,
" And Reale vpon vs, being farth'ſt from doubt;)
" Our Life's vncertaine, and our Death is ſure,
" And towards moſt Perill, Man is moſt ſecure.

64.

Whilſt youthfull *Nenill*, and braue *Turrington*,
To the bright Queene that euer wayted neere,
Two, with great *March* much credit that had woon,
That in the Lobby with the Ladies were,
Staying Delight, whilſt Time away did runne,
With ſuch diſcourſe as Women loue to heare;
Charg'd on the ſudden by the armed Trayne,
Were, at their entrance, miſerably ſlayne,

65.

When, as from Snow-crown'd *Skidow's* lofty Cleeues,
Some fleet-wing'd Haggard, tow'rds her preying howre,
Amongst the Teyle and Moore-bred Mallard driues,
And th'Ayre of all her feather'd flock doth scowre,
Whilst to regaine her former height, she striues,
The fearefull Fowle all prostrate to her power;
Such a sharpe shreeke did ring throughout the Vault,
Made by the Women at the fierce Assault.

66.

Vnarm'd was *March* (she onely in his Armes,
Too soft a Shield to beare their boyst'rous Blowes)
Who least of all suspected such Alarmes,
And to be so encountred by his Foes,
When he was most improuident of Harmes.
O, had he had but Weapons to his Woes!
Either his Valour had his life redeem'd,
Or in her fight dy'd happily esteem'd.

67.

But there, about him looking for the King,
Whom he supposd, his Iudgement could not misse;
Which when he found, by his imagining,
Of those most perfect Lineaments of his:
Quoth he, The Man that to thy Crowne did bring
Thee, at thy hands might least haue look'd for this;
And in this Place, the least of all the rest,
Where onely sacred Solitude is blest.

68.

Her preſence frees th'Offender of his Ill,
Whoſe God-like Greatneſſe makes the place Diuine;
And canſt thou, King, thus countermand her Will,
Who gaue to thee the Power that now is thine,
And in her Armes in ſafetie kept thee ſtill,
As in a moſt inuiolated Shrine?
Yet dar'ſt thou irreligiouſly deſpiſe,
And thus prophane theſe ſacred Liberties.

69.

But euen as when old *Ilion* was ſurpris'd,
The *Grecians* iſſuing from the woodden Horſe,
The Pride and Furie roughly exercis'd,
Op'ning the wide Gates, letting in their Force,
Putting in act what was before deuis'd,
Without all Humane Pitie, or Remorſe;
Euen ſo did they, with whoſe confuſed ſound,
Words were not heard, & poore complaints were drown'd.

70.

Diſſolu'd to Teares, ſhe follow'd him: O Teares!
Elixar-like, turne all to Pearle you touch;
To weepe with her, the hard Wall ſcarce forbeares,
The woefull words ſhe vttered were ſuch,
Able to wound th'impenitrableſt Eares,
Her Plaints ſo piercing, and her Griefe ſo much:
And to the King, when ſhe at laſt could come,
Thus to him ſpake, though he to her were dumbe:

71.

Deare Sonne (quoth she) let not his Bloud be spilt,
So often vent'red to redeeme thy Crowne.
In all his life can there be found that Guilt?
Thinke of his loue, on which thou once shouldst frowne:
'Twas he, thy Seat that so substantiall built,
Long with his shoulder sau'd from shaking downe;
'Twas he, the meanes that first for thee did find,
To passe for *France*, to exercise thy Mind.

72.

Euen for the loue thou bear'st to that deare Blood,
From which (my Sonne) thou didst receiue thy life,
Play not the Niggard in so small a good,
With her, to whom thy Bounties should be rife,
Beg'd on those knees, at which thou oft hast stood:
O, let my vp-held Hands appease this strife!
Let not the Breath, from this sad Bosome sent,
Without thy Pittie, be but vainely spent.

73.

When in the Tumult, with the sudden Fright,
Whilst eu'ry one for Safetie sought about,
And none regarded to maintaine the Light,
Which being ouer-wasted, was gone out,
It being then the mid time of the Night,
Ere they could quit the Castle of the Rout;
The Queene alone (at least, if any neare)
They were her Women, almost dead with feare.

When

74.

When Horror, Darkeneſſe, and her inward Woe,
Began to worke on her afflicted Mind,
Vpon her Weakeneſſe tyrannizing ſo,
As they would doe their vtmoſt, in their kind,
And as then thoſe, ſhe neede no other Foe,
Such power her Fortune had to them aſſign'd,
To racke her Conſcience (by there Torture due)
It ſelfe t'accuſe of whatſoe'r it knew.

75.

O God! (thought ſhe) Is yet an Houre ſcarce paſt,
Since that my Greatneſſe, my Command more hye,
And Eminencie, wherein I was plac'd,
Wan me reſpect in eu'ry humble Eye?
How am I now abuſed, how diſgrac'd?
Did euer Queene in my detection lye?
Theſe things ſhe pond'red, as Deſpaire ſtill brought
Their ſundry Formes into her troubled Thought.

76.

To *London* thus they *March* a Priſoner led,
Which there had oft been courted by the Queene,
From whom, his Friends and his late Followers fled,
Of many a Gallan'd followe'd that had been,
Of which, their was not one durſt ſhew his head,
Much leſſe t'abet his ſide, that durſt be ſeene;
Which at his Fall made them to wonder more,
Who ſaw the Pompe wherein he liu'd before.

77.

O Miserie, whereonce thou art possest,
See but how quickly thou canst alter kinde;
And like a *Circe* metamorphoseth
The Man, that hath not a most God-like Mind:
The fainting Spirit, O how thou canst infeeble!
Whose yeilding Frailtie easily thou canst finde,
And by thy vicious presence, with a breath
Giues him vp fettred, basely fear'd to death.

78.

When soone the Kings Parlament decreed,
(Ne'r till that time sole Master of his Crowne)
And against *March* doth legally proceed,
Fitted with Tooles to digge that Mountaine downe,
To which, both high and low tooke speciall heed;
He ne'r had Fawne, but then he had a Frowne,
King *Edwards* Bloud, with both the *Spensers* call,
For Vengeance on him, by the Voice of all.

79.

With deare *Kroes* death, his Credit next they blot,
Then on him lay the Wards and Liueries,
Which he by Craft into his Hands had got,
The Summes then seized to his Treasuries:
Then *Ioan* the Princesse, maried to the *Scot*,
The Signet at *Stanhope* to the Enemies:
With all things rippd from the Records of Time,
That any way might aggrauate his Crime.

80.

O dire Reuenge! when thou by Time art rak'd
Out of the Aſhes which haue hid thee long,
(Wherein thou lay'ſt, as thou hadſt quite beene ſlak'd)
And becom'ſt kindled with the breath of Wrong,
How ſoone thy hideous Furie is awak'd?
From thy poore Sparks, what Flames are quickly ſprung?
To waſte their Tops, how ſoone do'ſt thou aſpire;
Whoſe Weight and Greatneſſe once repreſt thy fire?

81.

And what auayl'd his Anſwer in that Caſe?
Which the time then did vtterly diſtaſte,
And look'd vpon him with ſo ſterne a Face,
As it his Actions vtterly diſgrac'd:
No friendly Boſome gaue him any Place,
Who was cleane out of all Opinion caſt.
Taking his Pen, his Sorrowes to deceiue,
Thus of the Queene he laſtly tooke his leaue.

82.

Bright Empreſſe, yet be pleaſed to peruſe
The Swan-like Dirges of a dying Man,
Although not like the Raptures of the Muſe,
In our freſh Youth, when our Loue firſt began,
Into my Breſt that did the fire infuſe,
That glorious Day, that I thy rich Gloue wan,
And in my Courſe, a flame of Lightning bet
Out of proud *Harfords* high-plum'd Burgonet.

83.

As for your Sonne, that hast'neth on my Death,
Madame, you know, I lou'd him as mine owne,
And when I could haue grasped out his Breath,
I set him easily on his Fathers Throne;
Which now his Power too quickely witnesseth,
Who to this height in Tyrannie is growne;
But yet, be his Ingratitude forgiuen,
As after Death, I wish to be in Heauen.

84.

And for the sole Rule, whereon so he stands,
Came Barstard *William* but himselfe to shore?
Or had he not our Fathers valiant Hands,
Who in that Field our ancient Ensigne bore,
(Guarded about with our well-order'd Bands)
Which then his Leopards for their safetie wore,
Looking at *Hastings* like that ominous Lake,
From whose black Depths our glorious Name we take?

85.

Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd Horse,
On which I rode before the Gates of *Gaunt*,
Before the *Belgick* and *Burgonian* Force,
There challenging their Countries Combatant;
Cast from my Seat, in some robustious course,
That they of me the Victorie might vaunt?
Why sunke I not vnder my batt'red Shield,
To grace a braue Foe, and renowne a Field?

Yet

86.

Yet neuer ſeru'd I Fortune like a Slaue,
Nor haue, through Baſeneſſe, made her Bounties leſſe,
In me her Iudgement poorely to deprane,
Nought hath ſhe lent me, that Ile not confeſſe,
Nay, Int'reſt for her Principall I gaue,
My mind hath ſuted with her Mightineſſe,
Her Frownes with ſcorne, & *Mortimer* doth beare,
For nothing can ſhe doe, that he can feare.

87.

That ne'r quayles me, at which your Greateſt quake,
Nor ought that's dreadfull, Danger me can ſhow,
Through Sword and Fire ſo vs'd my way to take:
In Death what can be (that I doe not know)
That I ſhould feare a Couenant to make
With it, which welcom'th, finiſheth my Woe?
" And nothing can th'afflicted Conſcience grieue,
" But He may pardon, who can all forgiue.

88.

And thus, thou moſt adored in my Heare,
The Thoughts of whom, my humbled Spirit doth rayſe,
Lady moſt faire, moſt deare, of moſt deſert,
Worthie of more then any mortall Prayſe.
Condemned *March* thus laſtly doth depart,
From the great'ſt Empreſſe liuing in her Dayes;
Nor with my Duſt mine Honour I interre:
Ceſar thus dy'd, and thus dies *Mortimer*.

When

89.

When secretly he sent this Letter to her,
Whose Superscription, was her Princely Stile;
She knew the Hand, and thought it came to woo her,
With which Conceit she pleas'd her selfe a while,
Then which, no one thing seru'd so t'vndoe her,
By feeding her with Flattrie and with Guile,
To make her still more sensible of Paine,
Which her sad Heart was shortly to sustaine.

90.

Vsing her Fingers to vnrip the Seale,
Which held and hid those ill Newes from her Eyes,
Loth as it were, such Tidings to reueale,
As might her Soule and tender Life surprize,
But when her white Hand did so hardly deale
With the poore Paper, that the Wax must haue,
Inforc'd vpon her Fingers bludie red,
As to portend some deare Blood should be shed.

91.

When by degrees she easily sloth begin,
And as a Fish playes with a baited Hooke,
So softly yet she's allow'd Sorrow vpin,
Till she her bane ioyn'd her Bowels strooke;
And then she sees the expences of her sinne,
Sadly set downe in that blacke Doomes-day Booke,
And the deare Summes that were to be defray'd,
Before the Debt were absolutely pay'd.

Whole

.92.

Whole Hoasts of Sorrowes her sicke Heart assayle,
Wheneu'ry Letter lanc'd her like a Dart:
Striuing against her, which should most preuaile,
And yet not one, but prick'd her to the Heart;
Where one word might anothers Woe bewayle,
And with its Neighbour seem'd to beare a part,
Each Line seru'd for so true a Text to her,
As in her Woes would no way let her erre.

.93.

Griefe had her looke, yet soone it had her leaue,
Wherewith o'rcharg'd, she neither sees nor hearts,
Her vsefull'st Senses soonest her deceiue,
The Sight shuts vp her Eyes, the Sound her Eares,
And of her Reading doe her quite bereaue,
When for a Fescue she doth vse her teares,
Which, when some Line she loosely ouer past,
The Drops could tell her, where she left the last.

.94.

Somewhat at length recou'ring of her Sight,
Deeply she curs'd her Sorrow-seeing Eyes,
And said, she was deluded by the Light,
Or was abus'd by the Orthographie,
Or some one had deuised it in spight,
Pointing it false, her Schollership to trie;
" Thus when we fondly flatter our Desires,
" Our best Conceits doe proue the greatest Lyers.

Her

95.

Her trembling Hand, as in a Feuer, quakes,
Wherewith the Paper doth a little ſtirre,
Which ſhe imagines at her Sorrow ſhakes,
And pitties it, which ſhe thinkes pitties her;
Each ſmall thing ſomwhat to the greater makes,
And to her Humor ſomething doth inferre;
Her woe-ty'd Tongue but when ſhe once could free:
Sweet *Mortimer*, my moſt-lou'd Lord (quoth ſhe)

96.

For thy deare Aſhes be my Breſt the Vrne,
Which as a Relique, I of thee will ſaue,
Mix'd with the Teares that I for thee ſhall mourne,
Which in this Boſome ſhall their Buriall haue;
Out of which place, they neuer ſhall returne,
Nor giue the Honour to another Graue,
But here, as in a Temple, be preſeru'd,
Wherein thy Image is moſt liuely caru'd.

97.

Then breakes ſhe out, in curſing of her Sonne,
But *Mortimer* ſo runneth in her Mind,
As that ſhee ended, ere ſhe had begun,
Speaking before, what ſhould haue come behind:
From that, ſhe to another Courſe doth runne,
To be reueng'd in ſome notorious kind;
By Stab, or Poyſon; and ſhee'le ſweare to both,
But for her life ſhe could not find an Oath.

98.

She Pen and Paper takes, and makes no doubt,
But the Kings cruell dealing to diſcouer;
But ſoone forgetting what ſhe went about,
Poore Queene, ſhe fell to ſcribbling to her Louer:
Here ſhe put in, and there ſhe blotted out,
Her Paſſion did ſo violently moue her,
That turned backe to read what ſhe had writ,
She tore the Paper, and condemn'd her Wit.

99.

But from her Paſſion being ſomewhat rays'd,
Like one that lately had been in a Swound,
Or felt ſome ſtrange Extremitie appeas'd,
That had been taken from ſome Blow, or Wound,
Yet on that Part it had ſo ſtrongly ſeiz'd,
That for the ſame no Remedie was found;
But at the very Point their Life to loſe,
As they their Goods, ſhe doth her Griefe diſpoſe.

100.

Quoth ſhe, King *Edward*, as thou art my Sonne,
Leauing the World, this Legacie I leaue thee:
My Hearts true loue, my *Mortimer* hath wonne,
And yet of All he ſhall not ſo bereaue thee:
But for this Miſchiefe to thy Mother done,
Take thou my Curſe, ſo that it may out-liue thee,
That as thy Deed doth dayly me torment,
So may my Curſe thee, by my Teſtament.

And

101.

And henceforth, in this solitarie Place,
Euer residing from the publique sight,
A priuate Life I willingly imbrace,
No more reioycing in the obuious Light,
To consummate this too-long ling'ring space,
Till Death inclose me in continuall Night;
Let neuer Sleepe more close my wearied Eye,
So *Isabell*, lay thee downe, and dye.

The end of the sixt
Canto.

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

BY

MICHAEL DRAYTON,
ESQVIRE.

WITH

Some ſhort Annotations of the *Chronicle Hiſtorie to the ſame*: To which the Reader is directed, by this Marke * in the beginning *of euery Line, to which the* Annotations are pertinent.



LONDON,
Printed for *Iohn Smethwicke*, 1630.

ENGLAND'S HEROICALL

To The Reader.

Seeing theſe Epiſtles are now to the World made publique, it is imagined, that I ought to be accountable of my priuate meaning, chiefely for mine owne diſcharge, leaſt being miſtaken, I fall in hazard of a iuſt and vniuerſall Reprehenſion: for,

——Hæ nugæ ſeria ducent
In mala deriſum ſemel exceptumq; ſiniſtre.

Two Points are eſpecially therefore to be explaned firſt, why I entitle this Worke, Englands Heroicall Epiſtles; *ſecondly, why I haue annexed Notes to euery Epiſtles end. For the firſt, The Title (I hope) carrieth Reaſon in it ſelfe; for that the moſt and greateſt Perſons herein were* Engliſh; *or elſe, that their Lones were obtained in* England. *And though (Heroicall) bee properly vnderſtood of Demi-gods, as of* Hercules *and* Æneas, *whoſe Parents were ſaid to be, the one, (Cœleſtiall, the other, (Mortall; yet is it alſo transferred to them, who for the greatneſſe of Mind come neere to Gods. For to be borne of a cœleſtiall* Incubus, *is nothing elſe, but to haue a great and mightie Spirit, farre aboue the Earthly weakeneſſe of Men; in which ſenſe* Ouid (*whoſe Imitator I partly profeſſe to be*) *doth alſo vſe Heroicall. For the ſecond, becauſe the Worke might in truth be iudged Braſniſh, if nothing but*

amorous Humor were handled therein, I haue inter-wouen Matters Hiſtoricall, which vnexplained, might defraud the Mind of much Content: as for Example; in Queene Margarites *Epiſtle to* William de la Poole,

My Daizie Flower, which once perfum'd the Aire.

Margarite, *in* French, *ſignifies a Daizie; which, for the alluſion to her Name, this Queene gaue for her Deuice: and thus as others more, haue ſeemed to me not vnworthie the explaining.*

Now, though, no doubt, I had need to excuſe other things beſide, yet theſe moſt eſpecially; reſt I ouer-paſſe to eſchew tedious recitall. If they be as harmeleſſely taken, as I meant them, I ſhall not laſtly be afraid to beleeue and acknowledge thee a gentle Reader.

M. DRAYTON.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

Long haue I wiſht, and hop'd my weaker Muſe,
(In nothing ſtrong, but my vnhappie Loue)
Would giue me leaue my fortune to approue,
And view the World, as named Poets vſe;
But ſtill her fruitleſſe Boſome doth refuſe
To bleſſe me with indifferencie of Praiſe,
Not daring (like to many) to abuſe
That Title, which true Worth ſhould onely rayſe:
Thus Bank'rout, and deſpairing of mine owne,
I ſet my wiſh and hope (kind Friend) on thee,
Whoſe Fruit approu'd, and better Fortune knowne,
Tells me, thy Muſe my Loues ſole Heire muſt be;
So barren Wombes imbrace their Neighbors yong,
So dumbe Men ſparke by them that haue a Tongue.

Thomas Haſſel, Gent.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

Now I perceaue Pythagoras *diuin'd,*
When he that mocked Maxim *did maintaine,*
That Spirits once ſpoyl'd reueſted were againe,
Though chang'd in ſhape, remaining one in Mind;
Theſe Loue-ſicke Princes paſſionate eſtates,
Who feeling reades, he cannot but allow,
That Ouids *Soule reuiues in* Drayton *now,*
Still learn'd in Loue, ſtill rich in rare Conceits,
This pregnant Spirit affecting further Skill,
Oft alt'ring Formes from vulgar Wits retir'd,
In diuers Idyoms mightily admir'd,
Did proſecute that ſacred Studie ſtill;
While to a full Perfection now attain'd,
He ſings ſo ſweetly, that himſelfe is ſtain'd.

Will. Alexander, Knight, *Scotus.*



To Maſter Michael Drayton.

How can he write, that broken hath his Pen,
Hath rent his Paper, throwne his Inke away,
Deteſts the World, and companie of Men,
Becauſe they grow more hatefull day by day?
Yet with theſe broken Reliques, mated Mind,
And what a iuſtly-grieued Thought can ſay,
I giue the World to know, I ne're could find
A Worke more like to liue a longer day.
Goe Verſe, an Obiect for the proudeſt Eye,
Diſdaine thoſe, which diſdaine to reade thee ouer,
Tell them, they know not how they ſhould deſcry
The ſecret Paſſions of a wittie Louer:
For they are ſuch, as none but thoſe ſhall know,
Whom Beautie ſchooles, to hold the blind Boyes Bow.

Once I had vow'd, (O, who can all Vowes keepe?)
Henceforth to ſmother my vnluckie Muſe;
Yet for thy ſake ſhe ſtarted out of ſleepe,
Yet now ſhe dyes: Then doe as Kinſfolkes vſe;
Cloſe vp the eyes of my new-dying ſtile,
As I haue opened thy ſweet Babes ere-while.

Edmond Scory Knight.

ENGLANDS HEROICALL EPISTLES.

The Epiſtle of ROSAMOND To King HENRY the. SECOND.

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry *the Second keepeth (with much care)*
Lord Cliffords *daughter* Roſamond *the faire;*
And whilſt his Sonnes doe Normandie *inuade,*
He forc'd to France, *with wond'rous coſt had made*
A Labyrinth in Woodſtocke, *where vnſeene*
His Loue might lodge ſafe, from his iealous Queene:
Yet when he ſtay'ed beyond his time abroad,
Her penſiue Breſt, his Darling to vnload,
In this Epiſtle doth her Griefe complaine;
And his Reſcription tells her his againe.

IF yet thine Eyes (Great *Henry*) may endure
Theſe tainted Lines, drawne with a Hand impure,
(Which faine would bluſh, but Feare keeps Bluſhes backe,
And therefore ſuted in deſpairing Blacke)
Let me for Loues ſake their acceptance craue,
But that ſweet Name (vile) I prophaned haue;

Punish my Fault or pittie mine eſtate,
Reade them for Loue if not for Loue, for Hate.
If with my Shame thine Eyes thou faine would'ſt feede,
Here let them ſurfet, of my Shame to reade;
This ſcribbled Paper which I ſend to thee,
If noted rightly, doth reſemble mee:
As this pure Ground, whereon theſe Letters ſtand,
So pure was I, ere ſtayned by thy Hand;
Ere I was blotted with this foule Offence,
So cleere, and ſpotleſſe was mine Innocence:
Now, like theſe Markes which taint this haefull Scroule,
Such the blacke ſinnes which ſpot my leprous Soule.
What, by this Conqueſt, canſt thou hope to winne,
Where thy beſt Spoyle, is but the Act of Sinne?
Why on my Name this ſlander do'ſt thou bring,
To make my Fault renowned by a King?
" Frame neuer ſtoopes to things, but meane and poore,
" The more our Greatneſſe, our Fault is the more;
" Lights on the Ground, themſelues doe leſſen farre,
" But in the Ayre, each ſmall ſparke ſeemes a Starre.
Why, on my Woman-frayltie ſhould'ſt thou lay
So ſtrong a plot, mine Honour to betray?
Or thy vnlawfull Pleaſure ſhould'ſt thou buy,
Both with thine owne ſhame, and my Infamie?
'Twas not my Minde conſented to this Ill,
Then had I beene tranſported by my Will;
For, what my Bodie was inforc'd to doe,
(Heauen knowes) my Soule yet neu'r conſented to;
For through mine Eyes had ſhe her liking ſeene,
Such as my Loue ſuch had my Louer beene.
" True Loue, is ſimple, like his Mother Truth,
" Kindly Affection, Youth to loue with Youth;

" No

" No greater corſiue to our blooming Yeeres,
" Then the cold Badge of Winter-blaſted Hayres.
" Thy Kingly Power makes to withſtand thy Foes,
" But cannot keepe backe Age, with Time it growes;
" Though Honor our ambitious Sex doth pleaſe,
" Yet in that Honour, Age a foule Diſeaſe:
" Nature hath her free Courſe in all, and then
" Age is alike, in Kings, and other Men.
Which all the World will to my ſhame impute,
That I, my ſelfe did baſely proſtitute;
And ſay, that Gold was Fuell to the Fire,
Gray Hayres in Youth nor kindling greene Deſire.
O no; that wicked Woman wrought by thee,
My Tempter was to that forbidden Tree;
That ſubtill Serpent, that ſeducing Deuill,
Which bad me taſte the Fruit of Good and Euill;
That *Circe*, by whoſe Magicke I was charm'd,
And to this monſtrous ſhape am thus transform'd;
That vip'rous Hag, the Foe to her owne Kind,
That diuelliſh Spirit to damne the weaker Mind;
Our Fraylties Plague, our Sexes onely Curſe,
Hells deep'ſt Damnation, the worſt Euils worſe.
But *Henry*, how canſt thou affect me thus,
T'whom thy remembrance now is odious?
My hapleſſe Name, with *Henries* Name I found
Cut in the Glaſſe with *Henries* Diamond;
That Glaſſe from thence faine would I take away,
But then I feare the Ayre would me betray;
Then doe I ſtriue to waſh it out with Teares,
But then the ſame more euident appeares.
Then doe I couer it with my guiltie Hand,
Which that Names witneſſe doth againſt me ſtand;

Once did I ſinne, which Memorie doth cheriſh,
Once I offended, but I euer periſh.
" What Griefe can be, but Time doth make it leſſe?
" But Infamie, Time neuer can ſuppreſſe.
Sometimes, to paſſe the tedious irkeſome Houres,
I climbe the top of *Woodſtocks* mounting Towres,
Where, in a Turret, ſecretly I lye,
To view from farre ſuch as doe trauell by;
Whither (me thinkes) all caſt their Eyes at mee,
As through the Stones my Shame did make them ſee,
And with ſuch Hate the harmeleſſe Walls doe view,
As eu'n to Death their Eyes would me purſue.
The married Women curſe my hatefull Life,
Wronging a faire Queene, and a vertuous Wife;
The Maidens wiſh, I buried quicke may die,
And from each place neere my abode, doe flie.
* Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me,
* Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning eu'ry way,
Belike the courſe wherein my Youth did ſtray;
Onely a Clue doth guide me out and in,
But yet ſtill walke I circular in ſinne.
As in the Gallerie this other day,
I and my Woman paſt the time away,
'Mongſt many Pictures, which were hanging by,
The ſilly Girle at length hapt to eſpie
Chaſte *Lucrece* Image and deſires to know,
What ſhee ſhould be, her ſelfe that murd'red ſo?
Why Girle (quoth I) this is that Roman Dame;
Not able then to tell the reſt for ſhame,
My tongue doth mine owne Guiltineſſe betray;
With that I ſent the pratling Wench away,

Leſt

Leſt when my liſping guiltie Tongue ſhould hault,
My Lookes might proue the Index to my Fault.
As that Life-bloud which from the Heart is ſent,
In Beauties Field pitching his Crimſon Tent,
In louely Sanguine ſutes the Lillie Cheeke,
Whilſt it but for a reſting Place doth ſeeke;
And changing oftentimes with ſweet Delight,
Conuerts the White to Red, the Red to White;
The Bluſh with Paleneſſe for the place doth ſtriue,
The Paleneſſe thence the Bluſh would gladly driue,
Thus in my Breſt a thouſand Thoughts I carrie,
Which in my Paſſion diuerſly doe varie,
When as the Sunne hales tow'rds the Weſterne ſlade,
And the Teeres ſhadowes hath much taller made,
Forth goe I to a little Current neere,
Which like a wanton Trayle creepes here and there,
Where, with mine Angle caſting in my Baite,
The little Fiſhes (dreading the deceit)
With fearefull nibbling flye th'inticing Gin,
By nature taught what danger lies therein.
Things Reaſonleſſe, thus warn'd by Nature be,
Yet I deuour'd the Baite was layde for me:
Thinking thereon, and breaking into Groanes,
The bubbling Spring, which trips vpon the Stones,
Chides me away, leſt ſitting but too nie,
I ſhould pollute that Natiue puritie.
✲ *Roſe of the World*, ſo doth importe my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame,
And to th'vnchaſte this Name ſhall giuen be,
Of *Roſamond*, deriu'd from Sinne and Me.
The *Cliffords* take from me that Name of theirs,
Which hath beene famous for ſo many yeeres:

They

They blot my Birth with hatefull Baſtardie,
That I ſprang not from their Nobilitie;
They my alliance vtterly refuſe,
Nor will a Strumpet ſhall their Name abuſe.
Here, in the Garden, wrought by curious hands,
Naked *Diana* in the Fountaine ſtands,
With all her Nymphes got round about to hide her,
As when *Acteon* had by chance eſpy'd her:
This ſacred Image I no ſooner view'd,
But as that metamorphos'd Man, purſu'd,
By his owne Hounds; ſo, by my Thoughts am I,
Which chaſe me ſtill, which way ſoe'r I flye.
Touching the Graſſe, the Hony-dropping Dew,
Which falls in Teares before my limber ſhoo,
Vpon my Foot conſumes in weeping ſtill,
As it would ſay, Why went'ſt thou to this Ill?
Thus, to no Place in ſafetie can I goe,
But euery thing doe giue me cauſe of Woe.
In that faire Casket, of ſuch wond'rous Coſt,
Thou ſent'ſt the Night before mine Honour loſt,
Amimone was wrought, a a harmeleſſe Maid,
By *Neptune*, that adult'rous God, betray'd;
She proſtreite at his Feete, begging with Prayers,
Wringing her Hands, her Eyes ſwolne vp with Teares:
This was not an intrapping Baite from thee,
But by thy Vertue gently warning mee,
And to declare for what intent it came,
Leſt I therein ſhould euer keepe my ſhame.
And in this Casket (ill I ſee it now)
That *Ioues* Loue Iô, turn'd into a Cow;
Yet was ſhee kept with *Argus* hundred Eyes:
So wakefull ſtill be *Iuno's* Iealouſies:

By

By this I well might haue for-warned beene,
T'haue cleer'd my selfe to thy suspecting Queene,
Who with more hundred Eyes attendeth me,
Then had poore *Argus* single Eyes to see.
In this thou rightly imitatest *Ioue*,
Into a Beast thou hast transform'd thy Loue:
Nay, worser farre (beyond their beastly kind)
A Monster both in Bodie and in Mind.
The Waxen Taper which I burne by Night,
With the dull vap'rie dimnesse mockes my Sight
As though the Dampe which hinders the cleere Flame,
Came from my Breath, in that Night of my Shame;
When as it look'd with a darke lowring Eye,
To see the losse, of my Verginitie.
And if a Starre but by the Glasse appeare,
I straight intreat it, not to looke in here;
I am alreadie hatefull to the Light,
And will it too, betray me to the Night?
Then sith my Shame so much belongs to thee,
Rid me of that, by onely murd'ring mee;
And let it iustly to my charge be layd,
That I thy Person meant to haue betray'd:
Thou shalt not need by circumstance t'accuse me,
If I deny it, let the Heauens refuse me.
My Life's a Blemish, which doth cloud thy Name,
Take it away, and cleare shall shine thy Fame:
Yeeld to my Suite, if euer Pitie mou'd thee,
In this shew Mercie, as I euer lou'd thee.

Anno-

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Well knew'ſt thou what a Monſter I would be,
When thou didſt build this Labyrinth for me.

IN the Cretean *Labyrinth a Monſter was incloſed, called a* Minotaure, *the Hiſtorie whereof is well knowne; but the Labyrinth was framed by* Dedalus *with ſo many intricate Wayes, that being entred, one could either hardly or neuer returne, being in manner of a Maze, ſaue that it was larger, the Waies being walled in on euery ſide, out of the which* Theſeus *by* Ariadnes *helpe, (lending him a Clue of Thred) eſcaped. Some report that it was a Houſe, hauing one halfe beneath the ground an other aboue; the Chamber doores therein ſo deceitfully inwrapped, and made to open ſo many wayes, that it was held a matter almoſt impoſſible to returne.*

Some haue held it to haue beene an Allegorie of Mans Life: true it is, that the Compariſon will hold; for what liker to a Labyrinth, then the Maze of Life? But it is affirmed by Antiquitie, that there was indeed ſuch a Building; though Dedalus *being a name applied to the Workemans excellencie, make it ſuſpected: for* Dedalus *is nothing elſe but Ingenious, or Artificiall. Hereupon it is vſed among the ancient Poets, for any thing curiouſly wrought.*

Roſamonds *Labyrinth, whoſe Ruines, together with her Well, being paued with ſquare Stone in the bottome, and alſo her Tower from which the Labyrinth did runne (are yet remaining) was altogether vnder ground, being Vaults arched & walled with Bricke and Stone almoſt inextricably wound one within another; by which, if at any time her Lodging were laid about by the Queene ſhee might eaſily auoid Perill eminent, and if neede be, by ſecret Iſſues take the Ayre abroad many Furlongs, round about* Woodſtocke *in* Oxfordſhire, *wherein it was ſituated. Thus much for* Roſamonds *Labyrinth.*

Whoſe ſtrange *Meanders* turning euery way.

Meander *is a Riuer in a* Lycia, *Prouince of* Natolia, *or* Aſia minor *famous for the ſinuoſitie and often turning thereof, riſing from certaine Hills in* Meonia: *Hereupon are intricate Turnings by a Tranſumptiue and Metonymicall kind of ſpeech called* Meanders; *for this Riuer did ſo ſtrangely path in ſelfe, that the Foot ſeemed to touch the Head.*

Roſe of the World, ſo doth importe my Name,
Shame of the World, my Life hath made the ſame.

It might be reported, how at Godſtow, *where this* Roſe of the World *was ſumptuouſly interred, a certaine Biſhop, in the Viſitation of his Dioceſſe, cauſed the Monument which had been erected to her Honor, vtterly to be demoliſhed: but let that ſeuere chaſtiſement of* Roſamond, *then dead, at this time alſo be ouer paſſed, leſt ſhe ſhould ſeeme to be the* Shame of the World.

Henry

HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

WHen firſt the Poſt arriued at my Tent,
And brought the Letters *Roſamond* had ſent
Thinke from his Lips but what deare Comfort came,
When in mine Eare he ſoftly breath'd thy Name:
Straight I inioyn'd him, of thy Health to tell,
Longing to here my *Roſamond* did well;
With new Enquiries then I cut him ſhort,
When of the ſame he gladly would report,
That with the earneſt Haſte, my Tongue oft trips,
Catching the words halfe ſpoke, out of his Lips:
This told, yet more I vrge him to reueale,
To loſe no time, whilſt I vnrip'd the Seale.
The more I reade, ſtill doe I erre the more,
As though miſtaking ſomewhat ſaid before:
Miſſing the Point, the doubtfull Senſe is broken,
Speaking againe what I before had ſpoken,
Still in a Swound, my Heart reuiues and faints,
'Twixt Hopes Deſpaiers, 'twixt Smiles and deepe Com-
As theſe ſad Accents ſort in my Deſires, (plaints.
Smooth Calmes, rough Stormes, ſharpe Froſts & raging
Put on with Boldneſſe, and put backe with Feares, (Fires,
For oft thy Troubles doe extort my Teares.
O, how my Heart at that blacke Line did tremble!
That blotted Paper ſhould Thy Selfe reſemble;
O, were there Paper but neere halfe ſo white!
The Gods thereon their ſacred Lawes would write
With Pens of Angels Winges, and for their Inke,
That Heauenly *Nectar*, their immortall Drinke.

Maieſtike

Maieſtike Courage ſtriues to haue ſuppreſt
This fearefull Paſſion, ſtir'd vp in my Breſt;
But ſtill in vaine the ſame I goe about,
My Heart muſt breake within or Woes breake out.
* Am I at home purſu'd with priuate Hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?
Is meager Enuie ſtabbing at my Throne,
Treaſon attending when I walke alone?
* And am I branded with the Curſe of Rome,
And ſtand condemned by a Councels Doome?
* And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich *Normandie* with Armies ouer-runne?
Fatall my birth, vnfortunate my Life,
* Vnkind my Children, moſt vnkind my Wife;
Griefe, Cares, old Age Suſpition to torment me,
Nothing on Earth to quiet or content me?
So many Woes, ſo many Plagues to find,
Sickneſſe of Bodie diſcontent of Mind;
Hopes left, Helps reft, Life wrong'd, Ioy interdicted,
Baniſh'd, diſtreſs'd, forſaken, and afflicted.
Of all Reliefe hath Fortune quite bereft me?
Onely my Loue yet to my Comfort left me?
And is one Beautie thought ſo great a thing,
To mitigate the Sorrowes of a King?
Bar'd of that Choice the Vulgar often proue;
Haue we, then they, leſſe priuilege in Loue?
Is it a King the wofull Widdow heares?
Is it a King dryes vp the Orphans Teares?
Is it a King regardes the Clyents crie?
Giues Life to him, by Law condemn'd to die?
Is it his Care the Common-wealth that keepes,
As doth the Nurſe her Babie, whilſt it ſleepes?

And

And that poore King of all thoſe Hopes preuented,
Vnheard vnhelp'd, vnpitti'd, vnlamented?
Yet let me be with Powertie oppreſt,
Of Earthly Bleſſings rob'd, and diſ-poſſeſt,
Let me be ſcorn'd, reiected, and reuil'd,
And from my Kingdome let me liue exil'd,
Let the Worlds Curſe vpon me ſtill remaine,
And let the laſt bring on the firſt againe;
All Miſeries that wretched Man may wound,
Leaue for my Comfort onely *Roſamond*.
For Thee, ſwift Time his ſpeedie courſe doth ſtay,
At thy Command, the Deſtinies obay;
Pittie is dead, that comes not from thine Eyes,
And at thy Feete vn Mercie proſtraite lyes.
If I were feeble rheumatike, or cold,
Theſe were true ſignes that I were waxed old:
But I can march all day in maſſie Steele,
Nor yet my Armes vnwieldy weight doe feele;
Nor wak'd by Night with Bruiſe or bloudie Wound,
The Tent my Bed, no Pillow but the Ground:
For very Age had I Layne Bedred long,
One Smile of Thine, againe could make me Yong;
Were there in Art a Power but ſo diuine,
As is in that ſweet Angell-Tongue of Thine,
That great Enchantreſſe, which once tooke ſuch paines,
To put young Blood into old *Æſons* Veines,
And in Groues, Mountaines, and the Moriſh Fen,
Sought out more Hearbes then had beene knowne to Men,
And in the pow'rfull Potion that ſhe makes,
Put Bloud of Men, of Birds, of Beaſts, and Snakes,
Neuer had needed to haue gone ſo farre,
To ſeeke the Soyles where all thoſe Simple are;

One

One Accent from thy Lips the Bloud more warmes,
Then all her Philters, Exorciſmes, and Charmes.
Thy Preſence hath repaired in one day,
What many Yeeres with Sorrowes did decay,
And made freſh Beautie in her flower to ſpring,
Out of the wrinckles of Times ruining.
Eu'n as the hungry Winter-ſtarued Earth,
When ſhe by nature labours towards hir Birth,
Still as the Day vpon the darke World creepes,
One Bloſome forth after another peepes,
Till the ſmall Flower, whole Root (at laſt) vnbound,
Gets from the froſtie Priſon of the Ground,
Spreading the Leaues vnto the pow'rfull Noone,
Deck'd in freſh Colours, ſmiles vpon the Sunne,
Neuer vnquiet Care lodg'd in that Breſt,
Where but one Thought of *Roſamond* did reſt;
Nor Thirſt, nor Trauaile, which on Warre attend,
Ere brought the long Day to deſired end;
Nor yet did pale Feare, or leane Famine liue,
Where hope of Thee did any Comfort giue:
Ah, what Iniuſtice then is this of Thee,
That thus the Guiltleſſe, do'ſt condemne for me?
When onely ſhe (by meanes of my Offence)
Redeemes thy Pureneſſe, and thy Innocence,
When to our Wills perforce obey they muſt,
That's iuſt in them, what ere in vs vniuſt,
Of what we doe, not them account we make;
The Fault craues pardon for th'Offendors ſake:
" And what to worke a Princes Will may merit,
" Hath deep'ſt impreſſion in the gentleſt Spirit.
If't be my Name, that doth Thee ſo offend,
No more my ſelfe ſhall be mine owne Names Friend;

If

If it be that, which Thou do'ſt onely hate;
That Name, in my Name, laſtly hath his date;
Say 'tis accurſt, and fatall, and diſpraiſe it,
If written, blot it, if engrauen, raze it;
Say, that of all Names 'tis a Name of Woe,
Once a Kings Name, but now it is not ſo:
And when all this is done, I know 'twill grieue thee;
And therefore (Sweet) why ſhould I now beleeue thee?
Nor ſhouldſt thou thinke, thoſe Eyes with Enuie lowre,
Which paſſing by thee, gaze vp to thy Tower;
But rather praiſe thine owne, which be ſo cleere,
Which from the Turret like two Starres appeare:
Aboue, the Sunne doth ſhine, beneath, thine Eye,
Mocking the Heau'n, to make another Skye.
The little Streame which by thy Tow'r doth glide,
Where oft thou ſpend'ſt the wearie Eu'ning Tide,
To view thee well, his Courſe would gladly ſtay,
As loth from thee to part ſo ſoone away,
And with Salutes thy ſelfe would gladly greet,
And offer vp ſome ſmall Drops at thy Feet;
But finding, that the enuious Bankes reſtraine it,
T'excuſe it ſelfe, doth in this ſort complaine it,
And therefore this ſad bubbling Murmure keepes,
And for thy want, within the Channell weepes.
And as thou do'ſt into the Water looke,
The Fiſh which ſee thy ſhaddow in the Brooke,
Forget to feede, and all amazed lye,
So daunted with the luſtre of thine Eye.
And that ſweet Name, which thou ſo much do'ſt wrong,
In time ſhall be ſome famous Poets Song;
And with the very ſweetneſſe of that Name,
Lyons and Tygers Men ſhall learne to tame.

The carefull Mother, at her pensiue Breſt,
With *Roſamond* ſhall bring her Babe to Reſt;
The little Birds (by Mens continuall ſound)
Shall learne to ſpeake and prattle *Roſamond*.
And when in Aprill they begin to ſing,
With *Roſamond* ſhall welcome in the Spring;
And ſhe in whom all Rarities are found,
Shall ſtill be ſaid to be a *Roſamond*.

The little Flowers droping their honied Dew,
Which (as thou writ'ſt) doe weepe vpon thy Shoo,
Not for thy Fault (ſweete *Roſamond*) doe moane,
Onely lament that thou ſo ſoone art gone;
For if thy Foot touch Hemlocke as it goes,
That Hemlock's made more ſweeter then the Roſe.

Of *Ioue*, or *Neptune*, how they did betray,
Speake not of Iö, or *Amimone*,
When ſhe, for whom *Ioue* once became a Bull,
Compar'd with Thee, had beene a Tawnie Trull;
He a white Bull, and ſhe a whiter Cow,
Yet he nor ſhe neere halfe ſo white as Thou.

Long ſince (thou know'ſt) my Care prouided for
To lodge thee ſafe from iealous *Elinor*;
The Labyrinths Conueyance guides thee ſo,
* (Which onely *Vaughan*, thou, and I doe know)
If ſhe doe guard thee with an hundred Eyes,
I haue an hundred ſubtill *Mercuries*,
To watch that *Argus* which my Loue doth keepe,
Yntill Eye, after Eye, fall all to ſleepe.

And thoſe Starres which looke in, but looke to ſee,
(Wond'ring) what Starre here on the Earth ſhould be;
As oft the Moone, amidſt the ſilent Night,
Hath come to ioy vs with her friendly Light,

And

And by the Curtaine help'd mine Eye to see,
What enuious Night and Darkenesse hid from me;
When I haue wish'd, that she might euer stay,
And other Worlds might still enioy the Day.
What should I say? Words, Teares, and Sighes be spent,
And want of Time doth further Helpe preuent:
My Campe resounds with fearefull shockes of Warre,
Yet in my Breast more dang'rous Conflicts are;
Yet is my Signall to the Battles sound,
The blessed Name of beautious *Rosamond*.
Accursed be that Heart, that Tongue, that Breath,
Should thinke, should speake, or whisper of thy Death;
For in one Smile, or Lowre from they sweet Eye,
Consists my Life, my Hope my Victorie.
Sweet *Woodstock*, where my *Rosamand* doth rest,
Be blest in Her, in whom thy King is blest:
For though in *France* a while my Bodie bee,
My Heart remaines (deare Paridise) in thee.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Am I at home pursu'd with priuate Hate,
And Warre comes raging to my Palace Gate?

ROBERT *Earle of* Leicester, *who tooke part with young King* Henry, *entred* England *with an Armie of three thousand* Flemmings, *and spoyled the Countries of* Norfolke *and* Suffolke, *being succoured by many of the Kings priuate Enemies.*

And am I branded with the Curse of *Rome*?

King Henrie *the second, the first* Plantagenet, *accused for the death of* Thomas Becket, *Arch-bishop of* Canterberie, *slaine in that Cathedrall Church, was accursed by Pope* Alexander, *although hee vrged sufficient proofe of his innocencie in the same, and offered to take vpon him any Penance, so he might auoid the Curse and Interdiction of his Realme.*

And by the pride of my rebellious Sonne,
Rich *Normandie* with Armies ouer-runne.

Henry *the young King, whom King* Henry *had cauſed to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his owne good, and the good of his Subiects, which indeede turned to his owne Sorrow, and the Trouble of the Realme; for he rebelled againſt him, and rayſing a Power, by the meanes of* Lewes *King of* France, *and* William *King of* Scots *(who tooke part with him) and inuaded* Normandie.

Vnkind my Children, moſt vnkind my Wife.

Neuer King more vnfortunate then King Henry, *in the diſobedience of his Children: Firſt,* Henry, *then* Geffery, *then* Richard, *then* Iohn, *all at one time or other, firſt or laſt, vnnaturally rebelled againſt him; then, the Iealouſie of* Elinor *his Queene, who ſuſpected his loue to* Roſamond: *Which grieuous Troubles, the Deuout of thoſe Times attributed to happen to him iuſtly for refuſing to take one him the Gouernment ſo* Ieruſalem, *offered to him by the Patriarke there; which Country was mightily afflicted by the Souldan.*

Whichonely *Vaughan*, thou, and I doe know.

This Vaughan *was a Knight, whom the King exceedingly loued, who kept the Palace at* Woodſtock, *and much of the Kings Iewels and Treaſure, to whom the King committed many of his Secrets, and in whom he repoſed ſuch truſt, that he durſt commit his Loue vnto his Charge.*

FINIS.

King

KING *IOHN* TO MATILDA.

The Argvment.

King Iohn *enamor'd by all meanes aſſay'd*
To winne Matilda, *a chaſte Noble Mayd,*
The Lord Fitz-Waters *Daughter: and to gayne her,*
When by his Courtſhip he could not obtayne her,
Nor by his Giftes, ſtrines (ſo farre being in)
To get by force, what faire meanes could not winne,
And baniſheth the neereſt of her Blood,
Which he could thinke had his Deſires withſtood;
When ſhe to Dunmow *to a Nun'rie flyes;*
Whether he writeth, and whence ſhe replyes.

WHhen theſe my Letters come into thy view,
Think thē not forc'd, or fain'd or ſtrang, or new.
Thou know'ſt no way, no meanes, no courſe exempted,
Left now vnſought, vnprou'd, or vnattempted.
All Rules, Regards, all ſecret Helpes of Art,
What Knowledge, Wit, Experience can impart,
And in the old Worlds Ceremonies doted,
Good dayes for Loue, Times, Houres, & Minutes noted,
And where Art left, Loue teacheth more to find,
By ſignes in preſence to expreſſe the Mind.

Oft hath mine Eye told thine Eye, Beautie grieu'd it,
And beg'd but for one Looke, to haue relieu'd it,
And ſtill with thine Eyes motion, mine Eye mou'd,
Lab'ring for Mercie, telling how it lou'd;
You bluſht, I bluſht; your Cheeke pale, pale was mine,
My Red, thy Red, my Whiteneſſe anſwer'd thine,
You ſigh'd, I ſigh'd, we both one Paſſion proue,
But thy ſigh is for Hate, my ſigh for Loue:
If a word paſs'd, that inſufficient were,
To helpe that word, mine Eye let forth a Teare;
And if that Teare did dull or ſenſeleſſe proue,
My Heart would fetch a Throb, to make it moue.
Oft in thy Face, one Fauour from the reſt
I ſingled forth, that pleas'd my Fancie beſt;
This likes me moſt, another likes me more,
A third, exceeding both thoſe lik'd before:
Then one, as Wonder were deriued thence,
Then that, whoſe rareneſſe paſſeth excellence.
Whilſt I behould thy Globe-like rowling Eye,
Thy louely Cheeke (me thinkes) ſtands ſmiling by,
And tells me, thoſe are Shadowes and Suppoſes,
But bids me thither come, and gather Roſes.
Looking on that, thy Brow doth call to mee,
To come to it, if Wonders I will ſee:
Now haue I done, and then thy dimpled Chinne
Againe doth tell me new I begin,
And bids me yet to looke vpon thy Lip,
Leſt wond'ring leaſt, the greateſt I ouer-ſlip:
My gazing Eye on this and this doth ſeaſe,
Which ſurfets, yet cannot Deſire appeaſe.
Now like I Browne (O louely Browne thy Haire)
Onely in Brownneſſe, Beautie dwelleth there.

Then

Then loue I Blacke, thine Eye-ball blacke as Iet,
Which in a Globe, pure Cryſtalline, is ſet:
Then white; but Snow, nor Swan, nor Iuorie pleaſe,
Then are thy Teeth more whiter then all theſe;
In Browne, in Blacke, in Pureneſſe, and in White,
All Loue, all Sweets, all Rareneſſe, all Delight:
Thus thou, vile Theefe, my ſtolne Heart hence do'ſt carrie,
And now thou flyeſt into a Sanctuarie.

Fie peeuiſh Girle, ingratefull vnto Nature;
Did ſhe to this end frame thee ſuch a Creature,
That thou her glorie ſhouldſt encreaſe thereby,
And thou alone do'ſt ſcorne Societie?
Why, Heauen made Beautie like her ſelfe to view,
Not to be lock'd vp in a ſmoakie Mew:
A Roſie-tincted Feature is Heauens Gold,
Which all Men ioy to touch, all to behold.
It was enacted when the World begun,
That ſo rare Beautie ſhould not liue a Nunne:
But if this Vow thou needs wilt vndertake,
O were mine Armes a Cloyſter for thy ſake:
Still may his Paines for euer be augmented,
This Superſtition idly that inuented,
Ill might he thriue, who brought this Cuſtome hither,
That holy People might not liue together.
A happie Time, a good World was it then,
When holy Women liu'd with holy Men;
But Kings in this yet priuiledg'd may bee,
Ile be a Monke, ſo I may liue with thee.
Who would not riſe to ring thy Mornings Knell,
When thy ſweet Lips might be the ſacring Bell?
Or what is he, not willingly would faſt
That on thoſe Lips might feaſt his Lips at laſt?

Who to his Mattens early would not riſe,
Thar might reade by the Light of thy faire Eyes?
On Worldly Pleaſures who would euer looke,
That had thy Curles his Beads thy Browes his Booke?
Wert Thou the Croſſe, to Thee who would not creepe,
And wiſh, the Croſſe ſtill in his Armes to keepe?
Sweet Girle, Ile take this holy Habit on me,
Of meere Deuotion that is come vpon me;
Holy *Matilda*, Thou the Saint of mine,
Ile be thy Seruant, and my Bed thy Shrine.
When I doe offer, be thy Breſt the Altar,
And when I pray, thy Mouth ſhall be my Pſalter.
The Beades that we will bid, ſhall be ſweet Kiſſes,
Which we will number, if one Pleaſure miſſes;
And when an *Aue* come, to ſay *Amen*,
We will begin, and tell them o're againe:
Now all good Fortune giue me happy Thrift,
As I ſhould ioy t'abſolue thee after Shrift.
But ſee, how much I doe my ſelfe beguile,
And doe miſtake thy meaning all this while:
Thou took'ſt this Vow, to equall my Deſire,
Becauſe thou wouldſt haue me to be a Frier,
And thar we two ſhould comfort one another,
A holy Siſter, and a holy Brother,
Thou as a Votreſſe to my Loue alone,
" She is moſt chaſte, that's but inioy'd of One.
Yea, now thy true Deuotion doe I find,
And ſure, in this I much commend thy Mind;
Elſe here thou do'ſt but ill Example giue,
And in a Nun'rie thus thou ſhouldſt not liue.
Is't poſſible, the Houſe that thou art in
Should not be toucht (though with a Veniall ſinne?)

When

When ſuch a ſhee-Prieſt comes her Maſſe to ſay,
Twentie to one they all forget to pray:
Well may we wiſh, they would their Hearts amend,
When we be witneſſe, that their Eyes offend;
All Creatures haue Deſires, or elſe ſome lye,
Let them thinke ſo that will, ſo will not I.
Do'ſt thou not thinke our Anceſtors were wiſe,
That theſe Religious Cells did firſt deuiſe?
As Hoſpitals were for the Sore and Sicke,
Theſe for the Crook'd, the Halt, the Stigmaticke,
Leſt that their Seed, mark'd with Deformitie,
Should be a Blemiſh to Poſteritie.
Would Heau'n her Beautie ſhould be hid from ſight,
Ne'r would ſhe thus her ſelfe adorne with Light;
With ſparkling Lamps nor would ſhe paint her Throne;
But ſhe delighteth to be gaz'd vpon:
And when the golden glorious Sunne goes downe,
Would ſhe put on her Starre-beſtudded Crowne,
And in her Masking Sute, the ſpangled Skie,
Come forth to bride it in her Reuelrie;
And gaue this Gift to all Things in Creation,
That they in this ſhould imitate her Faſhion.
All Things that faire, that pure, that glorious beene,
Offer themſelues of purpoſe to be ſeene,
In Sinkes and Vaults the vgly Toads doe dwell;
The Diuels, ſince moſt vgly, they in Hell.
Our Mother (Earth) ne'r glories in her Fruit,
Till by the Sunne clad in her Tinſell Sute;
Nor doth ſhe euer ſmile him in the Face,
Till in his glorious Armes he her imbrace:
Which proues ſhe hath a Soule, Senſe, and Delight;
Of Generations feeling Appetite.

Well

Well Hypocrite (in Faith) wouldſt thou confeſſe,
What ere thy Tongue ſay, thy Heart ſaith no leſſe.
Note but this one thing (if nought elſe perſwade)
Nature of all things Male and Female made,
Shewing her ſelfe in our Proportion plaine;
For neuer made ſhe any thing in vaine:
For as thou art, ſhould any haue beene thus,
She would haue left enſample vnto vs.
The Turtle, that's ſo true and chaſte in loue,
Shewes by her Mate ſomething the ſpirit doth moue;
Th'Arabian Bird, that neuer is but one,
Is onely chaſte, becauſe ſhe is alone:
But had our Mother Nature made them Two,
They would haue done as Doues and Sparrowes doe;
And therefore made a Martyr in deſire,
To doe her Penance laſtly in the Fire:
So may they all be roſted quicke, that bee
Apoſtata's to Nature, as is ſhee.
Find me but one ſo young, ſo faire, ſo free,
(Woo'd, ſu'd, and ſought by him that now ſeekes thee)
But of thy Minde, and here I vndertake,
To build a Nunnrie for her onely ſake.
O, hadſt thou taſted of thoſe rare Delights,
Ordain'd each where to pleaſe great Princes ſights!
To haue their Beautie and their Wits admir'd,
(Which is by nature of your Sexe deſir'd)
Attended by our Traynes, our Pompe, our Port,
Like Gods ador'd abroad, kneel'd to in Court,
To be ſaluted with the cheerefull Crie
Of Highneſſe, Grace, and ſoueraigne Maieſtie:
" But vnto them that know not Pleaſures price,
" All's one, a Priſon, and a Paradiſe.

If in a Dungeon, clos'd vp from the Light,
There is no diff'rence 'twixt the Day and Night;
" Whose Pallat neuer tasted daintie Cates,
" Thinker homely Dishes Princely Delicates.
Alas, poore Girle, I pittie thine estate,
That now thus long haste lin'd disconsolate;
Why now at length, yet let thy Heart relent,
And call thy Father backe from Banishment;
And with those Princely Honours here inuest him,
Of which, fond Loue, not Hate hath dispossest him.
Call from Exile thy deare Alies and Friends,
To whom the furie of my Griefe extends;
And if thou take my counsell in this case,
I make no doubt thou shalt haue better Grace:
And leaue thy *Dunmow*, that accursed Cell,
There let blacke Night and Melancholly dwell;
Come to the Court, where all Ioyes shall receiue thee,
And till that House, yet with my Griefe I leaue thee.

Annotation of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of King Iohn *to* Matilda, *is much more Poeticall then Historicall, making no mention at all of the Occurrents of the Time or State, touching onely his loue to her, and the extremitie of his Passions forced by his desires, rightly fashioning the Humour of this King, as hath beene truely noted by the most authenticall Writers: whose nature and disposition is trulyest discerned in the course of his Loue; first, gesting at the Ceremonies of the Seruices of those Times; then, going about by all strong and probable Arguments, to reduce her to Pleasures and Delights; next, with promises of Honour, which he thinketh to be the last and greatest Meanes, and to haue greatest power in her Sexe with promise of calling home of her Friends, which he thought might be a great inducement to his desires.*

Matilda

MATILDA to King IOHN.

NO sooner I receiu'd thy Letters here,
Before I knew from whom, or whence they were,
But sudden feare my bloudlesse veynes doth fill,
As though diuining of some furure ill:
And in a shiuering extasie I stood,
A chilly coldnesse ran through all my Blood;
Opening the Packet, I shut vp my rest,
And let strange Cares into my quiet Breast,
As though thy hard vnpittying Hand had sent me,
Some new deuised Torture to torment me.
Well had I hop'd, I had beene now forgot,
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;
And that proud Beautie which enforst me hether,
Had with my Name, bin perished together:
"But O (I see) our hoped Good deceiues vs,
"But what we would forgoe, that seldome leaues vs;
Thy blamefull Lines bespotted so with Sin,
Mine Eyes would cleanse, ere they to read begin:
But I to wash an Indian goe about,
For ill so hard set on, is hard got out.
I once determin'd, still to haue been mute,
Onely by Silence to refell thy Sute:
But this againe did alter mine intent,
For some will say, that Silence doth consent;
"Desire with small encouraging growes bold,
"And Hope of euery little thing takes hold.
I set me downe, at large to write my mind,
But now nor Pen, nor Paper can I find;
For still my passion is so powerfull o'r me,
That I discerne not things that stand before me:

Finding

Finding the Pen, the Paper, and the Waxe,
These at command, and now Inuention lacks:
This sentence serues, and That my hand out-strikes
That pleaseth well, and This as much mislikes,
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,
I enterline, I blot, correct, I note,
I hope, despaire, take courage, faint, disdaine,
I make, alledge, I imitate, I faine:
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,
Bold, shame-fac'd, feareless, doubtfull, timorous;
My faint Hand writing, when my full Eye reads,
From eu'ry word strange Passion still proceeds.
" O, when the Soule is fett'red once in Woe,
" 'Tis strange what Humors it doth force vs to!
A Teare doth drowne a Teare, Sigh, Sigh doth smother,
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:
Th'ouer-watched weakenesse of the sicke Conceit,
Is that which makes small Beautie seeme so great,
Like things which hid in troubled Waters lye,
Which crook'd, seeme straight, if straight, the contrarie:
And thus our vaine Imagination shewes it,
As it conceiues it, not as Iudgement knowes it:
(As in a Mirrour, if the same be true)
Such as your likenesse, iustly such are you:
But as you charge your selfe, it changeth there,
And shewes you as you are, not as you were;
And with your Motion doth your shadow moue,
If Frowne or Smile, such the conceit of Loue.
Why tell me is it possible the Mind
A Forme in all Deformitie should find?
Within the compasse of Mans Face we see,
How many sorts of seuerall Fauours bee;

And

And in the Chin, the Nose, Brow, the Eye,
The smallest Difference that you can descry,
Alters Proportion, altereth the Grace;
Nay, oft destroyes the Fauour of the Face:
And in the World, scarce Two so like their are,
One with the other, which if you compare,
But being set before you both together,
A iudging Sight doth soone distinguish either.
How Woman-like a Weakenesse is it then?
O, what strange madnesse so possesseth Men!
Bereft of Sense, such senseless Wonders seeing,
Without Forme, Fashion, Certaintie, or Being?
For which so many die, to liue in anguish,
Yet cannot liue, if thus they should not languish:
That Comfort yeelds not, and yet Hope denyes not,
A Life that liues not, and a Death that dyes not;
That hates vs most, when most, it speakes vs faire,
Doth promise all Things, alwayes payes with Ayre;
Yet sometime doth our greatest Griefe appease,
To double Sorrow after little Ease.
Like that which thy lasciuious Will doth craue,
Which if once had, thou neuer more canst haue;
Which if thou get, in getting thou do'st waste it;
Taken, is lost, and perish'd, if thou hast it:
Which if thou gain'st, thou ne'r the more hast wonne,
I losing nothing, yet am quite vndone;
And yet of that, if that a King depraue me,
No King restores, though he a Kingdome gaue me.

* Do'st thou of Father and of Friends depriue me?
And tak'st thou from me all that Heau'n did giue me?
What Nature clames by Bloud, Allies, or Neereneſſe,
Or Friendship challenge by regard or dearenesse,

Mak'st

Mak'ſt me a meane Orphan ere my Father die,
A wofull Widow in Virginitie?
Is thy vnbridled Luſt the cauſe of all?
And now thy flatt'ring Tongue bewayles my Fall,
The dead Mans Graue with fained Teares to fill,
So the deuouring Crocodile doth kill;
To harbour Hate, in ſhew of wholeſome Things,
So in the Roſe, the poyſoned Serpent ſtings;
To lurke farre off, yet lodge Deſtruction by,
The Baſiliske ſo poyſons with the Eye;
To call for Ayd, and then to lye in wait,
So the Hyena murthers by Deceit;
By ſweet Inticement, ſudden Death to bring,
So from the Rocks, th'alluring Mermaids ſing:
In greateſt Wants t'inflict the greateſt Woe,
Is cu'n the vtmoſt Tyrannie can doe.
But where (I ſee) the Tempeſt thus preuayles,
What vſe of Anchors, or what need we Sayles?
Aboue vs, bluſt'ring Winds and dreadfull Thunder,
The Waters gape for our Deſtruction vnder;
Here, on this ſide, the furious Billowes flye,
There Rocks, there Sands, and dang'rous Whirle-pooles (lye.
Is this the meane that Mightineſſe approues?
And in this ſort doe Princes woo their Loues?
Mildneſſe would better ſuite with Maieſtie,
Then raſh Reuenge and rough Seueritie.
O, in what Safetie Temperance doth reſt,
Obtayning Harbour in a ſoueraigne Breſt!
Which, if ſo prayſefull in the meaneſt Men,
In pow'rfull Kings how glorious is it then?
* Fled I firſt hither, hoping to haue ayd,
Here thus to haue mine Innocence betrayd?

Is Court and Countrey both her Enemie,
And no place found to shrowd in Chastitie?
Each House for Lust a Harbour, and an Inne;
And ev'ry Citie a Receit for Sinne?
And all doe pittie Beautie in distresse;
If Beautie chaste, then onely pittiesse:
Thus is she made the instrument to Ill
And vnrelieu'd, may wander where she will.
Lasciuious Poets, which abuse the Truth,
Which oft teach Age to sinne, infecting Youth,
For the vnchaste, make Trees and Stones to mourne,
Or as they please, to other shapes doe turne:
Cinyra's Daughter, whose incestuous Mind,
Made her wrong Nature, and dishonour Kind,
Long since by them is turn'd into a Myrrhe,
Whose dropping Liquor euer weepes for her;
And in a Fountaine, *Biblis* doth deplore
Her Fault so vile and monsterous before:
Silla, which once her Father did betray,
Is now a Bird (if all be true they say.)
She that with *Phœbus* did the foule Offence,
Now metamorphos'd into Frankincense:
Other, to Flowers, to Odors, and to Gumme;
At least, *Ioues* Leman is a Starre become:
And more, they faine a thousand fond Excuses,
To cloud their Scapes, and couer their Abuses;
The Virgin onely they obscure and hide,
Whilst the vnchaste by them are deify'd,
And if by them a Virgin be expreſt,
She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.
I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last;
Time hath those Features vtterly defac'd,

And

And all those Beauties which sat on my Brow,
Thou wouldst not thinke such euer had beene now;
And glad I am that time with me is done,
* Vowing my selfe religiously a Nunne:
My Vestall Habite me contenting more,
Then all the Robes adorning me before.
Had *Rosamond* (a Recluse of our sort)
Taken our Cloyster, left the wanton Court,
Shadowing that Beautie with a holy Vale,
Which she (alas) too loosely set to sale,
Shee need not, like an vgly Minotaur,
Haue beene lock'd vp from iealous *Elinor*,
But beene as famous by thy Mothers Wrongs,
As by thy Father subiect to all Tongues.
" To shaddow Sinne, Might can the most pretend,
" Kings, but the Conscience, all things can defend.
A stronger Hand restraynes our wilfull pow'rs,
A Will must rule aboue this Will of ours,
Not following what our vaine Desires doe woo
For Vertues sake, but what we (onely) doe.
And hath my Father chose to liue exil'd,
Before his Eyes should see my Youth defil'd;
* And to withstand a Tyrants lewd desire,
Beheld his Townes spent in reuengefull Fire:
Yet neuer touch'd with Griefe; so onely I,
Exempt from shame, might honourably die?
And shall this Iewell, which so dearely cost,
Be after all, by my Dishonour lost?
No, no, each reuerend Word, each holy Teare
Of his in me too deepe Impression beare,
His latest farwell, at his last depart,
More deepely is ingraued in my Heart;

Nor ſhall that Blot, by me, his Name ſhall haue
Bring his gray haires with ſorrow to the Graue,
Better his Teares as fall vpon my Tombe,
Than for my Birth to curſe my Mothers Wombe.
❧ Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can giue my Bodie Buriall.
If all remorſeleſſe, no Teares-ſhedding Eye,
My Selfe will moane my Selfe, ſo liue, ſo die.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

THis Epiſtle containeth no particular Points of Hiſtorie more then the generalitie of the Argument layeth open: for after the Baniſhment of the Lord Robert Fitz-water, *and that* Matilda *was become a Recluſe at* Dunmow (*from whence this Reply is imagined to be written*) *the King ſtill earneſtly perſiſting in his Sute,* Matilda *with this chaſte and conſtant Denyall, hopes yet at length to finde ſome comfortable Remedie, and to rid her ſelfe of Doubts, by taking vpon her Monaſticke Habit: and to ſhew, that ſhee ſtill beareth in minde his former Crueltie, bred by the impatience of his Luſt, ſhee remembreth of her Fathers Baniſhment, and the lawleſſe Exile of her Alies and Friends.*

Do'ſt thou of Father and of Friends depriue me,

Then complaining of her Diſtreſſe; that flying thither, thinking there to find Reliefe, ſhe ſeeth her ſelfe moſt aſſayled, where ſhee hoped to haue found moſt Safetie.

Fled I ſith hither hoping to haue ayd,
Here thus, &c.

After againe ſtanding vpon the preciſe Points of Conſcience, not to caſt off this Habit ſhe had taken.

Vowing my ſelfe religiouſly a Nunne.

And at laſt, laying open more particularly the Miſeries ſuſtained by her Father in England, *the Burning of his Caſtles and Houſes; which ſhee proueth to be for her ſake; as reſpecting onely her Honour, more then his Natiue Country, and his owne Fortunes.*

And to withſtand a Tyrants lewd deſire,
Beheld his Townes ſpent in reuengefull Fire.

Knitting vp her Epiſtle with a great and conſtant Reſolution.

Though *Dunmow* giue no refuge here at all,
Dunmow can giue my Bodie Buriall.

FINIS

Queene

QVEENE ISABEL
To MORTIMER.

THE ARGVMENT.

Faire Isabell, Edward *the Second's Queene*,
Philip *of France his Daughter*; *for the Spleene*
She bare her Husband, for that he affected
Lascinious Minions, and her Loue neglected;
Drew to her Fauour (*striuing to preferre*)
That valiant young Lord Roger Mortimer:
Who with the Barons rose; *but wanting Power*,
Was taken and imprisoned in the Tower.
But by a sleepie Drinke which she prepar'd,
And at a Banquet giuen to his Guard,
He makes escape: *to whom*, *to* France *she sends*;
Who thence to her his Seruice recommends.

THough such sweet comfort comes not now from hier,
As *England* Queene hath sent to *Mortimer*:
Yet what that wants (may it my Power approue,
If Lines can bring) this shall supply with Loue.
Me thinkes Affliction should not fright me so,
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of Woe;
But when I faine would find the cause of this,
Thy absence shewes me where my Error is.

Oft when I thinke of thy departing hence,
Sad Sorrow thence possesseth eu'ry Sense:
But finding thy deare Bloud preseru'd thereby,
And in thy Life, my long-wish'd Libertie,
With that sweet Thought, my selfe I onely please,
Amidst my Griefe, which sometimes giues me ease;
Thus doe extremest Ills a Ioy possesse,
And one Woe makes another Woe seeme lesse.
That blessed Night, that mild-aspected Howre,
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Towre,
Shall consecrated euermore remaine;
Some gentle Planet in that Houre did raigne;
And shall be happie in the Birth of Men,
Which was chiefe Lord of the Ascendent then.
✻ O how I fear'd, that sleepie Iuyce I sent,
Might yet want power to further thine Intent!
Or that some vnseene Mysterie might lurke,
Which wanting order, kindly should not worke:
Oft did I wish those dreadfull poys'ned Lees,
Which clos'd the euer-waking Dragons Eyes;
Or I had those Sense-bereauing Stalkes,
That grow in shadie *Proserpin's* darke Walkes;
Or those blacke Weeds on *Lethe* Bankes below,
Or *Lunarie*, that doth on *Latmus* flow.
Oft did I feare this moist and foggie Clime,
Or that the Earth, wax'd barren now with time,
Should not haue Herbes to helpe me in this case,
Such as doe thriue on *India's* parched Face.
That Morrow, when the blessed Sunne did rise,
And shut the Lids of all Heauens lesser Eyes,
Forth from my Palace by a secret Stayre,
✻ I stole to *Thames*, as though to take the Ayre;

And

And ask'd the gentle Floud, as it doth glide?
If thou didst passe or perish by the Tide?
If thou didst perish, I desire the Streame,
To lay thee softly on his Siluer Teame,
And bring thee to me, to the quiet Shore, (more.
That with his Teares thou might'st haue some Teares
When suddenly doth rise a rougher Gale:
With that (me thinkes) the troubled Waues looke pale,
And sighing with that little Gust that blowes,
With this remembrance seeme to knit their Browes.
Euen as this sudden Passion doth affright me,
The chearfull Sunne breakes from a Cloud to light me:
Then doth the Bottome euident appeare,
As it would shew me, that thou wast not there;
When as the Water flowing where I stand,
Doth seeme to tell me, thou art safe on Land.

✲ Did *Bulloyne* once a Festiuall prepare,
For *England*, *Almaine*, *Cicill*, and *Nauarre*?
When *France* enui'd those Buildings (onely blest)
Grac'd with the Orgies of my Bridall Feast,
That *English Edward* should refuse my Bed,
For that lasciuious shamelesse *Ganimed*?
✲ And in my place, vpon his Regall Throne,
To set that Girle-Boy, wanton *Gaueston*.
Betwixt the feature of my Face and his,
My Glasse assures me no such difference is,
✲ That a foule Witches Bastard should thereby
Be thought more worthie of his Loue then I.
What doth auaile vs to be Princes Heires,
When we can boast, our Birth is onely theirs?
When base dissembling Flatterers shall deceiue vs
Of all that our great Ancestors did leaue vs:

✻ And of our Princely Iewels and our Dowries,
Let vs enioy the least of what is ours;
Whē Minions Heads must weare our Monarchs Crownes,
To rayse vp Dunghils with our famous Townes;
Those Beggers-Brats, wrapt in our rich Perfumes,
Their Buzzard-wings, imp'd with our Eagles Plumes;
✻ And match'd with the braue Issue of our Blood,
Ally the Kingdome to their craued Brood.
Did *Long-shanks* purchause with his conq'ring Hand,
✻ *Albania, Gascoyne, Cambria, Ireland?*
That young *Carnaruan* (his vnhappie Sonne)
✻ Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a Stranger, proudly bearing downe
The braue Allies and Branches of the Crowne?
✻ And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed giue
This Charge to them which after-wards should liue,
That, that proud *Gaueston* banished the Land,
No more should tread vpon the *English* Sand?
And haue these great Lords in the Quarell stood,
And seal'd his last Will with their dearest blood?
✻ That after all this fearefull Massacre,
The Fall of *Beauchamp, Lacy Lancaster,*
Another faithlesse Fauourite should arise,
Nor could the Sunne of our Nobilities?
✻ And glorie I in *Gauestons* great Fall,
That now a *Spenser* should succeed in all?
And that his Ashes should another breed,
Which in his Place and Empire should succeed;
That wanting One, a Kingdomes Wealth to spend,
Of what that left, this now shall make an end;
To waste all that our Father wonne before,
Nor leaue our Sonne a Sword, to conquer more?

Thus

Thus but in vaine we fondly doe reſiſt,
" Where Power can doe (e'n) all things as it liſt,
" And of our Right, with Tyrants to debate.
" Lendeth them meanes to weaken our Eſtate.
Whilſt Parlaments muſt remedie their Wrongs,
And we muſt wait for what to vs belongs:
Our Wealth but Fuell to their fond Exceſſe,
And all our Faſts muſt feaſt their Wantonneſſe.
Think'ſt thou our Wrongs then inſufficient are,
To moue our Brother to religious Warre?
* And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Ponthieu*, *Guyne*, and *Aquitaine*:
And if not that, yet hath he broke the Truce;
Thus all accurre, to put backe all excuſe.
The Siſters Wrong, ioyn'd with the Brothers Right,
Me thinkes, might vrge him in this cauſe to fight.
Be all thoſe People ſenſeleſſe of our Harmes,
Which for our Country oft haue manag'd Armes?
Is the braue *Normans* Courage quite forgot?
Haue the bold *Britans* loſt the vſe of Shot?
The big-bon'd *Almans*, and ſtout *Brabanders*,
Their Warlike Pikes, and ſharpe-edg'd Semiters?
Or doe the *Picards* let their Croſſe-bowes lie
Once like the Centaurs of old *Theſſalie*?
Or if a valiant Leader be their lacke,
Where Thou art preſent, who ſhould beat them backe?
I doe coniure Thee, by what is moſt deare,
By that great Name of famous *Mortimer*,
* By ancient *Wigmors* honourable Creſt,
The Tombes where all thy famous Grandſires reſt,
Or if then theſe, what more may Thee approue,
Eu'n by thoſe Vowes of thy vnfained Loue;

In all thou canst to stirre the Christian King,
By forraine Armes some Comfort yet to bring,
To curbe the Power of Traytors that rebell,
Against the Right of Princely *Isabell*.
Vaine witlesse Woman, why should I desire
To adde more heate to thy Immortall fire?
To vrge thee by the violence of Hate,
To shake the pillars of thine owne Estate,
When whatsoeuer we intend to doe,
Our most Misfortune euer forteth too;
And nothing else remaynes for vs beside,
But Teares and Coffins (onely) to prouide?
✻ When still, so long as *Burrough* beares that name,
Time shall not blot our our deserued shame;
And whilst cleare *Trent* her wouted course shall keepe,
For our sad Fall she euermore shall weepe.
All see our Ruine on our Backes is throwne,
And we too weake to beare it out, are growne.
✻ *Torlton*, that should our Businesse direct,
The generall Foe doth vehemently suspect:
" For dangerous Things get hardly to their End,
" Whereon so many watchfully attend.
What should I say? My Griefes doe still renew,
And but begin, when I should bid Adiew.
Few be my Words, but manifould my Woe,
And still I stay, the more I striue to goe.
Then till faire Time some greatest Good affords,
Take my Loues-payment in these ayrie Words.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

O, how I fear'd that sleepie luice I sent,
Might yet want power to further mine intent

MOrtimer *being in the* Tower, *and ordayning a Feast in honour of his Birth-day, as he pretended, and inuiting thereunto*

sir

Sir Stephen Segraue, *Conſtable of the* Tower, *with the reſt of the Offices belonging to the ſame, he gaue them a ſlepie Drinke, prouided him by the Queene, by which meanes he got libertie for his Eſcape.*

I ſtole to *Thames*, as though to take the Ayre,
And ask'd the gentle Floud as it doth glide.

Mortimer *being got out of the* Tower, *ſwam the Riuer of* Thames, *into* Kent; *whereof ſhe hauing intelligence, doubteth of his ſtrength to eſcape, by reaſon of his long impriſonment, being almoſt the ſpace of three yeeres.*

Did *Bulloyne* once a Feſtiuall prepare,
For *England, Almaine, Ciuill*, and *Nauarre*?

Edward Carnaruon, *the firſt Prince of* Wales *of the* Engliſh *Bloud married* Iſabel *Daughter of* Philip *the Faire, at* Bulloine, *in the preſence of the Kings of* Almaine, Nauarre, *and* Cicill, *with the chiefe Nobil tie of* France *and* England: *Which Marriage was there ſolemnized with exceeding Pompe and Magnificence.*

And in my place, vpon his Regall Throne,
To ſet that Girle-boy, wanton *Gaueſton*.

Noting the effeminacie and luxurious wantonneſſe of Gaueſton, *the Kings Minion; his Behauiour and Attire ſo Woman like, to pleaſe the Eyes of his laſciuious Maſter.*

That a ſoule Witches Baſtard ſhould thereby.

It was vrged by the Queene and the Nobilitie, in the diſgrace of Pierce Gaueſtone, *that his Mother was conuicted of Witch-craft, and burned for the ſame, and that* Pirce *had bewitched the King.*

And of our Princely Iewels and our Dowres,
Let vs enioy the leaſt of what is ours.

A Complaint of the Prodigalitie of King Edward, *giuing vnto* Gaueſton *the Iewels and Treaſure which was left him by the ancient Kings of* England, *and enriching him with the goodly Mannor of* Wallinford, *aſſigned as parcell of the Dower to the Queenes of this famous Ile.*

And match'd with the braue Iſſue of our Blood,
Allie the Kingdome to their crauand Brood.

Edward *the ſecond gaue to* Pierce Gaueſton *in Mariage the Daughter of* Gilbert Clare, *Earle of* Gloceſtor, *begot of the Kings ſiſter*, Ione *of* Acres, *married to the ſaid Earle of* Gloceſtor.

Albina,

Albania, Gaſcoine, Cambria, Ireland.

Albania, Scotland, *ſo called of* Albanact, *the third ſonne of* Brutus; *and* Cambria, Wales, *ſo called of* Cambar *the ſecond ſonne. The foure Realmes and Countries brought in ſubiection by* Edward Long ſhankes.

Should giue away all that his Father wonne,
To backe a ſtranger.

King Edward *offered his Right in* France *to* Charles *his Brother in Law, and his Right in* Scotland *to* Robert Bruſe, *to be ayded againſt the Barons in the Quarrell of* Pierce Gaueſton.

And did great *Edward* on his Death-bed giue.

Edward Long-ſhankes *on his Death-bed at* Carlile, *commanded young* Edward *his ſonne, on his Bleſſing, not to call backe* Gaueſton, *which (for miſguiding of the Princes Youth) was before baniſhed by the whole Counſell of the Land.*

That after all this fearfull Maſſaker,
The Fall of *Beauchamp, Lacie, Lancaſter.*

Thomas, *Earle of* Lancaſter, Guy, *Earle of* Warwick, *and* Henry *Earle of* Lincolne, *who had taken their Oathes before the deceaſed King vr his Death, to withſtand his ſonne* Edward, *if he ſhould call* Gaueſton *from exile, being a thing which he much feared, now ſeeing* Edward *to violate his Fathers Commandement, roſe in Armes againſt the King, which was the cauſe of the Ciuill Warre, and the ruine of ſo many Princes.*

And gloried I in *Gauſtons* great Fall,
That now a *Spencer* ſhould ſucceed in all?

The two Hugh Spenſers, *the Father and the Sonne, after the Death of* Gaueſton, *became the great Fauourites of the King, the Sonne being created by him Lord Chamberlaine, and the Father of* Wincheſter.

And if they were, yet *Edward* doth detaine
Homage for *Pontiu, Guyne* and *Aquitaine.*

Edward Long ſhankes *did homage for thoſe Cities and Territories, to the* French *King, which* Edward *the ſecond neglecting, moued the* French *King, by the ſubornation of* Mortimer, *to ſeize thoſe Countries into his hands.*

By ancient *Wigmors* honourable Creſt.

Wigmore, *in the Marches of* Wales *was the ancient Houſe of the* Mortimers, *that noble and Couragious Family.*

When

When ſtill ſo long as *Burrough* beares that name.

The Queene remembreth the great Ouerthrow giuen to the Barons by Andrew Herckley, *Earle of* Cathil, *at* Burrough *Bridge, after the Battell at* Burton.

Torlton, that ſhould our Buſineſſe direct.

This was Adam Torlton *Biſhop of* Hereford, *that great Politician who ſo highly fauoured the Faction of the Queene and* Mortimer; *whoſe euill counſell afterward wrought the deſtruction of the King.*

MORTIMER *to Queene* ISABEL.

AS thy Salutes my Sorrowes doe adiourne,
So backe to thee their int'reſt I returne;
Though not in ſo great Bountie (I confeſſe)
As thy Heroicke Princely Lines expreſſe:
For how ſhould Comfort iſſue from the Breath
❧ Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp for Death?
From Murthers Rage thou didſt me once reprriue;
Now in Exile, my Hopes thou do'ſt reuiue:
❧ Twice all was taken, twice thou all didſt giue,
And thus twice dead, thou mak'ſt me twice to liue:
This double life of mine, your onely due,
You gaue to me; I giue it backe to you.
No'r my Eſcape had I aduenue'd thus,
As did the Skie-attempring *Dedalus*;
And yet to giue more ſafetie to my flight,
Did make a Night of Day, a Day of Night:
Nor had I backt the proud aſpiring Wall,
Which held without my Hopes, within my Fall,

Leauing

Leauiug the Cords to tell where I had gone,
For gazers with much feare to looke vpon;
But that thy Beaute (by a power diuine)
Breath'd a new Life into this Spirit of mine,
Drawne by the Sunne of thy celestiall Eyes,
With fierie Wings, which bare me through the Skies.
The Heau'ns did seeme the charge of me to take,
And Sea and Land befriend me for thy sake;
Thames stop'd his Tide, to make me way to goe,
As thou hadst charg'd him that it should be so.
The hollow murm'ring Winds their due time kept,
As they had rock'd the World, while all things slept;
One Billow bare me, and another draue me,
This stroue to helpe me, and that stroue to saue me;
The brissling Reeds mou'd with soft Gales, did chide me,
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide me:
The pale-fac'd Night beheld thy heauie cheare,
And would not let one little Starre appeare,
But ouer all her smoakie Mantle hurl'd,
And in thicke Vapours muffled vp the World;
And the said Ayre became so calme and still,
As it had beene obedient to my will;
And euery thing disposd it to my Rest,
As on the Seas when t'*Halcion* builds her Nest,
When those rough Waues, which late with Furie rush'd,
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd;
Nor *Neptune* lets his Surges out so long,
As Nature is in bringing forth For Yong.

❧ Ne're let the *Spencers* glorie in my Chance.
In that I liue an Exile here in *France*.
That I from *England* banished should be,
But *England* rather banished from me:

More

More where her want, *France* our great Bloud should
Then *Englands* losse can be to *Mortimer*. (beare,
* My Grandsire was the first, since *Arthurs* raigne
That the Round-Table rectified againe:
To whose great Court at *Kenelworth* did come,
The peereleſſe Knighthood of all *Chriſtendome*;
Whose Princely Order honour'd *England* more,
Then all the Conqueſts she atchieu'd before.
Neuer durſt *Scot* set foot on *Engliſh* Ground,
Nor on his Backe did *Engliſh* beare a Wound,
Whilſt *Wigmore* flouriſh'd in our Princely Hopes,
And whilſt our Enſignes march'd with *Edwards* Troopes:
* Whilſt famous *Long-ſhanks* Bones (in Fortunes ſcorne)
As ſacred Reliques to the Field were borne:
Nor euer did the valiant *Engliſh* doubt,
Whilſt our braue Battels guarded them about;
Nor did our Wiues and wofull Mothers mourne
* The *Engliſh* Bloud that ſtayned *Banocksbourne*,
Whilſt with his Minions ſporting in his Tent,
Whole Dayes and Nights in Banquetting were ſpent;
Vntill the *Scots* (which vnder Safegard ſtood)
Made lauiſh Hauocke of the *Engliſh* Blood:
Whoſe batt'red Helmes lay ſcatt'red on the Shore,
Where they in Conqueſt had beene borne before.
A thouſand Kingdomes will we ſeeke from farre,
As many Nations waſte with Ciuill Warre,
Where the diſheuel'd gaſtly Sea-Nymph ſings,
Or well-rig'd Ships ſhall ſtretch their ſwelling Wings,
And brag their Anchors through the ſandie Fome,
About the World in eu'ry Clime to rome,
And thoſe vnchriſt'ned Countries call our owne,
Where ſcare the Name of *England* hath been knowne:

* And

* And in the dead Sea ſinke our Houſes Fame,
From whoſe vaſte Depth we firſt deriu'd our Name;
Before foule-blacke-mouth'd Infamie ſhall ſing,
That *Mortimer* ere ſtoop'd vnto a King.
And we will turne ſtearne-viſag'd Furie backe,
To ſeeke his Spoyle, who ſought our vtter Sacke;
And come to beare him in our Natiue Ile,
Ere he march forth to follow our Exile:
And after all theſe boyſt'rous ſtormie Shockes
Yet will we grapple with the chaulkie Rocks,
Nor will we ſteale like Pyrats, or like Theeues
From Mountaines, Forreſts, or Sea-bordring Cleeues
But fright the Ayre with Terror (when we come)
Of the ſterne Trumpet, and the bellowing Drum:
And in the Field aduance our plumie Creſt,
And march vpon faire *Englands* flowrie Breſt.
And *Thames*, which once we for our life did ſwim;
Shaking our dewie Treſſes on his Brim,
Shall beare my Nauie vanting in her Pride,
Falling From *Thames* with the powerfull Tide:
Which fertile *Eſſex*, and faire *Kent* ſhall ſee,
Spreading her flags along the pleaſant Lee,
When on her ſtemming Pope ſhee proudly beares
The famous Enſignes of the *Belgicke* peeres.
And for that hatefull Sacrilegious ſinne,
Which by the Pope he ſtands accurſed in,
The Cannon Text ſhall haue a common Gloſſe,
Receits in parcels, ſhall be paid in Groſſe:
This Doctrine preach'd *Who from the Church doth take,*
At leaſt ſhall treble Reſtitution make.
For which *Rome* ſends her Curſes out from farre,
Through the ſterne Throat of Terror-breathing Warr;
Till

Till to th'vnpeopled Shores ſhe brings Supplies,
✻ Of thoſe induſtrious *Roman* Colonies,
And for his Homage, by which of old,
Proud *Edward Guyne* and *Aquitaine* doth hold,
✻ *Charles* by inuaſiue Armes againe ſhall take,
And ſend the *Engliſh* Forces o'r the Lake.
When *Edwards* Fortune ſtands vpon this Chance,
To loſe in *England*, or to forfait *France*;
And all thoſe Townes great *Long-ſhanks* left his Sonne,
Now loſt, which once he fortunately wonne,
Within their ſtrong Port cullizd Ports ſhall lye,
And from their Walls his Sieges ſhall defie:
And by that firme and vndiſſolued Knot,
Betwixt their neighb'ring *French*, and bord'ring *Scot*,
Bruſe ſhall bring on his *Red-ſhanks* from the Seas,
From th'Iled *Orcads*, and the *Ebbides*,
And to his Weſterne Hauens giue free paſſe,
To land the *Kerne* and *Iriſh Galiglaſſe*,
Marching from *Tweed* to ſwelling *Humber* Sands,
Waſting along the Northerne Nether-Lands.
And wanting thoſe which ſhould his Power ſuſtainne,
Conſum'd with Slaughter in his Bloudie Raigne,
Our Warlike Sword ſhall driue him from his Throne,
Where he ſhall lye for vs to tread vpon.
✻ And thoſe great Lords, now after their Attaints,
Canonized amongſt the *Engliſh* Saints,
And by the ſuperſtitious People thought,
That by their Reliques, Miracles are wrought:
And thinke that Floud much vertue doth retaine,
Which tooke the Bloud of famous *Bohun* ſlaine;
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,
Shall make the People more abhorre their King.

Nor

Nor shall a *Spenser* (be he ne're so great)
Possesse our *Wigmore*, our renowmed Seat,
To raze the ancient Trophies of our Race,
With our deserts their Monuments to grace:
Nor shall he lead our valiant *Marchers* forth,
To make the *Spencers* famous in the *North*;
Nor be the Guardants of the *British* Pales,
Defending *England*, and preseruing *Wales*.
At first our Troubles easily recul'd,
But now growne head-strong, hardly to be rul'd;
Deliberate counsell needs vs to direct,
Where not (eu'n) plainnesse frees vs from suspect:
By those Mishaps our Errors that attend,
Let vs our Faults ingenuously amend.
Then (Deare) represse all peremptorie Spleene,
Be more then Woman, as you are a Queene:
Smother those Sparkes, which quickly else would burne,
Till time produce what now it doth adiourne.
Till when, great Queene, I leaue you (though a while)
Liue you in rest, nor pittie my Exile.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Of one condemn'd, and long lodg'd vp for death.

ROger Mortimer, *Lord of* Wigmore, *had stood publike condemned, for his Insurrection with* Thomas *Earle of* Lancaster, *and* Bohune *Earle of* Hereford, *by the space of three Moneths: and as the report went, the day of his Execution was determined to haue beene shortly, which he preuented by his escape.* 1

Twice all was taken, twice thou all didst giue.

At what time the two Mortimers, *this* Roger *Lord of* Wigmore *and his vncle* Roger Mortimer *the elder, were apprehended in the West, the Queene by meanes of* Torlton, *Bishop of* Hertford, *and* Becke, *Bishop of* Duresme *and Patriarke of* Ierusalem, *being then both mightie in the*

State

State, vpon the submission of the Mortimers, *somewhat pacified the King, and now secondly shee wrought meanes for his escape.*

Leauing the Cords, to tell where I had gone.

With strong Laddars made of Cords, prouided him for the purpose, hee escaped out of the Tower; *which when the same were found fastened to the Walls, in such desperate Attempt, they bred astonishment in the Beholders.*

Ne'r let the *Spensers* glorie in my chance

The two Huge Spensers, *the Father and the Sonne, then being so highly fauoured of the King, knew that their greatest safetie came by his Exile, whose high and turbulent Spirit could neuer brooke any Corriuall in Greatnesse.*

My Grandfire was the first since *Arthurs* raigne,
That the Round Table rectified againe.

Roger mortimer, *called the great Lord* Mortimer, *Grandfather to this* Roger, *which was afterward the first Earle of* March, *erected againe the Round Table at* Kenelworth, *after the ancient Order of King* Arthurs *Table, with the Retinue of an hundred Knights, and an hundred Ladies in his House, for the entertaining of such Aduenturers as came thither from all parts of* Christendome.

Whilest famous *Longshankes* Bones (in Fortunes scorne.)

Edward Longshankes *willed at his Death, that his Bodie should bee broyled, the Flesh from the Bones, and that the Bones should be borne to the Warres in* Scotland, *which he was perswaded vnto by a Prophecie, which told, That the* English *should still be fortunate in Conquest, so long as his Bones were carried in the Feild.*

The *English* Bloud that stayned *Banocksburne.*

In the great Voyage Edward *the second made against the* Scots, *at the Battell at* Striueling, *neere vnto the Riuer of* Banocksburne *in* Scotland, *there was in the* English *Campe such Banquetting & Excesse, such Riot and Misorder, that the* Scots (*who in the meane time laboured for Aduantage*) *gaue to the* English *a great Ouerthrow.*

And in the Dead-Sea sinke our Houses Fame.
From whose &c.

Mortimer, *so called of* Mare Mortuum, *and in* French Mortimer, *in* English *the* Dead-Sea, *which is said to bee where* Sodome *and* Gomorrha *once were, before they were destroyed with fire from Heauen.*

And for that hatefull sacrilegious sinne,
Which by the Pope he stands accurst in.

Gaustellinus and Lucas, two Cardinales, sent into England *from Pope* Clement, *to appease the ancient Hate betweene the King and* Thomas *Earle of* Lancaster; *to whose Embassie the King seemed to yeeld, but after their departure he went backe from his Promises, for the which he was accursed at* Rome.

Of those industrious *Roman* Colonies.

A Colonie is a sort or number of People, that come to inhabit a place before not inhabited; whereby he seemes here to propheſie of the subuersion of the Land, the Pope ioyning with the Power of other Princes against Edward, *for the breach of his Promise.*

Charles by inuasiue Armes against shall take.

Charles *the* French *King, moued by the Wrong done vnto his Sister, seiseth the Prouinces which belonged to the King of* England *into his hands, stirred the rather thereto by* Mortimer, *who sollicited her cause in* France, *as is expressed before in the other Epistle, in the Gloſſe vpon this Point.*

And those great Lords now after their Attaints,
Canonized among the *English* Saints.

After the death of Thomas *Earle of* Lancaster *at* Pomfret, *the People imagined great Miracles to be done by his Reliques; as they did of the Lady of* Bohune, *Earle of* Hereford, *slaine at* Burrough *Bridge.*

EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE Countesse of *Salisbury.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Count Salisburie, *a graue and prudent Lord,*
Diſpatch'd for France, *was ſcarſely gone aboord,*
But the Scots *hearing that hee was away,*
Beſieg'd the Caſtle where his Ladie lay
Edward *the Blacke Prince, with an Armie ſent*
Tremoue the Foe beholding from his Tent
Her walking on the Battlement aboue,
With the faire Countesſe ſtrangely falls in loue.
Her Noble Husband not long after dy'd;
When he, who thought he ſhould not be deny'd,
Courts her by Letters, and thus writeth to her;
She in her Anſwer, checks him ſo to woo her.

* REceiue theſe Papers from thy wofull Lord, (ſtor'd
With farre more Woes, thē they with Words are
Which if thine Eye for raſhneſſe doe reproue,
They'le ſay they came from that imperious Loue.
In euery Line well may'ſt thou vnderſtand,
Which Loue hath ſign'd and ſealed with his Hand;
And where to farther proceſſe he referres,
In Blots ſet downe to thee for Characters. This

This cannot bluſh, although you doe refuſe it,
Nor will reply, how-euer you ſhall vſe it;
All's one to this, though you ſhould bid Deſpaire,
This ſtill entreats you, this ſtill ſpeakes you faire.
Haſt thou a liuing Soule, a humane Senſe,
To like, diſlike, proue, order, and diſpence?
The depth of Reaſon, ſoundly to aduiſe,
To loue things good, things hurtfull to deſpiſe?
The touch of Iudgement, which ſhould all things proue,
Haſt thou all this, yet not allow'ſt my Loue;
Sound moues a Sound, Voyce doth beget a Voyce,
One Eccho makes another to reioyce;
One well-tun'd String ſet truely to the like,
Strucke neere at hand, doth make another ſtrike.
How comes it then, that our Affections iarre?
What Oppoſition doth beget this Warre?
I knowe, that Nature frankely to thee gaue
That meaſure of her Bountie that I haue?
And as to me, ſhe likewiſe to thee lent,
For eu'ry Senſe a ſeuerall Inſtrument:
But eu'ry one, becauſe it is thine owne,
Doth prize it ſelfe, vnto it ſelfe alone.
Thy daintie Hand, when it it ſelfe doth touch,
That feeling tells it, that there is none ſuch:
When in thy Glaſſe thine Eye it ſelfe doth ſee,
That thinkes there's none like to it ſelfe can bee;
And eu'ry one doth iudge it ſelfe diuine:
Becauſe that thou do'ſt challenge it for thine:
And each it ſelfe *Narciſſus*-like doth ſmother,
Louing it ſelfe, nor cares for any other.
Fie, be not burn'd thus in thine owne deſire,
'Tis needleſſe Beautie ſhould it ſelfe admire:
"The Sunne, by which all Creatures light'ned be,
"And ſeeth all, it ſelfe yet cannot ſee;

" And his owne brightneſſe his owne foile is made,
" And is to vs the cauſe of his owne ſhade.
When firſt thy beautie by mine Eye was prou'd
It ſaw not then ſo much to be belou'd;
But when it came a perfect View to take,
Each Looke of one, doth many beauties make:
In little Circlets firſt it doth ariſe,
Then ſomewhat larger ſeeming in mine Eyes;
And in this gyring compaſſe as it goes,
So more and more the ſame in greatneſſe growes;
And as it yet at libertie is let,
The motions ſtill doth other Formes beget;
Vntill at length, looke any way I could,
Nothing there was but Beautie to behold.
Art thou offended, that thou art belou'd?
Remoue the cauſe, the effect is ſoone remou'd;
Indent with Beautie how farre to extend,
Set downe Deſire a Limit where to end;
Then charme thine Eyes, that they no more may wound,
And limit Loue to keepe within a Bound.
If thou doe this, nay then thou ſhalt doe more,
And bring to paſſe what neuer was before;
Make Anguiſh portiue, crauing all Delight,
Mirth ſolemne, ſullen, and inclin'd to Night,
Ambition lowly, Envie ſpeaking well,
Loue, his Reliefe, for Niggardize to ſell.
Our Warlike fathers did theſe Forts deuiſe,
As ſureſt Holds againſt our Enemies,
Places wherein your Sex might ſafely reſt.
" Feare ſoone is ſettled in a Womans Breaſt:
Thy Breſt is of another temper farre,
And then thy Caſtle fitter for the Warre;

Thou

Thou do'ſt not ſafely in thy Caſtle reſt,
Thy Caſtle ſhould be ſafer in thy Breſt:
That keepes out Foes, but doth thy Friends incloſe,
But thy Breſt keepes out both thy Friends and Foes:
That maybe batter'd, or be vndermin'd,
Or by ſtraight ſiege for want of ſuccour pin'd;
But thy Heart is inuincible to all,
And more obdurate then thy Caſtle Wall,
Of all the ſhapes that euer *Ioue* did proue,
Wherewith he vs'd to entertaine his Loue,
That likes me beſt, when in a golden Showre,
He rain'd himſelfe on *Danae* in her Towre;
Nor did I euer enuie his Command,
In that he beares the Thunder in his Hand:
But in that ſhowrie ſhape I cannot bee,
And as he came to her, I come to thee.

Thy Tower with Foes is not begirt about,
If thou within, they are beſieg'd without;
One Haire of thine, more vigour doth retaine,
To bind thy Foe, then any yron Chayne:
Who might be gyu'd in ſuch a golden String,
Would not be captiue, though he were a King.

Hadſt thou all *India* heap'd vp in thy Fort,
And thou thy ſelfe beſieged in that ſort,
Get thou but out, where they can thee eſpie,
They'le follow thee, and let the Treaſure lie.
I cannot thinke what force thy Tower ſhould win,
If thou thy ſelfe do'ſt guard the ſame within;
Thine Eye retaines Artillerie at will,
To kill who-euer thou deſir'ſt to kill;
For that alone more deeply wounds Mens Hearts,
Then they can thee, though with a thouſand Darts;

For there intrenched, little *Cupid* lyes,
And from those Turrets all the World defies:
* And when thou let'st downe that transparent Lid,
Of Entrance, there an Armie doth forbid.
And as for Famine, thou need'st neuer feare;
Who thinks of Want when thou art present there?
Thy onely sight puts Spirit into the bloud,
And comforts Life, without the taste of Food.
And as thy Souldiers keepe their watch and ward,
Thy Chastitie thy inward Breast doth guard:
Thy modest Pulse serues as a Larum Bell,
Which watched by some wakefull Sentinell,
Is stirring still with euery little Feare,
Warning if any Enemie be neare.
Thy vertuous Thoughts, when all the others rest,
Like carefull Skowts passe vp and downe thy Breast,
And still they Round about that place doe keepe,
Whilst all the blessed Garrison doe sleepe.
But yet I feare, if that the truth were told,
That thou hast rob'd, and fly'st into this Hold:
I thought as much, and did this Fort deuise,
That thou in safetie here migh'st tyrannize.
Yes thou hast rob'd the Heauen and Earth of all,
And they against thy lawlesse Theft doe call.
Thine eyes with mine that wage continuall Warres,
Borrow their brightnesse of the twinckling Starres:
Thy Lips, from mine that in thy Maske be pent,
Haue filch'd the blushing from the Orient:
Thy Cheeke, for which mine all this penance proues,
Steales the pure whitenesse both from Swans and Doues,
Thy Breath for which, mine still in Sighs consumes
Hath rob'd all Flowers, all Odours, and perfumes,

O mightie Loue! bring hither all thy power,
And fetch this heauenly theefe out of her Tower;
For if ſhee may be ſuff'red in this ſort,
Heauens ſtore will ſoone be hoarded in this Fort.
When I ariu'd before that ſtate of Loue,
And ſaw thee on that Battelment aboue,
I thought there was no other Heauen but there,
And thou an Angell, didſt from thence appeare:
But when my reaſon did reproue mine Eye,
That thou were ſubiect to mortalitie,
I then excus'd what erſt the *Scot* had done;
No maruell though he would the Fort haue wonne,
Perceiuing well, thoſe enuious Walls did hide
More wealth then was in all the world beſide:
Againſt thy Foe I came to lend thee ayd,
And thus to thee, my ſelfe I haue betray'd.
He is beſieg'd, the Siege that came to rayſe,
There's no aſſault that not my Breſt aſſayes.
" Loue growne extreme, doth find vnlawfull Shifts,
" The Gods take ſhapes, and doe allure with Gifts:
" Commanding *Ioue*: that by great *Styx* doth ſweare,
" Forſworne in loue, with Louers Oathes doth beare;
" Loue cauſeleſſe ſtill, doth aggrauate his cauſe,
" It is his Law, to violate all Lawes;
" His Reaſon is, in onely wanting Reaſon,
" And were vntrue, not deepely touch'd with Treaſon;
" Vnlawfull Meanes, doth make his lawfull Gayne,
" He ſpeakes moſt true, when he the moſt doth faine.
Pardon the Faults that haue eſcap'd by Mee,
Againſt faire Vertue, Chaſtitie, and Thee:
" If Gods can their owne Excellence excell,
" It is in pardoning Mortals, that rebell.

When all thy Trials are enroll'd by Fame,
And all thy Sex made glorious by thy Name,
Then I a Captaine ſhall be brought thereby,
T'adorne the Triumph of thy Chaſtitie.
I ſue not now thy Paramour to bee,
But as a Husband to be link'd to thee:
I am *Englands* Heire, I thinke thou wilt confeſſe,
Were thou a Prince, I hope I am no leſſe;
But that thy Birth doth make thy Stocke diuine,
Elſe durſt I boaſt my Bloud as good as thine:
Diſdaine me not, nor take my Loue in ſcorne,
Whoſe Brow a Crowne hereafter may adorne.
But what I am, I call mine owne no more,
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt, reſtore;
Onely I craue, what e'r I did intend,
In faithfull Loue all happily may end.
Farewell ſweet Lady, ſo well may'ſt thou fare,
To equall Ioy with meaſure of my Care:
Thy Vertues more then mortall Tongue can tell;
A thouſand-thouſand times farewell, farewell.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Receiue theſe Papers from thy wofull Lord.

BAndello, *by whom this Hiſtorie was made famous, being an* Italian *as it is the Peoples cuſtome in that Clime, rather to faile ſometimes in the truth of Circumſtance, then to forgoe the grace of their Conceit: in like manner as the* Grecians; *of whom the Satyriſt,*

Et quicquid Græcia mendax
Audet in Hiſtoria.

Thinking it to be a greater Triall, that a Counteſſe ſhould be ſued vnto by a King, then by the ſonne of a King; and conſequently, that the honour of her Chaſtitie ſhould bee the more, hath cauſed it to bee generally taken

ſo

so: but as by Polydore, Fabian, *and* Froisard *appeares, the contrarie is true. Yet may* Bandello *be very well excused; as being a stranger, whose errors in the truth of our Historie, are not so materiall, that they should need an Inuectiue, lest his Wit should be defrauded of any part of his due, which were not lesse, were euery part a Fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error should preuaile against a truth, these, Epistles are conceiued in those Persons, who were indeede the Actors: To wit* Edward *sirnamed the* Blacke Prince, *not so much of his Complexion, as of the dismall Battels which he fought in* France, *(in like Sense as we may say,* A Blacke Day, *for some Tragicall euent. though the Sunne shine neuer so bright therein.) And* Alice *the Countesse of* Salisbutie, *who, as it is certaine was beloued of Prince* Edward, *so it is as certaine, that many Points now currant in the receiued Storie, can neuer hold together with likelyhood of such inforcement, had it not beene shaded vnder the Titleof a King.*

And when thou let'st downe that transparent Lid.

Not that the Lid is transparent; for no part of the Skin is transparent: but for that the Gemme which that Closure is said to containe, is transparent: for otherwise, how could the Mind vnderstand by the Eye? Should not the Images slide thorow the same, and replenish the Stage of the Phantasie? But this belongs to Opticks. *The* Latines *call the Eye-lid* Cilium *(I will not say of* Celando) *as the Eye-brow* Superfilium, *and the Haire on the Eye-lids* palpebra, *perhaps quòd* Palpitet, *all which haue their distinct and necessarie vses.*

ALICE Countesse of *Salisburie* to the *Blacke Prince.*

AS one that fayne would grant, yet fayne deny,
'Twixt Hope and Feare I doubtfully reply,
A Womans Weakenesse, lest I should discouer,
Answering a Prince, and writing to a Louer:
And some say, Loue with Reason doth dispence,
And wrests our plaine words to another sense.

Thinke

Thinke you not then, poore Women had not need
Be well aduis'd, to write what Men ſhould read;
When being ſilent, but to moue awry,
Doth often bring vs into obloquie?
" Whilſt in our Hearts our ſecret Thoughts abide,
" Th'inuenom'd Tongue of Slander yet is ty'd;
" But if once ſpoke, deliuer'd vp to Fame,
" In her Report that often is to blame.
About to write, but newly entring in,
Me thinkes I end, ere I can well begin:
When I would end, then ſomething makes me ſtay,
For then me thinkes I ſhould haue more to ſay,
And ſome one thing remayneth in my Breſt,
For want of Words that cannot be expreſt:
What I would ſay, as ſaid to thee, I faine,
Then in thy Perſon I reply againe;
And in thy Cauſe vrge all that may effect,
Then, what againe mine Honour muſt reſpect.
O Lord! what ſundry Paſſions doe I try,
To ſet that right, which is ſo much awry?
Being a Prince, I blame you not to proue,
The greater reaſon to obtaine your Loue.
That Greatneſſe which doth challenge no denyall,
The onely Teſt that doth allow my tryall;
Edward ſo great, the greater were his fall,
And my Offence in this were capitall.
" To Men is granted priuiledge to tempt,
" But in that Charter, Woman be exempt:
" Men win vs not, except we giue conſent,
" Againſt our ſelues vnleſſe that we be bent,
" Who doth impute it as a Fault to you?
You proue not falſe, except we be vntrue;

" It

" It is your Vertue, being Men, to trie,
" And it is ours, by Vertue to denie.
" Your Fault it ſelfe ſerues for the Faults excuſe,
" And makes it ours, though yours be the abuſe.
" Beautie a Beggar, fie it is too bad,
" When in it ſelfe ſufficiencie is had;
" Not made a Lure, t'intice the wand'ring Eye,
" But an Attyre, t'adorne our Modeſtie:
" If Modeſtie and Women once doe ſeuer,
" We may bid farewell to our Fame for euer.
Let *Iohn* and *Henry*, *Edwards* inſtance be,
Matilda and faire *Roſamond* for me;
Alike both woo'd, alike ſu'd to be wonne,
Th'one by the Father, th'other by the Sonne:
Henry obtayning, did our Weakeneſſe wound,
And layes the fault on wanton *Roſamond*;
Matilda chaſte, in life and death all one,
By her denyall layes the fault on *Iohn*:
" By theſe, we proue Men acceſſarie ſtill,
" But Women onely Principals of Ill.
" What Prayſe is ours, but what our Vertues get?
" If they be lent, ſo much we be in debt;
" Whilſt our owne Honours we our ſelues defend,
" All force too weake, what euer Men pretend:
" If all the World elſe ſhould ſuborne our fame,
" 'Tis we our ſelues that ouerthrow the ſame;
" And howſoe'r, although by force you winne,
" Yet on our Weakneſſe ſtill returnes the ſinne.
A vertuous Prince, who doth not *Edward* call?
And ſhall I then be guiltie of your Fall?
Now God forbid; yet rather let me die,
Then ſuch a Sinne vpon my Soule ſhould lie.

Where

Where is great *Edward*? Whither is he led,
At whoſe victorious Name whole Armies fled?
Is that braue Spirit, that conquer'd ſo in *France*,
Thus ouercome, and vanquiſh'd with a Glance?
Is that great Heart, that did aſpire ſo hie,
So ſoone tranſ-pierced with a Womans Eye?
He that a King at *Poitiers* Battle tooke,
Himſelfe led captiue with a wanton Looke?
✠ Twice as a Bride to Church I haue beene led,
Twice haue two Lords enioy'd my Bridall Bed:
How can that Beautie yet be vndeſtroy'd?
That yeeres haue waſted, and two Men enioy'd?
Or ſhould be thought fit for a Princes ſtore,
Of which, two Subiects were poſſeſt before?
Let *Spaine*, let *France*, or *Scotland* ſo preferre
Their Infant Queenes, for *Englands* Dowager;
That Bloud ſhould be much more then halfe diuine,
That ſhould be equall eu'ry way with thine:
Yet Princely *Edward*, though I thus reproue you,
As mine one life ſo dearely doe I loue you.
My noble Husband, which ſo loued you,
That gentle Lord, that reuerend *Mountague*,
Ne'r Mothers voyce did pleaſe her Babe ſo well,
As his did mine, of you to heare him tell:
I haue made ſhort the Houres, that Time made long,
And chayn'd mine Eares to his moſt pleaſing Tongue;
My Lips haue waited on your Prayſes worth,
And ſnatcht his words, ere he could get them forth;
When he had ſpoke, and ſomething by the way
Hath broke off that he was about to ſay;
I kept in mind where from his Tale he fell,
Calling on him the reſidue to tell.

Oft

Oft he would ſay, How ſweet a Prince is hee!
When I haue prays'd him but for prayſing thee;
And to proceed, I would intreat and woo,
And yet to eaſe him, help to prayſe thee too.
And muſt ſhe now exclayme againſt the wrong
Offred by him, whom ſhe hath lou'd ſo long?
Nay, I will tell, and I durſt almoſt ſweare,
Edward will bluſh when he his Fault ſhall heare.
Iudge now, that Time doth Youths deſire aſſwage,
And Reaſon mildly quench the fire of Rage;
By vpright Iuſtice let my cauſe be try'd,
And be thou Iudge, if I not iuſtly chide.
✻ That not my Fathers graue and reuerend yeeres,
When on his Knee he beg'd me with his Teares,
By no perſwaſions poſſibly cold winne,
To free himſelfe from prompting me to ſinne;
The Woe for me my Mother did abide,
Whoſe ſuite (but you) there's none could haue den'yd,
Your luſtfull Rage, your Tyrannie could ſtay,
Mine Honours Ruine further to delay.
Haue I not lou'd you? let the Truth be ſhowne,
That ſtill preſeru'd your Honour with mine owne.
Had your fond Will your foule Deſires preuail'd,
When you by them my Chaſtitie aſſail'd;
(Though this no way could haue excus'd my Fault,
" True Vertue neuer yeelded to Aſſault:)
Beſides the Ill of you that had beene ſaid,
My Parents ſinne had to your charge beene laid;
✻ And I haue gain'd my Libertie with ſhame,
To ſaue my Life, made ſhipwracke of my Name.
Did *Roxborugh* once vayle her tow'ring Fanes
To thy braue Enſignes, on the Northerne Plaines?

And

And to thy Trumpets, sounding from thy Tent,
Mine oft againe thee heartie Welcome sent,
And did receiue thee as my Soueraigne Liege,
Comming to ayde me, thus me to besiege;
To rayse a Foe, that but for Treasure came,
To plant a Foe, to take my honest Name;
Vnder pretence to haue remou'd the *Scot*,
And would'st haue wonne more then he could haue got;
That did ingirt me, readie still to flie,
But thou layd'st Batt'rie to my Chastitie:
O Modestie, didst thou me not restrine,
How could I chide you in this angrie vaine!
A Princes Name (Heau'n knowes) I doe not craue,
To haue those Honours *Edwards* Spouse should haue,
Nor by Ambitions Lures will I be brought,
In my chast Brest to harbour such a Thought,
As to be worthie to be made a Bride,
A Piece vnfit for Princely *Edwards* side;
Of all, the most vnworthie of that grace,
To wait on her that should inioye that place,
But if that Loue, Prince *Edward* doth require,
Equall his Vertues, and my chaste desire;
If it be such as we may iustly vaunt,
A Prince may sue for, and a Lady graunt;
That from your vaine vnbridled youth hath sprong;
If it be such as may suppresse my Wrong,
That Faith I send, which I from you receiue:
* The rest vnto your Princely Thoughts I leaue.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Twice as a Bride I haue to Church beene led.

THe two Husbands of which she makes mention, obiecting Bigamie against her selfe, as being therfore not meet beto married with a Batcheler

Batcheler-Prince were Sir Thomas Holland, *Knight, and Sir* William Mountague, *afterward made Earle of* Salisburie.

That not my Father's graue and reuerend yeeres.

A thing incredible, that any Prince should be so vniust, to vse the Fathers meanes for the corruption of the Daughters Chastitie, though so the Historie inporteth; her Father being so honourable, and a Man of so singular desert: though Polydore *would haue her thought to be* Iane, *the Daughter to* Edmund, *Earle of* Kent, *vncle to* Edward *the third, beheaded in the Protectorship of* Mortimer, *that dangerous Aspirer.*

And I haue gain'd my Libertie with shame.

Roxborough *is a Castle in the North, mis-termed by* Bandello, Salisburie *Castel, because the King had giuen it to the Earle of* Salisburie: *in which, her Lord being absent, the Countesse by the* Scots *was besieged; who, by the comming of the* English *Armie, were remoued. Here first the Prince saw her, whose Libertie had beene gained by her shame, had she beene drawne by dishoneſt Loue to satisfie his Appetite: but by her most prayse-worthie Constancie, shee conuerted that humour in him to an Honourable purpose, and obtained the true reward of her admired vertue.*

The rest vnto your Princely Thoughts I leaue.

Least any thing bee left out which were worth the Relation, it shall not be impertinent, to annex the Opinions that are vttered concerning her, whose Name is said to haue beene Ælips: but that being reiected, as a Name vnknowne among vs, Froisard *is rather beleeued, who calleth her* Alice. Polydore *contrariwise, as before is declared, names her* Iane, *who by Prince* Edward *had Issue,* Edward *dying young, &* Richard *the Second, King of* England, *though (as hee saith) shee was diuorced afterwards, because within the degrees of Consanguinitie, prohibiting to marrie: The truth whereof, I omit to discusse. Her Husband, the Lord* Mountague, *being sent ouer into* Flanders *by King* Edward *was taken Prisoner by the* French; *and not returning left his Countesse a Widdow: in whose Bed, succeeded Prince* Edward; *to whose last and lawfull Request, the reioycefull Ladie sends this louing Answer.*

FINIS.

Queene

QVEENE *ISABEL* TO *RICHARD* THE. SECOND.

THE ARGVMENT.

Richard *the second wrongfully depos'd*
By Henry *Duke of* Harford, *and inclos'd*
In Pomfret *Castle*; Isabell *the Queene,*
To the neglected King, who hauing seene
His diſ-inueſting, and diſaſtrous Chance,
To Charles *her Father ſhip'd againe for* France,
(Where, for her Husband grieu'd and diſcontent)
Thence this Epiſtle to King Richard *ſent;*
By which, when he her Sorrow doth deſcry,
He to the ſame as ſadly doth reply.

AS doth the yeerely Augure of the Spring,
In depth of Woe, thus I my Sorrow ſing;
My Tunes with Sighes yet euer mixt among,
A dolefull Burthen to a heauie Song:
Words iſſue forth, to find my Griefe ſome way,
Teares ouertake them, and doe bid them ſtay;
Thus whilſt one ſtriues to keepe the other backe,
Both once too forward, ſoone are both to ſlacke.

If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time
Nouriſh'd the Griefe of that vnnaturall Clime,
Thither I ſend my Sorrowes to be fed;
Then where firſt borne, where fitter to be bred?
They vnto *France* be Aliens, and vnknowne,
England from her doth challenge theſe her owne.
They ſay, all Miſchiefe commeth from the North;
It is too true, my Fall doth ſet it forth:
But why ſhould I thus limit Griefe a place,
When all the World is fill'e with our Diſgrace?
And we in bonds thus ſtriuing to containe it,
The more reſiſts, the more we doe reſtraine it.

✠ Oh, how euen yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſſe oft call them faithleſſe Spyes!
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that vnwares did looke
Vpon that Traytor *Henry Bulienbrooke*:
But that exceſſe of Ioy my Senſe bereau'd
So much, my Sight hath neuer beene deceiu'd.
Oh, how vnlike to my lou'd Lord was hee,
Whom raſhly I (ſweet *Richard*) tooke for thee!
I might haue ſeene, the Courſers ſelfe did lacke
That Princely Rider, to beſtrid his Backe;
He that ſince Nature her great Worke began
She onely made the Mirrour of a Man,
That when ſhe meant to forme ſome matchleſſe Lim,
Still for a Patterne tooke ſome part of him,
And iealous of her Cunning, brake the Mould,
When ſhe in him had done the beſt ſhe could.

Oh, let that Day be guiltie of all ſinne,
That is to come, or heretofore hath beene,
✠ Wherein great *Norfolk's* forward Courſe was ſtay'd,
To proue the Treaſons he to *Hardford* lay'd,

When (with sterne Furie) both these Dukes enrag'd,
Their Warlike Gloues at *Couentrie* engag'd,
When first thou didst repeale thy former Grant,
Seal'd to braue *Mowbray* as thy Combattant:
From his vnnumbred Houres let Time diuide it,
Lest in his Minutes he should hap to hide it;
Yet on his Brow continually to beare it,
That when it comes, all other Houres may feare it;
And all ill-boding Planets, by consent,
In it may hold their dredfull Parliment:
Be it in Heau'ns Decrees enrolled thus,
Blacke, dismall, fatall, inauspitious.
Proud *Harford* then, in height of all his pride,
Vnder great *Mowbray's* valiant Hand had di'de,
And neuer had from Banishment retir'd;
The fatall Brand wherewith our *Troy* was fir'd.
✻ Oh, why did *Charles* relieue his needie state?
A Vagabound and straggling Runnagate?
And in his Court, with grace did entertaine
That vagrant Exile that vile bloundie *Caine*;
Who with a thousand Mothers Curses went,
Mark'd with the Brand of ten yeeres Banishment.
✻ When thou to *Ireland* took'st thy last Farewell,
Millions of Knees vpon the Pauements fell,
And eu'ry where th'applauding Ecchoes ring
The ioyfull showts that did salute a King.
Thy parting hence, the Pompe that did adorne,
Was vanish'd quite when as thou didst returne?
Who to my Lord one Looke vouchsaf'd to lend?
Then, all too few on *Harford* to attend.
" Princes (like Sunnes) be euermore in sight,
" All see the Clouds, betwixt them and their Light:

" Yet

" Yet they which lighten all downe from their Skies,
" See not the Clouds offending others Eyes,
" And deeme their Noone-tide is desir'd of all,
" When all expect cleere Changes by their Fall.

What colour seemes to shadow *Harfords* clayme,
When Law and Right his Fathers Hopes doe mayme?
* Affirm'd by Church-men (which should beare no Hate)
That *Iohn* of *Gaunt* was illegitimate;
Whom his reputed Mothers Tongue did spot,
By a base *Flemmish* Boore to begot;
Whom *Edwards* Eaglets mortally did shun,
Daring with them to gaze against the Sunne:
Where lawfull Right and Conquest doth allow
A triple Crowne on *Richards* Princely Brow;
Three Kingly Lyons beares his Bloudie Field,
* No Bastards Marke doth blot his conqu'ring Shield:
Neuer durst he attempt our hapless Shore,
Nor set his foot on fatall *Rauenspore*;
Nor durst his slugging Hulks approach the Strand,
Nor stoope a Top as signall to the land,
Had not the *Percyes* promis'd ayde to bring,
Against their oath vnto their lawfull King,
* Against their Faith vnto our Crownes true Heire,
Their valiant Kinsman *Edmund Mortimer*.

When I to *England* came, a World of eyes,
Like Starres attended on my faire arise,
Which now (alas) like angry Planets frowne,
And are all set, before my going downe
The smooth-fac'd Ayre did on my comming smile,
But I with Stormes am driuen to exile:
But *Bullenbrooke* deuis'd we thus should part,
Fearing two Sorrowes should poll'sse one Heart,

To adde to our affliction, to denie
That one poore Comfort, left our Miserie
He had before diuorc'd thy Crowne and thee,
Which might suffice, and not to Widdow mee;
But so to proue the vtmost of his hate,
To part vs in this miserable state.
* Oh, would *Aumerle* had sunke, when he betray'd
The Plot, which once that noble Abbot layd;
When he infring'd the Oath which he first tooke,
For thy Reuenge on perin'd *Bullenbrooke*;
And beene the ransome of our Friends deare Blood,
Vntimely lost, and for the Earth too good;
And we vntimely doe bewayle their state,
They gone too soone, and we remaine too late.
And though with Teares I from my Lord depart,
This Curse of *Harford* fall, to ease my Heart:
If the foule breach of a chast Nuptiall Bed
May bring a Curse, my Curse light on his Head;
If Murthers guilt with Bloud may deepely staine,
* *Greene*, *Scroope*, and *Bushy* dye his fault in graine;
If Periurie may Heauens pure Gates debarre,
* Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaster*;
If the deposing of a lawfull King,
Thy Curse condemne him, if no other thing;
If these dis-ioyn'd, for Vengeance cannot call,
Let them vnited, strongly curse him all.
And for the *Percyes*, Heau'n may heare my Prayre,
That *Bullenbrooke*, now plac'd in *Richards* Chayre,
Such cause of Woe to their proud Wiues may be,
As those rebellious Lords haue beene to me.
And that coy Dame, which now controlleth all,
And in her Pompe triumpheth in my Fall,

For

For her great Lord may water her ſad Eyne
With as ſalt Teares, as I haue done for mine.
And mourne for *Henry Hotſpur*, her deare Sonne,
As I for my deare *Mortimer* haue done;
And as I am, ſo ſuccourleſſe be ſent,
Laſtly, to taſte perpetuall Baniſhment.
Then loſe thy Care, when firſt thy Crowne was loſt,
Sell it ſo dearely, for it dearely coſt:
And ſith it did of Libertie depriue thee,
Burying thy Hope, let nothing elſe out-liue thee
But hard (God knowes) with Sorrow doth it goe,
When Woe becomes a comfort vnto Woe:
Yet much (me thinkes) of Comfort I could ſay;
If from my Heart ſome Feares were rid away;
Something there is, that danger ſtill doth ſhow,
But what it is, that Heauen alone doth know;
"Griefe to it ſelfe moſt dreadfull doth appeare,
"And neuer yet was Sorrow void of feare;
But yet in Death doth Sorrow hope the beſt,
And *Richard*, thus I wiſh thee happie Reaſt,

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

If fatall *Pomfret* hath in former time

Pomfret *Caſtle, euer a fatall place to the Princes of* England, *and moſt ominous to the Bloud of* Plantagenet.

Oh, how euen yet I hate theſe wretched Eyes,
And in my Glaſſe, &c.

When Bullenbrooke *returned to* London *from the Weſt, bringing* Richard *a Priſoner with him; the Queene, who little knew of her Husbands hard Succeſſe, ſtayed to behold his comming in, little thinking to haue ſeene her Husband thus led in Triumph by his Foe: and now ſeemed to hate her Eyes, that ſo had much graced her mortall Enemie.*

Wherein great *Norfolkes* forward Courſe was ſtayd.

He remembreth the meeting of the two Dukes of Hardford *&* Norfolke *at* Couentry; *vrging the iuſtneſſe of* Mowbrayes *Quarrell againſt the*

Duke of Harford, *and the faithfull assurance of his Victorie.*

O, why did *Charles* relieue his needie state?
A Vagabond, &c

Charles *the* French *King, her Father, rectiued the Duke of* Harford *in his Court, and relieued him in* France, *being so neerely allyed as Cousin German to* Richard, *his sonne in Law, which he did simply little thinking that he should after returne into* England, *and dis-possesse King* Richard *of the Crowne.*

When thou to *Ireland* took'st thy last Farwell.
King Richard *made a Voyage with his Armie into* Ireland *against* Oneli *and* Mackmur, *which rebelled: at what time,* Henry *entred here at home and robbed him of all Kingly Dignitie.*

Affirm'd by Church men (which should beare no Hate)
That *Iohn of Gaunt* was illegitimate.

William Wickham, *in the great Quarre'l betwixt* Iohn *of* Gaunt *and the Clergie, of meere Spight and Malice (as it should seeme) reported, That the Queene confessed to him on her Death-bed, being then her Confessor, That* Iohn *of* Gaunt *was the sonne of a* Flemmming, *and she was brought to Bed of a Woman-Child at* Gaunt, *which was smothered in the Cradle by mischance, and that shee obtained this Child of a poore Woman, making the King beleeue it was her owne, greatly fearing his displeasure.* Fox, ex Chron. Alban.

No Bastards Marke doth blot his conqu'ring Shield.
Shewing the true and indubitate Birth of Richard, *his Right vnto the Crowne of* England *as, carrying the Armes without Blot or Difference*

Against their Faith vnto the Crownes true Heire,
Their valiant Kinsman, &c.

Edmund Mortimer, *Earle of* March, *sonne of Earle* Roger Mortimer, *which was soone to Lady* Philip, *daughter to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third sonne to King* Edward *the third; which* Edmund *(King* Richard *going into* Ireland) *was proclaymed Heire Apparant to the Crowne; whose Aunt called* Ellinor, *this Lord* Percy *had maried.*

O would *Aumerle* had sunke, when he betray'd
The Plot which once that Noble Abbot layd!

The Abbot of Westminster *had plotted the Death of King* Henry, *to haue beene done at a Tilt at* Oxford; *Of which Confederacie, there was* Iohn Holland, *Duke of* Exceter, Thomas Holland, *Duke of* Surrey, *the Duke of* Aumerle, Mountacute, *Earle of* Salisburie, Spenser, *Earle of* Glocester, *the Bishop of* Carlile, *Sir* Thomas Blunt; *these all had bound*

bound themselues one to to another by Indenture to performe it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of Aumerle.

Scroope, Greene, and *Bushy* dye his Fault in graine.

Henry *going towards the Castle of* Flint, *where King* Richard *was, caused* Scroope, Greene, *and* Bushy *to be executed at* Bristow, *as vile persons which had seduced the King to this lasciuious and wicked life.*

Damn'd be the Oath he made at *Doncaster*

After Henries *exile, at his returne into* England, *he tooke his Oath at* Doncaster, *vpon the Sacrament, not to clayme the Crowne, or Kingdome of* England, *but onely the Dukedome of* Lnacaster, *his owne proper Right, and Right of his Wife.*

And mourne for *Henry Hotspur*, her deare sonne,
As I for my, &c.

This was the braue couragius Henry Hotspur, *that obtayned so manie Victories against the* Scots; *which, after falling out right with the Curse of Queene* Isable, *was slaine by* Henry *at the Battell at* Shrewsburie.

RICHARD the Second to *Queene* ISABEL.

WHat can my Queene but hope for frõ this Hand
That it should write, which neuer could cõmand
A Kingdomes Greatnesse thinke how he should sway,
That whole some Councell neuer could obay:
Ill this rude Hand did guide a Scepter then,
Worse now (I feare me) it will rule a Pen.
How shall I call my selfe, or by what Name,
To make thee know from whence these Letters came?
Not from thy Husband, for my hatefull Life
Makes thee a Widdow, being yet a Wife:
Nor from a King; that Title I haue lost,
Now of that Name, proud *Bullenbrooke* may boast:
What I haue beene, doth but this comfort bring,
No words so wofull, as, *I was King.*

This lawlesse Life, which first procur'd my Hate,
*This Tongue, which then renounc'd my Regall State,
This abiect Soule of mine consenting to it,
This Hand, that was the Instrument to doe it;
All these be witnesse, that I now denie
All Princely Types, all Kinly Sou'raignтie.
Didst thou for my sake leaue thy Fathers Court,
Thy famous Country, and thy Princely Port,
And vndertook'st to trauell dangerous Wayes,
Driuen by aukward Winds, and boyst'rous Seas?
* And left'st great *Burbon*, for thy loue to mee,
Who su'd in Marriage to link'd to thee,
Offering for Dower the Countries neighb'ring nie,
Offruitfull *Almaine*, and rich *Burgundie*?
Didst thou all this that *England* should receiue thee,
To miserable Banishmenr to leaue thee?
And in my Downe-fall, and my Fortunes wracke,
Thus to thy Countrey to conuey thee backe?
When quiet Sleepe (the heauie Hearts Relieſe)
Hath rested Sorrow, somewhat leſs'ned Griefe,
My passed Greatnesse into minde I call,
And thinke this while I dreamed of my Fall:
With this Conceit my Sorrowes I beguile,
That my faire Queene is but withdrawne a while,
And my Attendants in some Chamber by,
As in the height of my Prosperitie.
Calling aloud, and asking who is there;
The Eccho answ'ring, tels me, Woe is there;
And when mine Armes would gladly thee enfold,
I clip the Pillow, and the place is cold:
Which when my waking Eyes precisely view,
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As

As many Minutes as in the Houres their be,
So many Houres each Minutes seemes to me;
Each Houre a Day, Morne, Noone-tide, and a Set,
Each Day, a Yeere, with Miseries complete;
A Winter, Spring-time, Summer and a Fall,
All Seasons varying, but vnseasoned all:
In endlesse Woe my thread of Life thus weares, (Yeares.
In Minutes, Houres, Dayes by Months, to lingring
They prayse the Summer, that enioy the South;
Pomfret in closed in the Norths cold Mouth:
There pleasant Summer dwelleth all the Yeere,
Frost-starued-Winter doth inhabit here;
A place wherein Despaire may fitly dwell,
Sorrow best suting with a cloudie Cell.
✲ When *Harford* had his Iudgement of Exile,
Saw I the Peoples murmuring the while;
Th'vncertaine Commons touch'd with inward Care,
As though his Sorrowes, mutually they bare:
Fond Women, and scarse-speaking Children mourne,
Bewayle his parting, wishing his returne.
✲ That I was forc'd t'abridge his banish'd Yeares,
When they bedew'd his Foot-steps with their Teares;
Yet by example could not learne to know,
To what his Greatnesse by their loue might grow:
✲ But *Henry* boasts of our Atchieuements done,
Bearing the Trophies our great Fathers wonne;
And all the storie of our famous Warre,
Must grace the Annals of Great *Lancaster*.
✲ Seuen goodly Siens in their Spring did flourish,
Which one selfe-Root brought forth, one Stock did nou-
✲ *Edward* the top-branch of that golden Tree, (rish
Nature in him her vtmost power did see;

Who

Who from the Bud ſtill bloſſomed ſo faire,
As all might iudge what Fruit it meant to beare:
But I his Graft, of euery Weed o'r-growne,
And from our kind, as Refuſe forth am throwne,
* We from our Grandſire ſtood in one Degree,
But after *Edward*, *Iohn* the yong'ſt of three.
Might Princely *Wales* beget a Sonne ſo baſe,
(That to *Gaunts* Iſſue ſhould giue Soueraigne place?)
* He from *France* brought *Iohn* his Priſoner home,
As thoſe great *Cæſars* did their Spoyles to *Rome*,
* Whoſe Name obtayned by his fatall Hand,
Was euer fearefull to that conquer'd Lands
His Fame encreaſing, purcha'd in thoſe Warres,
Can ſcarcely now be bounded with the Starres;
With him is Valour from the baſe World fled,
(Or here in me it is extinguiſhed)
Who for his Vertue, and his Conqueſts ſake,
Poſteritie a Demy-god ſhall make;
And iudge, this vile and abieſt Spirit of mine,
Could not proceed from temper ſo diuine.
What Earthly Humour, or what vulgar Eye
Can looke ſo low, as on our Miſerie?
When *Bullinbrooke* is mounted to our Throne,
And makes that his, which we but call'd our owne:
Into our Councels he himſelfe intrudes,
And who but *Henry* with the Multitudes?
His Power diſgrades, his dreadfull Frowne diſgraceth,
He throwes the downe, who our Aduancemet placeth;
As my diſable and vnworthie Hand
Neuer had Power, belonging to Command.
He treads our ſacred Tables in the duſt,
* And proues our Acts of Parliment vniuſt;

As

As though he hated, that it ſhould be ſaid,
That ſuch a Law by *Richard* once was made;
Whilſt I depreſt before his Greatneſſe, lie
Vnder the weight of Hate and Infamie.
My Backe a Foot-ſtoole *Bullenbrooke* to raiſe,
My Looſeneſſe mock'd, and hatefull by his prayſe,
Out-liue mine Honour, burie my Eſtate,
And leaue my ſelfe nought, but my Peoples Hate.
(Sweet Queene) Ile take all Counſell thou canſt giue,
So that thou bidſt me neyther hope nor liue;
" Succour that comes, when Ill hath done his worſt,
" But ſharpens Griefe, to make vs more accurſt.
Comfort is now vnpleaſing to mine Eare,
Paſt cure, paſt care, my Bed become my Beere:
Since now Misfortune humbleth vs ſo long,
Till Heauen be growne vnmindfull of our Wrong;
Yet it forbid my Wrongs ſhould euer die,
But ſtill remembred to Poſteritie:
And let the Crowne be fatall that he weares,
And euer wet with wofull Mother Teares.
Thy Curſe on *Percie*, angry Heauens preuent,
Who haue not one Curſe left, on him vnſpent,
To ſcourge the World, now borrowing of my ſtore,
As rich of Woe, as I a King am poore.
Then ceaſe (deare Queene) my Sorrowes to bewayle,
My Wound's too great for Pitie now to heale;
Age ſtealeth on, whilſt thou complayneſt thus,
My Griefes be mortall and infectious:
Yet better Fortunes thy faire Youth may trie,
That follow thee, which ſtill from me doth flie.

Anno.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

This Tongue, which then denounc'd my Regall State.

Richard *the Second, at the Resignation of the Crowne to the Duke of* Harford, *in the* Tower *of* London, *deliuering the same with his owne hand, there confessed his disabilitie to gouerne, vtterly denouncing all Kingly Authoritie.*

And left'st great *Burbon*, for thy loue to me.

Before the Princesse Isable *was married to the King,* Lewes *Duke of* Burbon *sued to haue had her in Marriage; which was thought hee had obtained, if this Motion had not fallen out in the meane time. This Duke of* Burbon *sued againe to haue receiued her, at her comming into* France *after the imprisonment of King* Richard, *but King* Charles *her Father then crossed him; as before, and gaue her to* Charles *sonne to the Duke of* Orleans.

When *Harford* had his Iudgement of Exile.

When the Combate should haue been at Couentry, *betwixt* Henry *Duke of* Harford, *and* Thomas *Duke of* Norfolke (*where* Harford *was adiudged to Banishment for ten yeeres*) *the Commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he euer fauoured of the People.*

Then being forc'd t'abridge his banish'd yeers.

When the Duke came to take his leaue of the King, being that at Eltham, *the King, to please the Commons, rather then for any loue hee beare to* Harford, *repealed foure yeeres of his Banishment.*

But *Henry* boasts of our Atchieuements done.

Henry, *the eldest sonne of* Iohn, *Duke of* Lancaster, *at the first, Earle of* Darby, *then created Duke of* Harford; *after the death of the Duke* Iohn, *his father, was Duke of* Lancaster *and* Harford, *Earle of* Darby, Leicester, *and* Lincolne: *and after he had obtained the Crowne, was called by the name of* Bullenbrooke, *which is a Towne in* Lincolneshire; *as vsually all the Kings of* England *beare the name of the Place where they were borne.*

Seuen goodly Sients in their Spring did flourish.

Edward *the third had seuen sonnes;* Edward, *Prince of* Wales *after called the* Blacke-Prince; William *of* Hatfield, *the second*; Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third*; Iohn *of* Gaunt, *Duke of* Lancaster, *the fourth*; Edmond *of* Langley *Duke of* Yorke, *the fifth*; Thomas *of* Woodstocke, *Duke of* Gloceſter, *the sixt*; William *of* Windsore, *the seuenth.*

Edward

Edward the top-branch of that golden Tree.

Truely boasting himselfe to be the eldest sonne of Edward, *the* Blacke-Prince.

Yet after *Edward*, *Iohn* the yong'st of three.

As disabling Henry Bullenbrooke, *being but the sonne of the fourth brother*; William *and* Lionel *being both before* Iohn *of* Gaunt

He that from *France* brought *Iohn* his Prisoner home.

Edward *the* Blacke-Prince *taking* Iohn, *King of* France, *Prisoner, at the Battell of* Poicters, *brought him into* England; *where, at the* Sauoy, *he died.*

Whose Name atchieued by his fatall hand.

Called the Blacke-Prince, *not so much of his Complexion as of the famous Battels he fought*; *as is shewed before, in the Glosse vpon the Epistle of* Edward *to the Countesse* Salisburie.

And proues our Acts of our Parliment vniust.

In the next Parliament, Richards *Resignation of the Crowne*, Henry *caused to be annihilated all the Lawes made in the Parliament, called the Wicked Parliament, held in twentieth yeere of King* Richards *Reigne.*

QVEENE *KATHERINE*

To *OWEN TVDOR.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry *the fifth, that onely Man of Men,*
Too soone deceased; *bright Queene* Katherine *ther,*
(Henry *the sixt her sonne of tender yeeres,*
Fortune so strangely her Affection steers,
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance
Before the King and her) *this Heire of* France,
And Englands *Dowager*; *her Eye taken had,*
By Owen Tudor, *a braue youthfull Lad,*

One

One of her Ward-robe, and from Wales *descended:*
She, the great good that was to him intended
To let him know, this Letter doth deuise,
Leſt that the greatneſſe of the enterpriſe
Should hap to daunt him; but he bould by kind,
Shew'd her, his loue was anſw'ring to her mind.

IVdge not a Princeſſe worth impeach'd hereby,
That Loue thus triumphs ouer Majeſtie;
Nor thinke leſſe Vertue in this Royall Hand,
That it intreats, and wonted to command:
For in this ſort though humbly now it woo,
The day hath beene, thou would'ſt haue kneel'd vnto.
Nor thinke that this ſubmiſſion of my State
Proceeds from Frailtie (rather iudge it Fate.)
Alcides ne're more fit for Warres ſterne Shocke,
Then when with Women ſpinning at the Rocke;
Neuer leſſe Clouds did *Phœbus* glory dim,
Then in a Clownes ſhape when he couered him:
Ioues great Command was neuer more obay'd,
Then when a Satyres Anticke parts he play'd.
He was thy King, who ſu'd for loue to mee,
And ſhe his Queene, who ſues for loue to thee.
When *Henry* was, my loue was onely his,
But by his death, it *Owen Tudors* is;
My loue to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giueth:
My loue to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liueth:
Henry woo'd me whilſt Warres did yet increaſe,
I woo my *Tudor*, in ſweet calmes of Peace?
To force Affection, he did Conqueſt proue,
I come with gentle Arguments of Loue.
Incamp'd at *Melans*; in Warres hot Alarmes,
Firſt ſaw I *Henry*, clad in Princely Armes?

At pleasant *Windsore*, first these Eyes of mine
My *Tudor* iudg'd, for wit and shape diuine;
Henry abroad, with Puissance and with Force,
Tudor at home, with Courtship and Discourse:
He then, thou now, I hardly can iudge whether
Did like me best *Plantaginet*, or *Tether*;
A March, a Measure, Battell, or a Daunce,
A Courtly Rapier, or a conqu'ring Lance.
His Princely Bed hath strength'ned my Renowne,
✻ And on my Temples set a double Crowne,
Which glorious Wreath as *Henries* lawfull Heire)
Henry the sixt vpon his Brow doth beare.
✻ At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did first inioy
My Bridall Rites, to *England* brought from *Troy*;
In *England* now that Honour thou shalt haue,
Which once in *Champaine* famous *Henry* gaue.
I seeke not Wealth, three Kindomes in my Power:
If these suffice not, where shall be my Dower?
Sad Discontent may euer follow her,
Which doth base Pelfe before true Loue preferre;
If Titles still could our Affections tye,
What is so great, but Maiestie might buy?
As I seeke thee, so Kings doe me desire;
To what they would, thou eas'ly may'st aspire.
That sacred Fire once warm'd my Heart before,
The Fuell fit, the Flame is now the more;
And meanes to quench it I in vaine doe proue,
" We may hide Treasure, but not hide our Loue,
And since it is thy fortune (thus) to gaine it.
It were too late, nor will I now restraine it.
✻ Nor these great Titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, Sister to a King,

Of

Of Grandſire, Father, Husband, Sonne, and Brother,
More thou alone to me then all theſe other.
✻ Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine
Should wronge the *Gaunt*-borne, great *Lacaſtrian* Line,
✻ Or make the *Engliſh* Bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Repine at *Lorainee*, *Burbon*, *Alanſon*;
Nor doe I thinke there is ſuch different ods,
They ſhould alone be numbred with the Gods,
Of *Cadmus* Earthly Iſſue reck'ning vs,
And they from *Ioue*, *Mars*, *Neptune*, *Eolus*;
Of great *Latona's* Off ſpring onely they,
And we the Brats of wofull *Biobe*.
Our famous Grandſirres (as their owne) beſtrid
That Porſe of Fame, that God-begotten Steed;
Whoſe bounding Hoofe plow'd that *Beotian* Spring,
Where thoſe ſweet Maides of Memorie doe ſing.
I clayme not all from *Henry*, but as well
To be the Child of *Charles* and *Iſabel*:
Nor can I thinke from whence their Griefe ſhould grow,
That by this Matcht they be diſparag'd ſo;
✻ When *Iohn* and *Longſhanks* Iſſue were affy'd,
And to the King of *Wales* in Wedlocke ty'd,
Shewing the greatneſſe of your Bloud thereby,
Your Race and Royall Conſanguinitie:
And *Wales*, as well as haughtie *England* boaſts,
✻ Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecoſts;
To haue precedence in *Pendragons* Race,
At *Arthurs* Table challenging the Place.
If by the often Conqueſt of your Land,
They boaſt the Spoyles of their victorious Hand;
If theſe our ancient Chronicles be true,
They altogether are not free from you.

✻ When

❧ When bloudie *Rufus* fought your vtter ſacke,
Twice entring *Wales*, yet twice was beaten backe;
When famous *Cambria* waſh'd her in the Floud,
Made by th'effuſion of the *Engliſh* Bloud;
❧ And oft return'd with glorious Victorie,
From *Worceſter*, *Her'ford*, *Cheſter Shrewsburie*;
Whoſe Power in eu'ry Conqueſt ſo preuayles,
As once expuls'd the *Engliſh* out of *Wales*.
Although my Beautie made my Countries Peace,
And at my Bridall former Broyles did ceaſe;
More then his Power, had not his Perſon beene,
I had not come to *England* as a Queene.
Not tooke I *Henry* to ſupply my want,
Becauſe in *France* that time my choyſe was ſcant,
When it had rob'd all *Chriſtendome* of Men,
And *Englands* Flower remayn'd amongſt vs then:
Gloſter, whoſe Counſels (*Neſtor*-like) aſſiſt;
Couragious *Bedford*, that great Martialliſt;
Clarence, for Vertue honour'd of his Foes;
And *Yorke*, whoſe Fame yet dayly greater growes;
Warwicke, the pride of *Neuils* haughtie Race;
Great *Saliſburie*, ſo fear'd in eu'ry place:
That valiant *Poole*, whom no Atchieuement dar's;
And *Vere*, ſo famous in the *Iriſh* Warres;
Who, though my ſelfe ſo great a Prince were borne,
The worſt of theſe, my equall need not ſcorne:
But *Henries* rare Perfections, and his Parts,
As conqu'ring Kingdomes, ſo he conquer'd Hearts.
As chaſte was I to him, as Queene might bee,
But freed from him, my chaſte loue vow'd to thee;
Beautie doth fetch all Fauor from thy Face,
All perfect Court-ſhip reſteth in thy Grace:

If thou diſcourſe, my Lips ſuch Accents breake,
As Loue a Spirit forth of thee ſeem'd to ſpeake.
The *Britiſh* Language, which our Vowels wants,
And iarres ſo much vpon harſh Conſonants,
Comes with ſuch grace from thy melliſluous Tongue,
As doe the ſweet Notes of a well-ſet Song,
And runs as ſmoothly from thoſe Lips of thine,
As the pure *Tuskan* from the *Florentine*;
Leauing ſuch ſeaſoned ſweetneſſe in the Eare,
That the Voyce paſt, yet ſtill the Sound is there:
In *Niſus* Tower, as when *Apollo* lay,
And one his golden Violl vs'd to play;
Where ſenſeleſſe Stões were with ſuch Muſicke drown'd,
As many yeeres they did retaine the Sound.
Let not the Beames, that Greatneſſe doth reflect,
Amaze thy Hopes with timerous reſpect;
Aſſure thee, *Tudor*, Maieſtie can bee
As kind in loue, as can the mean'ſt degree,
And the imbraces of a Queene as true
As theirs, which thinke them much aduanced by you;
When in our Greatneſſe, our Affections craue
Thoſe ſecret Ioyes, that other Women haue:
So I (a Queene) be ſoueraigne in my choyſe,
Let others fawne vpon the publike voyce;
Or what (by this) can euer hap to thee,
Light in reſpect, to be belou'd of mee?
Let peeuiſh Worldlings prate of Right and Wrong,
Leaue Plaints and Pleas, to whom they doe belong,
Let old Men ſpeake of Chances and Euents,
And Lawyers talke of Titles and Deſcents,
Leaue fond Reports to ſuch as Stories tell,
And Couenants, to thoſe that buy and ſell:

Loue

Loue, my ſweet *Tudor*, that becomes thee beſt;
And to our good ſucceſſe referre the reſt.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Incamp'd at *Melans* in Warres hot Alarmes
Firſt, &c.

Neere vnto Melaris, *vpon the Riuer of* Seyne, *was the appointed place of Parley betweene the two Kings of* England *and* France; *to which place* Iſabel, *the Queene of* France, *and the Duke of* Burgoyne, *brought the young Princeſſe*, Katherine, *where King* Henry *firſt ſaw her.*

And on my Temples ſet a double Crowne.

Henry *the firſt, and Queene* Katherine, *were taken as King and Queene of* France; *and during the life of* Charles *the* French *King*, Henry *was called King of* England, *and Heire of* France; *and after the death of* Henry *the firſt*, Henry *the ſixt, his ſoone, then being very young, was crowned at* Paris, *as true and lawfull King of* England *&* France.

At *Troy* in *Champaine* he did firſt inioy.

Troy *in* Campaine, *was the place where that victorious King* Henry *the firſt married the Princeſſe* Katherine, *in the preſence of the chiefe Nobilitie of the Realmes of* England *and* France.

Nor theſe great Titles vainely will I bring,
Wife, Daughter, Mother, &c.

Few Queenes of England, *or* France, *were euer more Princely allied then this Queene, as it hath beene noted by Hiſtoriographers.*

Nor feare, my *Tudor*, that this loue of mine
Should wrong the *Gaunt* borne, &c.

Noting the Deſcent of Henry *her Husband from* Iohn, *Duke of* Lancaſter, *the fourth ſonne of* Edward *the third*; *which Duke* Iohn *was ſirnamed* Gaunt, *of the Citie of* Gaunt *in* Flanders, *where he was borne.*

Or make the *Engliſh* Bloud, the Sunne and Moone,
Repine, &c.

Alluding the Greatneſſe of the Engliſh *line, to* Phœbus *and* Phœbe, *fained to be the Children of* Latona, *whoſe Heauenly kind might ſcorne*

to be ioyned with any Earthly Progenie: yet withall, boasting the Bloud of France, *as not inferiour to theirs. And with his Allusion, followeth on the Historie of the strife betwixt* Iuno *and the Race of* Cadmus, *whose Issue was afflicted by the Wrath of Heauen. The Children of* Niobe *slaine; for which, the wofull Mother became a Rocke, gushing forth continually a Fountaine of Teares.*

When *Iohn* and *Longshankes* Issue were assy'd,

Lhewellin, *or* Leolin ap Iorwith, *married* Ioan, *daughter to King* Iohn, *a most beautifull Lady. Some Authors affirme, that she was base borne.* Lhewellin ap Gryfith *married* Elinor, *daughter to* Simon Monfort, *Earle of* Leicestor, *and Cousin to* Edward Longshankes; *both which* Lhewellins, *were Princes of* Wales.

Of *Camilot*, and all her Pentecosts,
To haue precedence, &c.

Camilot *the ancient Palace of King* Arthur; *to which place, all the Knights of that famous Order yeerely repaired at Pentecost, according to the Law of the Table: and most of the famous home-borne Knights were of that Countrey; as to this day is perceiued by their ancient Monumets.*

When bloudy *Rufus* sought your vtter sacke.

Noting the ill successe which William Rufus *had in two Voyages he made into* Wales; *in which, a number of his chiefe Nobilitie were slaine.*

And oft return'd with glorious Victorie.

Noting the diuers and sundry Incursions that the Welshmen *made into* Englands, *in the time of* Rufus, Iohn, Henry *the second, and* Longshankes.

OWEN TVDOR to Queene KATHERINE.

VVHē first mine Eyes behold your Princely Name,
And found frō whence this friēdly Letter came;
As in excesse of Ioy, I had forgot,
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:

My

My panting Heart doth bid mine Eyes proceed,
My dazeled Eyes inuite my Tongue to read;
Which wanting their direction, dully miſt it:
My Lips, which ſhould haue ſpoke, were dumbe, & kiſt it,
And left the Paper in my trembling Hand,
When all my Senſes did amazed ſtand;
Euen as a Mother comming to her Child,
Which from her preſence hath beene long exil'd,
With gentle Armes his tender Necke doth ſtraine,
Now kiſſing it, now clipping it againe;
And yet exceſſiue Ioy deludes her ſo,
As ſtill ſhe doubts, if this be hers, or no.
At length awakened from this pleaſing Dreame,
When Paſſion ſomewhat left to be extreme,
My longing Eyes with their faire Obiect meet,
Where eu'ry Letter's pleaſing, each Word ſweet,
It was not *Henries* Conqueſts, nor his Court,
That had the power to win me by report;
Nor was his dreadfull Terror-ſtriking Name,
The cauſe that I from *Wailes* to *England* came;
For Chriſtian *Rhodes*, and, our Religons Truth,
To great Atchieuement firſt had woone my Youth:
This braue Aduenture did my Valour proue,
Before I e'r knew what it was to loue.
Nor came I hither by ſome poore euent.
But by th'eternall Deſtinies conſent;
Whoſe vncompriſed Wiſedome did fore-ſee,
That you in Mariage ſhould be link'd to mee.
By our great *Merlin* was it not fore-told,
(Amongſt his holy Propheſies enrol'd
When firſt he did of *Tudors* Name diuine,
That Kings and Queenes ſhould follow in our Line;

* And that the Helme (the *Tudors* ancient Creſt)
Should with the golden Flower-de-luce be dreſt;
As that the Leeke (our Countries chiefe Renowne)
Should grow with Roſes in the *Engliſh* Crowne:
As *Charles* his Daughter, you the Lilly beare,
As *Henries* Queene, the bluſhing Roſe you beare;
By *France's* Conqueſt, and by *Englands* Oath,
You are the true made Dowager of both;
Both in your Crowne, both in your Cheeke together,
Ioyne *Tethers* loue to yours, and yours to *Tether*.

Then caſt no future Doubts, nor feare no Hate,
When it ſo long hath beene fore-told by Fate,
And by the all-diſpoſing doome of Heau'n,
Before our Births, we to one Bed were giu'n.
No *Pallas* here, nor *Iunos* at all,
When I to *Venus* yeeld the golden Ball;
Nor when the *Grecians* Wonder I enioy,
None in reuenge to kindle fire in *Troy*.

And haue not ſtrange euents diuin'd our vs,
That in our loue we ſhould be proſperous?
When in your preſence I was call'd to dance,
In lofiſe Tricks whilſt I my ſelfe aduance,
And in a Turne, my footing fayl'd by hap,
Was't not my chance to light in to your Lap?
Who would not iudge it Fortunes greateſt grace,
Sith he muſt fall, to fall in ſuch a place?

His Birth from Heau'n, your *Tudor* not deriues,
Nor ſtands on tip-toes in Superlatiues,
Although the enuious *Engliſh* doe deuiſe
A thouſand leſts of our Hyperbolies;
Nor doe I clayme that Plot by ancient Deeds,
Where *Phœbus* paſtures his fire-breathing Steeds:

No

Nor doe I boaſt my God-made Grandſires Scarres,
Nor Gyants Trophies in the *Titans* Warres;
Nor faine my Birth (your Princely Eares to pleaſe)
By three Nights getting, as was *Hercules*;
Nor doe I forge my long Deſcent to runne
From aged *Neptune*, or the glorious Sunne:
✲ And yet in *Wales*, with them that famous bee,
Our learned *Bards* doe ſing my pedigree;
✲ And boaſt my Birth from great *Cadwallader*,
✲ From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Paladore*;
✲ And from *Eneons* Line, the *South-Wales* King,
By *Theodor*, the *Tudors* Name doe bring.
My Royall Mothers Princely Stocke began,
✲ From her great Grandam, faire *Gwenellian*;
By true deſcent from *Leolin* the Great,
As well from *North-Wales*, as faire *Powſlands* Seat:
Though for our Princely Genealogie,
I doe not ſtand to make Apologie,
Yet who with Iudgements true impartiall Eyes,
Shall looke from whence our Name at firſt did riſe,
Shall finde, that Fortune is to as in debt;
And why not *Tudor*, as *Plantaginet*?
✲ Nor that reume *Croggen*, Nicke-name of diſgrace,
Vs'd as a by-word now in cu'ry place,
Shall blot our Bloud, or wrong a *Welſhmans* Name.
Which was at firſt begot with *Englands* ſhame.
Our valiant Swords our Right did ſtill maintaine,
Againſt that cruell, proud, vſurping *Dane*,
Buckling beſides in many dang'rous Fights,
With *Norwayes*, *Swethens* and with *Muſcouites*;
✲ And kept our Natiue Language now thus long,
And to this day yet neuer chang'd our Tongue:

When they which now our Nation faine would tame,
Subdu'd, haue loſt their Countrey, and their Name.
Nor euer could the *Saxons* Swords prouoke
Our *Britaine* Necks to beare their ſeruile Yoke:
Where *Cambria's* pleaſant Countryes bounded bee
With ſwelling *Seuerne*, and the holy *Dee*;
And ſince great *Brutus* firſt arriu'd, haue ſtoo'ſt,
The onely remnant of the *Troian* Blood.
To euery Man is not allotted Chance,
To boaſt with *Henry*, to haue conquer'd *France*:
Yet if my Fortunes be thus rayſ'd by thee,
This may preſage a further good to me;
And our Saint *Dauid* in the *Britaines* Right,
May ioyne with *Gorge*, the Sainted *Engliſh* Knight;
And old *Care-marden*, *Merlins* famous Towne,
Not ſcorn'd by *London*, though of ſuch renowne.
Ah, would to God, that Houre my Hopes attend,
Were with my Wiſh brought to deſired end!
Blame me not, Madame, though I thus deſire,
Many there be, that after you inquire;
Till now your Beautie in Nights Boſome ſlept,
What Eye durſt ſtirre, where awfull *Henry* kept?
Who durſt attempt to ſayle but neere the Bay,
Where that all-conqu'ring great *Alcides* lay?
Youre Beautie now is ſet a Royall Prize,
And Kings repayre to cheapen Merchandize.
If you but walke to take the breathing Ayre,
Orithia makes me, that I *Boreas* feare;
If to the Fire, *Ione* once in Lightning came,
And faire *Egina* makes me feare the flame;
If in the Sunne, then ſad Suſpition dreames
Phœbus ſhould ſpread *Leucothoe* in his Beames;

If

If in a Fountaine you doe coole your Bloud,
Neptune I feare, which once came in a Floud;
If with your Mayds, I dread *Apollo's* Rape,
Who cous'ned *Chion* in an old Wiues shape;
If you doe banquet, *Bacchus* makes me dreed,
Who in a Grape *Erigone* did feed;
And if my selfe your Chamber-doore should keepe,
Yet feare I *Hermes*, comming in a Sleepe.
Pardon (sweet Queene) if I offend in this,
In these Delayes, Loue most impatient is;
And Youth wants powe'r his hot Spleene to suppresse,
When Hope alreadie banquets in Excesse.
Though *Henries* Fame in me you shall not find,
Yet that which better shall content your mind;
But onely in the Title of a King
Was his aduantage, in no other thing:
If in his loue more pleasure you did take,
Neuer let Queene trust *Britan*, for my sake.
Yet iudge me not from Modestie exempt,
That I another *Phaetons* Charge attempt;
My Mind, that thus your Fauours dare aspire,
Shewes, that 'tis touch'd with a celestiall fire;
If I doe fault, the more is Beauties blame,
When she herselfe is author of the same:
" All Men to some one qualitie incline,
Onely to Loue is naturally mine.
Thou art by Beautie famous, as by Birth,
Ordain'd by Heau'n to cheere the drouping Earth;
Adde faithfull Loue vnto your greater State,
And be alike in all things fortunate.
A King might promise more, I not deny,
But yet (by Heau'n) he loue'd not more then I.

And,

And thus I leaue, till time my Faith approue,
I ceaſe to write, but neuer ceaſe to loue.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

And that the Helme, the *Tudors* ancient Creſt.

THe Armes of Tudor, *was three Helmets; whereof he ſpeaketh, as a thing prophetically fore-told of* Merlin.

When in thy preſence I was call'd to dance.

Owen Tudor, *being a Courtly and a fine Gentleman, commanded once to dance before the Queene, in a Turne (not being able to recouer himſelfe) fell into her Lap, as ſhee ſate vpon a little Stoole, which many of her Ladies about her.*

And yet with them in Wales that famous be,
Our learned Bards, &c.

This Berdh, *as they call it in the* Britiſh *Tongue, or as we more properly ſay,* Bard, *or* Bardus, *be their Poets, which keepe the Records of Pedigrees and Deſcents and ſung in Odes and Meaſures to their Harpes, after the old manner of the Lyricke Poets.*

And boaſt my Bloud from great *Cadwallader.*

Cadwallader, *the laſt King of the Britaines, deſcended of the Noble and ancient Race of the Troians; to whom an Angell appeared, commanding him to goe to* Rome *to Pope* Sergius, *where he ended his life.*

From old *Caer-Septon*, in Mount *Paladur.*

Caer-Septon, *now called* Shaftsburie; *at whoſe Building it was ſaid, an Eagle propheſied (or rather, one named* Aquila) *of the ſame of that Place, and of the ſoueritie of the Ile by the* Britaines, *bringing backe withthem the Bones of* Cadwallader *from* Rome.

And from *Encons* Line, *the South-Wales* King,
From *Theodor*, &c.

This Encon *was ſlaine by the Rebels of* Gwentland; *he was a notable and worthie Gentleman, who in his life did many noble Acts, and was father to* Theodor, *or* Tudor Maur, *of whom deſcended the Princes of* South-Wales.

From her great Grandam, faire *Gwenellian.*

Gwenellian, *the daughter of* Rees ap Griffeth ap Theodor, *Prince of* South-Wales, *married* Edniuet Vaughan *anceſtor to* Owen Tudor.

By

By true descent from *Leolin* the Great.

This is the Lewhelin *called* Leolinus Magnus *Prince of* North-Wales.

Nor that word *Croggen* Nick-name of disgrace.

In the Voyage that Henry *second made against the* Welshmen, *as his Souldiers passed* Offas *Ditch at* Croggen *Castle, they were overthrowne by the* Welshmen: *which word* Croggen *hath since beene vsed to the* Welshmens *Disgrace, which was at first begun with their Honour.*

And kept our Nature Language now thus long.

The Welshmen *be those ancient* Britaines, *which when the* Picts, Danes, *and* Saxons *invaded here, were first driuen into those parts; where they haue kept their Language euer since the first, without commixtion with any other.*

And old *Caer-Merdin, Merlines* famous Towne.

Care-Merdin, *or* Merlins *Towne, so called, of* Merlins *being found there. This was* Ambrose Merlin, *whose Prophesies we haue. There was another of that Name, called* Merlin Sylvestris, *borne in* Scotland, *sirnamed* Calidonius, *of the Forrest* Calidon, *where he prophesied.*

ELINOR COBHAM TO DVKE *HVMPHRY.*

THE ARGVMENT.

Wise Humphry, *Duke of* Gloster, *nam'd the Good,*
Next to his Nephew, of the Royall Blood,
(Henry *the sixt then being very yong*)
Chosen Protector: by ambition strong,
Whose Duchesse Elinor, *violent lyled,*
To thinke the Crowne their's, were yong Henry *dead,*
Conuicted was with Sorcerers to conspire,
Which practiséd to hasten her desire:
For which, she her thrice-Penance was assign'd;
To th'Ile of Man *and afterwards confin'd.*

From

From whence, she writes this Letters to her Lord,
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

ME thinks, not knowing who these Lines should send,
Thou straight turn'st ouer to the latter end;
Where, thou my Name no sooner hast espy'd,
But in disdaine my Letter casts aside:
Why, if thou wilt, I will my selfe deny,
Nay, I'le affirme and sweare, I am not I;
Or if in that thy shame thou do'st perceiue,
Lo, for thy deare sake, I my Name will leaue.
And yet, me thinkes, amaz'd thou shouldst not stand,
Nor seeme so much appalled at my Hand;
For my Misfortunes haue inur'd thine Eye,
(Long before this) to Sighes of Miserie:
No, no reade on, tis I, the very same,
All thou canst reade, is but to reade my shame.
Be not dismay'd, nor let my Name affright,
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight;
It cannot wound, nor doe thee deadly harme,
It is no dreadfull Spell, no Magick Charme;
If she that sent it, loue Duke *Humphrey*, so,
Is't possible her Name should be his Foe?
Yes, I am *Eleanor*, I am very true,
Who brought for Dower a Virgins Bed to thee;
* Though enuious *Beauford* slander'd me before,
To be Duke *Humphreyes* wanton Paramour.
And though indeed I can it not deny,
* To Magick once I did my selfe apply;
I wonne thee not, as there be many thinke,
With poys'ning Philters, and bewitching Drinke;
Nor on thy person did I euer proue
Those wicked Potions, to procuring Loue.

I

I cannot boaſt, to be rich *Hollands* Heire,
Nor of the Bloud and Greatneſſe of *Baueire*;
✻ Yet *El'nor* brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*;
Nor clam'rous Husband follow'd me that fled,
Exclayming *Humphrey* to deſile his Bed;
Nor waſt thou forc'd, the Slander to ſuppreſſe,
To ſend me backe as an Adultereſſe:
✻ *Brabant*, nor *Burgoyne*, claymed me by force,
Nor ſu'd to *Rome*, to haſten my Diuorce;
Nor *Belgia's* Pompe, defaced with *Belgia's* fire,
The iuſt reward of her vniuſt deſire:
✻ Nor *Bedfords* Spouſe, your Noble Siſter *Anne*,
That Princely-iſſued great *Burgonian*,
Need ſtand with me, to moue a Womans ſtrife,
To yeeld the place to the Protectors Wife,
If *Cobhams* Name my Birth can dignifie,
Or *Sterborough* renowne my Family.
✻ Where's *Greenwich* now, thy *El'nors* Court of late,
Where ſhe with *Humphrey* held a Princely State?
That pleaſant *Kent*, when I abroad ſhould ride,
That to my pleaſure laid forth all her pride?
The *Thames*, by Water when I tooke the ayre,
That danc'd my Barge, in lanching from the ſtayre?
The anch'ring Ships, which when I paſs'd the Road,
Were wont to hang their chequ'red Tops abroad?
How could it be, thoſe that were wont to ſtand,
To ſee my Pompe, ſo Goddeſſe-like to Land,
Should after ſee me mayl'd vp in a Sheet,
Doe ſhamefull Penance three times in the Street?
Rung with a Bell, a Taper in my Hand,
Bare-foot to trudge before a Beadles Wand;

That

That little Babes, not hauing vse of Tongue,
Stood pointing at me, as I came along.
Where then was *Humphrey*, where was his Command?
Wast thou not Lord Protector of the Land?
Or for thy Iustice, who could thee denie
The Title of the good Duke *Humphrey*?
What Bloud, extract from famous *Edwards* Line,
Could boast it selfe to be so pure as thine?
Who else, next *Henry*, should the Realme preserre,
If it allow the Line of *Lancaster*?
But *Rayners* Daughter must from *France* be fet,
And with a vengance on our Throne be set;
Maunes, *Maine*, and *Anjou*, on that Begger cast,
To bring her home to *England* in such haste:
And what for *Henry* thou hadst laboured there,
To ioyne the King with *Armiack's* rich Heire,
Must all be dash'd, as no such thing had beene,
Poole needs must haue his Darling made a Queene,
How should he with our Princes else be plac'd,
To haue his Earlesship with a Dukedome grac'd;
And rayse the Off-spring of his Bloud so hie,
As Lords of vs and our Posteritie?
O, that by Sea when he to *France* was sent,
The Ship had sunke, wherein the Traytor went;
Or that the Sands had swallow'd her, before
She e're set foote vpon the *English* shore!
But all is well, nay, we haue store to giue,
What need we more, we by her Lookes can liue:
All that great *Henry* by his Conquests heapt,
And famous *Bedford* to his glory kept,
Is giuen backe to *Rayner* all in post;
And by this meanes, rich *Normandie* is lost.

Those

Thoſe which haue come as Miſtreſſes of ours,
Haue into *England* brought there goodly Dow'rs,
Which to our Coffers yeerely Tribute brings,
The Life of Subiects and the ſtrength of Kings;
The meanes whereby faire *England* euer might
Rayſe Power in *France*, to backe her ancient Right:
But ſhe brings Ruine here to make abroad,
And cancels all our lawfull Clayme abroad;
And ſhe muſt recapiculate my Shame,
And giue a thouſand by-words to my Name,
And call me, Beldam, Gib, Witch, Night-mare, Trot,
With all diſpight that may a Woman ſpot.
O, that I were a Witch but for her ſake!
Yfaith her Queeneſhip little Reſt ſhould take;
I would ſcratch that Face, that may not feele the Ayre,
And knit whole Ropes of Witch-knots in her Hayre:
O I would Hag her nightly in her Bed,
And on her Breſt ſit like a lumpe of Lead,
And like a Fairie pinch that daintie Skin,
Her wanton Bloud is now ſo cocker'd in;
Or take me ſome ſuch knowne familiar ſhape,
As ſhe my Vengeance neuer ſhould eſcape.
Were I a Garment, none ſhould need the more,
To ſprinkle me with *Neſſus* poys'ned Gore;
It were ynough, if ſhee once put me on,
To teare both Fleſh and Sinewes from the Bone:
Were I a Flower, that might her Smell delight,
Though I were not the poys'ning *Aconite*,
I would ſend ſuch Fume into her Brow,
Should make her mad, as mad a I am now.
* They ſay, the *Druides* once liu'd in this Ile,
This fatall *Man*, the place of my Exile,

Whoſe

Whose pow'rfull Charmes such dreadfull Wonders
Which in the *Gotish Island* Tonge were taught; (wrought,
O, that their Spels to me they had resign'd,
Wherewith they rays'd and calm'd both Sea and Wind!
And made the Moone pawse in her paled Sphere,
Whilst her grim Dragons drew them through the Ayre:
Their Hellish Power, to kill the Plow-mans Seed,
Or to fore-speake whole Flocks, as they did feed;
To nurse a damned Spirit with humane Bloud,
To carry them through Earth, Ayre, Fire, and Floud:
Had I this skill that Time hath almost lost,
How like a Goblin I would haunt her ghost?
O pardon, pardon my mis-gouern'd Tongue,
A Woman's strength cannot endure my Wrong.

❧ Did not the Heauens her commig in withstand,
As though affrighted, when she came to Land?
The Earth did quake, her comming to abide,
The goodly *Thames* did twice keepe backe his Tide,
Pauls shooke with Tempests, and that mounting Spire,
With Lightning sent from Heau'n, was set on fire;
Our stately Buildings to the ground were blowne,
Her Pride by these prodigious signes were showne;
More fearefull Visions on the *English* Earth,
Then euer were at any Death, or Birth.
Ah *Humfrey*, *Humfrey*, if I should not speake,
My Breast would split, my very Heart would breake.
I, that was wont so many to command,
Worse now then with a Clap-dish in my hand;
A simple Mantle couering me withall,
The very'st Leper, of Cares Hospitall;
That from my State a Presence held in awe,
Glad here to kennell in a Pad of Straw;

And

And like an Owle, by Night to goe abroad,
Roofted all day within an Iuy Tod,
Among the Sea-Cliffes, in the dampie Caues,
In Charnell-Houſes, fit to dwell in Graues.
Saw'ſt thou thoſe Eyes, in whoſe ſweet cherefull Looke,
Duke *Humphrey* once ſuch ioy and pleaſure tooke,
Sorrow hath ſo deſpoyl'd them of all grace,
Thou couldſt not ſay, this was my *El'nors* face:
Like a foule *Gorgon*, whoſe diſheuel'd Hayre
With euery blaſt flyes glaring in the Ayre;
Some ſtanding vp like Hornes vpon my Head,
Euen like thoſe Women that in *Coos* are bred:
My lanke Breſts hang like Bladdars left vnblowne,
My Skin with lothſome Iaundize ouer-growne;
So pin'd away, that if thou long'ſt to ſee
Ruines true Picture, onely looke on mee.
Sometimes, in thinking of what I haue had,
I from a ſudden Extaſie grow mad:
Then, like a Bedlam, forth thy *El'nor* runnes,
Like one of *Bacchus* raging frantike Nunnes;
Or like a *Tartar*, when in ſtrange diſguiſe,
Prepar'd vnto a diſmall Sacrifice.
That Prelate *Beauford*, a foule ill befall him,
Prelate ſaid I! nay, Deuill I ſhould call him:
Ah God forgiue me, If I thinke amiſſe,
His very Name, me thinkes, my Poyſon is:
Ah that vile *Iudas*, our profeſſed Foe,
My Curſe purſue him, whereſoe'r he goe;
That to my Iudgement, when I did appeare,
Laid to my charge thoſe things that neuer were:
That I ſhould know of *Bullenbrookes* Intents,
The hallowing of his Magicke Inſtruments;

That I procured *Southwell* to assist,
Which was by order consecrate a Priest;
That it was I should couer all they did,
Which but for him had to this day beene hid.
Ah that vile Bastard, that himselfe dare vaunt,
To be the Sonne of thy braue Grandsire *Gaunt*,
Whom he but father'd of meere Charitie,
To rid his Mother of that Infamie;
Who, if report of eldertimes be true
Yet to this day his Father neuer knew.
He that by Murthers blacke and odious Crime,
To *Henries* Throne attempted once to clime,
Hauing procur'd by hope, of golden gaine,
A fatall Hand his Soueraigne to haue slaine
Whome to his Chamber closely he conuay'd,
And for that purpose fitly there had layd,
Vpon whose Sword that famous Prince had dy'd,
If by a Dogge he had not beene descry'd.
But now the Queene, her Minion *Poole*, and he,
As it please them, eu'n so must all things be;
England's no place for any one beside,
All is too little to maintaine their pride.
What, of a King, hath *Henry*, but the Name;
And now scarse that, so publike his defame?
And I pray God, I doe not liue the day,
To see his Ruine, and the Realmes decay:
And yet as sure as *Humphrey* seemes to stand,
He be preseru'd from that vile Traytors hand.
From *Glosters* Seat I would thou wert estrang'd,
Or would to God that Dukedomes Name were chang'd,
For it portends some after-ill to vs,
Ah *Humphrey*, *Humphrey*, it is ominous:

Yet

Yet rather then thy hap so hard should be,
I would thou were here banished with me.
Humphrey adiew, farwell true Noble Lord,
My wish is all thy *Elnor* can afford.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Though enuious *Beauford* stand'red me before.

Noting *the extreme Hate that cardinall* Beauford *had euer borne to her.*

To Magicke once I did my selfe apply.

Elinor Cobham *was accused by some, that sought to withstand, and misliked her Marriage with Duke* Humphrey, *that she practised to giue him Philters, and such poysoning Potions, to make him loue her; as she was slandered by Cardinall* Beuford, *to haue liued as the Dukes Lemman: against the which Cardinall she exclaymeth in this Epistle, in the Verse before.*

Yet *Elnor* brought no forraine Armies in,
To fetch her backe, as did thy *Iacomin*.

This was the chiefe and onely thing that euer touched the reputation of this good Duke, that dotingly he married Iacomin, *or as some call her,* Iaquet, *Daughter and Heire to* William Bauier, *Duke of* Holland, *before married, and lawfull Wife to* Iohn, *Duke of* Brabant, *then liuing: which after, as it is shewed in this Verse following,*

Brabant nor *Burgoyne* claymed me by force,
Nor su'd to *Rome*, to hasten my diuorce.

Caused great Warres, by reason, that the Duke of Burgoyne *to be part with* Brabant, *against the Duke of* Glouceſter; *which being arbitrated by the Pope the Ladie was adiudged to be deliuered backe to her former Husband*

Nor *Bedfords* Spouse, your Noble sister *Anne*,
That Princely issued great *Burgonian*.

Iohn, *Duke of* Bedford, *that Scourge of* France, *and the Glorie of the* Englishmen, *married* Anne, *sister to the Duke of* Burgundie, *a vertuous and beautifull Ladie: by which Marriage, as also by his Victories attained in* France, *he brought great Strength to the* English *Nation.*

Where's *Greenwich* now thy *El'nors* Court of late?

That faire and goodly Palace of Greenwich, *in* Kent, *was first builded by that famous Duke: Whose rich and pleasant situation might remaine an assured Monument of his Wisedome, if there were no other memorie of the same.*

They say the *Druides* once liued in this Ile.

It should seeme, that there were two Ilands both of them called Mona, *though now distinguished; the one, by the Name of* Man, *the other by the Name of* Angleſey; *both which, were full of many infernall Cerimonies: as may appeare by* Agricolaes *Voyage, made, into the hithermost* Man, *described by his sonne in law* Cornelius Tacitus *and as Superstition, the Daughter of Barbarisme, and Ignorance; so, amongst those Northerne Nations, like as in* America, *Magick was most esteemed.*

Druidæ *were the publike Ministers of there Religion, as therowly taught in all Rites thereof: There Doctrine concerned the Immortalitie of the Soule, the Contempt of Death, and all other Points which may conduce to Resolution, Fortitude, and Magnanimitie: There aboade was in Groues and Woods whereupon they haue there Name: there Power extended it selfe to master the Soules of Men deceased, and to conferre with Ghosts and other Spirits, about the succesſe of Things.*

Plutarch, *in his profound and learned Discourse of the defect of Oracles, reporteth, That the outmost* British *Iles were the Prison of I wot not what Demi-gods: But it shall not need to speake any farther of the* Druidæ, *then that which* Lucan *doth:*

Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque ſiniſtrum.
Sacrorum, *Druidæ* poſitis repetiſtis ab armis.

Did nor the Heauens her comming in withstand?

Noting the prodigious and feareſull signes that were seene in England *a little before her comming in: which* Elinor *expresseth in this Epistle, as fore-shewing the Dangers which should ensue vpon this vnluckie Marriage.*

The hallowing of the Magicke Instruments.

The Instruments which Bullenbrooke *vsed in his Coniurations, according to the diuelliſh Ceremonies and Customes of these vnlawfull Arts, were dedicated at a Maſſe, in the Lodge in* Harnſey *Parke, by* South-well, *Priest of* Weſtminſter.

Hauing

Hauing procur'd by hope of golden gaine.

This was one of the Articles that Duke Humphrey *vrged against the Cardinall* Beauford, *That he conspired the death of* Henry *the fifth, by conueying a Villaine into his Chamber. which in the Night should haue murthered him but what ground of Truth had for the same, I leaue to dispute.*

Duke HVMPHREY to ELINOR COBHAM.

METhinkes thou shouldst not doubt, I could forget
Her, whom so many doe remember yet;
" No, no, our loyes away like shadowes slide,
" But Sorrowes firme in memorie abide;
Nay, I durst answer, thou do'st nothing lesse,
But into Passion, vrg'd by thy distresse:
No *El'nor* no, thy Woes, thy Griefe, thy Wrong,
Haue in my Breast beene resident too long.
Oh, when Report in eu'ry place had spred,
My *El'nor* was to Sanctuarie fled,
With curst *Onley*, and the Witch of *Eye*,
As guiltie of their vile Conspiracie;
The dreadfull Spirits when they did inuocate,
For the Succession, and the Realmes Estate;
When *Henries* Image they in Waxe had wrought,
By which he should haue to his death beene brought;
That as his Picture did consume away,
His Person so by Sickneſſe should decay:
Griefe, that before could ne'r my Throughts controule,
That instant tooke possession of my Soule.
Ah, would to God I could forget thine Ill!
As for mine owne, let that inflict me still;

But that before hath taken too ſure hold:
Forget it, ſaid I? would to God I could.
Of any Woe, if thou haſt but one part,
I haue the whole remaining in my Heart;
I haue no need, of others Cares to borrow,
For all I haue, is nothing elſe but Sorrow.
No; my ſweet *Nell*, thou took'ſt not all away;
Though thou went'ſt hence, here ſtill thy Woes doe ſtay;
Though from thy Husband thou wert forc'd to goe,
Thoſe ſtill remaine, they will not leaue him ſo:
No Eye bewayles my Ill, moanes thy Diſtreſſe,
Our Griefe's the more, but yet our Debt the leſſe;
We owe no Teares, no Mourning dayes are kept,
For thoſe that yet for vs haue neuer wept;
We hold no Obiits, no ſad Exequies,
Vpon the death-dayes of vnweeping Eyes.
Alas, good *Nell*, what ſhould thy patience moue,
T'vpbraid thy kind Lord with a forraine loue?
Thou might'ſt haue bid all former Ills adue,
Forgot the old, we haue ſuch ſtore of new.
Did I omit thy loue to entertaine,
Whith mutuall Griefe to anſwer Greife againe?
Or think'ſt thou, I vnkindly did forbeare
To bandie Woe for Woe, and Teare for Teare?
Did I forget, or careleſſely neglect
Thoſe ſhewes of Loue, that Ladies ſo reſpect?
In mournefull Blacke was I not ſeene to goe,
By outward ſignes t'expreſſe my inward Woe?
Did I thy loſſe not publiquely lament,
Nor by my Lookes bewray'd my Diſcontent?
Is this the cauſe? If this be it, know then,
" One Griefe conceal'd, more grieuous is then ten:

If

If in my Breſt thoſe Sorrowes ſometimes were,
And neuer vtt'red, they muſt ſtill be there;
And if thou know'ſt, they many were before,
By time encreaſing, they muſt needs be more.
England to me can challenge nothing lent,
Let her caſt vp what is receiu'd, what ſpent;
If I her owne, can ſhe from blame be free,
If ſhe but proue a ſtep-mother to mee?
That if I ſhould with that proud Baſtard ſtriue,
To plead for Birth-right my Prerogatiue,
Be that allow'd, I ſhould not need to feare it,
For then my true Nobilitie ſhould beare it:
If Counſell ayd, that *France* will tell (I know)
Whoſe Townes lye waſte before the *Engliſh* Foe,
When thrice we gaue the conquer'd *French* the foile
✻ At *Agincourt*, at *Crauant*, and *Vernoyle*:
If Faith auaile, theſe Armes did *Henry* hold,
To clayme his Crowne, yet ſcarſely nine months old:
If Countries care haue leaue to ſpeake for me,
Gray hayres in youth my witneſſe then may be:
If peoples Tongues giue ſplendour to my Fame,
They adde a Title to Duke *Humphr's* Name:
If Toyle at home, *French* Treaſon *Engliſh* Hate,
Shall tell my skill in managing the State,
If forraigne Trauell my ſucceſſe may try,
✻ Then *Flanders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.
That Robe of *Rome* proud *Beauford* now doth weare,
In euery place ſueh ſway ſhould neuer beare:
✻ The Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious Hand,
To be the Scepter that controules the Land.
That home to *England*, Diſpenſations drawes,
Which are of power to abrogate our Lawes;

And for thoſe Summes the wealthie Church ſhould pay,
Vpon the needie Comminaltie to lay:
His ghoſtly Counſels onely doe aduiſe,
✻ The meanes how *Langleyes* Progenie may riſe,
Pathing young *Henrys* vnaduiſed wayes,
A Duke of *Yorke* from *Cambridge* Houſe to rayſe,
Which after may our Title vndermine,
Grafted ſince *Edward*, in *Gaunts* famous Line,
Vs of Succeſſion falſely to depriue,
Which they from *Clarence* fainedly deriue;
Knowing the will old *Cambridge* euer borne,
To catch the Wreathe that famous *Henry* wore:
With *Gray* and *Scroope* when firſt he layd the Plot,
From vs, and ours, the Garland to haue got;
As from the *March*-borne *Mortimer* to raigne,
Whoſe Title *Glendour* ſtoutly did maintaine,
When the proud *Percies*, haughtie *March*, and hee,
Had ſhar'd the Land by equall parts, in three.
✻ His Prieſthood now ſterne *Mowbray* will reſtore,
To ſtirre the fire that kindled was before;
Againſt the *Yorkiſts* ſhall their Clayme aduance,
To ſteele the point of *Norfolkes* ſturdie Lance,
Vpon the Breſt of *Harfords* Iſſue bent,
In iuſt reuenge of ancient Baniſhment,
He doth aduiſe to let our Priſ'ner goe,
And doth inlarge the faithleſſe *Scottiſh* Foe,
✻ Giuing our Heires in Marriage, that their Dow'rs
May bring Inuaſion vpon vs and ours.
Ambitious *Soffolke* ſo the Helme doth guide,
With *Beaufords* damned Policies ſupply'd;
He and the Queene in counſell ſtill conferre,
How to rayſe him, who hath aduanced her.

But

But my deare Heart, how vainely doe I dreame,
And flye from thee, whose Sorrowes are my Theame?
My loue to thee, and *England* thus diuided,
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided?
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,
So neere are you, so deare vnto me both;
'Twixt that and thee, for equall loue I find,
England ingratefull, and my *El'nor* kind.
But though my Countrey iustly I reproue,
Yet I for that, neglected haue my loue;
Neuerthelesse, thy *Humfrey's* to thee now,
As when fresh Beautie triumph'd on thy Brow;
As when thy Graces I admired most,
Or of thy Fauours might the frankly'st boast:
Those Beauties were so infinite before,
That in abundance I was onely poore;
Of which, though Time hath taken some againe,
I aske no more but what doth yet remayne.
Be patient gentle Heart, in thy distresse,
Thou art a Princesse, not a whit the lesse.
Whilst in these Brefts we beare about this Life,
I am thy Husband, and thou art my Wife.
Cast not thine Eye on such as mounted be,
But looke on those east downe as low as we;
For some of them which proudly pearch so hie,
Ere long shall come as low as thou or I.
They weepe for Ioy, and let vs laugh in Woe,
We shall exchange, when Heau'n will haue it so;
We mourne, and they in after-time may mourne,
Woe past, may once laugh present Woe to scorne:
And worse then hath beene, we can neuer taste,
Worse cannot come, then is alreadie past:

" In all extreames, the onely depth of ill,
" Is that which comforts the afflicted ſtill.
Ah would to God thou couldſt thy Griefes deny,
And on my backe let all the Burthen lye!
Or if thou canſt reſigne, make them mine owne,
Both in one Carriage to be vndergone,
Till we againe our former Hopes recouer,
And proſp'rous Times blow theſe Misfortunes ouer;
For in the thought of thoſefore-paſſed yeeres,
Some new reſemblance of old Ioy appeares.
Mutuall our Care, ſo mutuall be our Loue,
That our Affliction neuer can remoue:
So reſt in peace, where Peace hath hope to liue,
Wiſhing thee more then I my ſelfe can giue.

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

At *Agencourt*, at *Crauant* and *Vernoyle*.

THe three famous Battels fought by the Engliſhmen in France: Agencort by Henry the fifth, againſt the whole Power of France Crauant, fought by Mountacute, Earle of Salisbury, and the Duke of Burgoyne, againſt the Dolphin of France, and William Stuart, Conſtable of Scotland: Vernoyle, fought by Iohn Duke of Bedford, againſt the Duke of Alanſon, and with him moſt of the Nobilitie of France; Duke Humphrey an eſpeciall Counſellor in all theſe Expeditions.

Then *Flanders*, *Almaine*, *Boheme*, *Burgundie*.

Here remembring the ancient Amitie which in his Embaſſies hee had concluded betwixt the King of England, and Sigiſmund, Emperour of Almaine, drawing the Duke of Burgoyne into the ſame League, giuing himſelfe as an Hoſtage for the Duke at Saint Omers, whil: the Duke came to Calice, to confirme the League: With his many other Imployments to forraine Kingdomes.

That Croſier ſtaffe in his imperious hand.

Henry Beauford Cardinall of Wincheſter, that proud and haughtie Prelate, receiued the Cardinales Hat at Calice, by the Popes Legate; which

which Dignitie, Henry *the fifth, his Nephew, forbad him to take vpon him, knowing his haughtie and malicious spirit vnfit for that Robe and Calling.*

The meanes how *Langley's* Progenie may rise.

As willing to shew, the House of Cambridge *to be descended of* Edmund Langley, *Duke of* Yorke, *a younger Brother to* Iohn *of* Gaunt *his Grandfather (as much as in him lay) to smother the Title that the* Yorkists *made to the Crowne (from* Lionel *of* Clarence, Gaunts *elder Brother) by the Daughter of* Mortimer.

His Priesthood now sterne *Mowbray* doth restore.

Noting the ancient Grudge betweene the House of Lancaster *and* Norfolke, *euer since* Mowbray, *Duke of* Norfolke, *was banished, for the Accusation of* Henry, *Duke of* Harford *(after that, King of* England, *Father to Duke* Humphrey:) *Which Accusation, hee came as a Combatant, to haue made good, in the Lists at* Couentry.

Giuing our Heires in Marriage that their Dow'rs.

Iames Stuart, *King of* Scots, *hauing beene long Prisoner in* England, *was released, and tooke to Wife the Daughter of* Iohn *Duke of* Somerset *Sister to* Iohn *Duke of* Somerset, *Neece to the Cardinall, and the Duke of* Excester, *and Cousin german remoued to the King: This King broke the Oath he had taken, and became after a great Enemie to* England.

FINIS.

WIL-

WILLIAM DE-LA-POOLE, DVKE OF SVFFOLKE, TO QVEENE MARGARET.

THE ARGVMENT.

This Duke of Suffolke William, *to aduance*
A Lady, long belou'd of him in France,
His Miſtris, Margaret, *that Duke* Rayners *Child,*
Himſelfe who of Ieruſalem *inſtyl'd*
The King: this Poole, *his Darling to preferre,*
Betweene young Henry, *nam'd the ſixt, and her,*
Concludes a Marriage; and her Syre to gayne,
Giues vp the Towne of Maans Aniou, *and* Main,
To Rayner *for her: for which lawleſſe fact,*
The Peeres him fiue yeeres Baniſhment enact,
When for his lateſt farwell of the Queene,
Theſe two Epiſtles paſſe them two betweene.

IN my diſgrace (deare Qeene) reſt thy Content,
And *Margarets* health from *Suffolks* Baniſhment:
Fiue yeres exile were not an houre to mee,
But that ſo ſoone I muſt depart from thee;
Where thou not preſent, it is euer Night,
All be exil'd, that liue not in thy ſight.
Thoſe Sauages which worſhip the Sunnes riſe,
Would hate their God, if they beheld thine Eyes;

The

The Worlds great Light, might'ſt thou be ſeene abroad,
Would at our Noone-ſtead euer make aboad,
And force the poore *Antipodes* to mourne,
Fearing leſt he would neuer more returne.
Wer't not for thee, it were my great'ſt Exile,
To liue within this Sea-inuiron'd Ile.

Pooles Courage brookes not limiting in Bands,
But that (great Queene) thy Sou'raignrie commands:
✲ Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage indure,
Nor Buzzard-like doth ſtoope to eu'ry Lure;
Their mounting Brood in open Ayre doth roue,
Nor will with Crowes be coup'd within a Groue.

We all doe breath vpon this Earthly Ball,
Likewiſe one Heau'n incompaſſeth vs all,
" No Baniſhment can be to him aſſign'd,
" Who doth retaine a true-reſolued Mind.
" Man in himſelfe a little World doth beare,
" His Soule the Monarch, euer ruling there:
" Where-euer then his Body doth remaine,
" He is a King, that in himſelfe doth raigne:
" And neuer feareth Fortunes hot'ſt Alarmes,
" That beares againſt her Patience for his Armes.
✲ This was the meane proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my diſgrace, at *Leiſter* Parlement,
✲ That onely I, by yeelding vp of *Maine*,
✲ Should cauſe the loſſe of fertile *Aquitaine*,
✲ With the baſe vulgar ſort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke *Humphreyes* Name;
And ſo by Treaſon ſpotting my pure Blood,
Make this a meane to rayſe the *Neuiles* Brood,
✲ With *Salisbury*, his vile ambitious Sire,
✲ In *Yorkes* ſterne Breſt kindling long hidden fire;

✻ By *Clarence* Title working to supplant
✻ The Eagle Ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*:
And to this end did my Exile conclude,
Thereby to please the rascall Multitude;
✻ Vrg'd by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Crying reuenge for the Protectors death;
That since the old decrepit Duke is dead,
By me, of force, he must be murthered.
✻ If they would know who rob'd him of his Life,
✻ Let him call home Dame *Elinor*, his Wife,
✻ Who with a Taper walked in a Sheet,
✻ To light her shame at Noone through *London* Street;
✻ And let her bring her Necromanticke Booke,
✻ That foule Hag *Iordan*, *Hun*, and *Bullenbrooke*,
✻ And let them call the Spirits from Hell againe,
To know how *Humphrey* dy'd, and who shall raigne
✻ Fort twentie yeares, and haue I seru'd in *France*;
✻ Against great *Charles*, and Bastard *Orleance*,
And seene the slaughter of a World of Men,
Victorious now, as hardly conquer'd then?
✻ And haue I seene *Vernoyla's* batfull Fields,
Strew'd with ten thousand Helmes, ten thousand Shields,
Where famous *Bedford* did our fortune trie,
Or *France*, or *England*, for the Victorie?
The sad inuesting of so many Townes,
Scor'd on my Brest in honourable Wounds;
When *Mountacute*, and *Talbot* of much Name,
Vnder my Ensigne both first wonne their Fame:
In Heat and Cold all these Perils haue I indur'd,
To rowze the *French*, within their Walls immur'd;
Through all my Life, these Perils haue I past,
And now to feare a Banishment at last?

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I (thy Beautie to aduance)
For thee, refus'd the *Infanta* of *France*,
Brake the Contract Duke *Humphrey* firſt did make
'Twixt *Henry* and the Princeſſe *Arminacke*:
Onely that here thy preſence I might gaine,
I gaue Duke *Rayner*, *Anion*, *Mauns*, and *Maine*;
Thy peereleſſe Beautie for a Dowre to bring,
As of it ſelfe ſufficient for a King:
✲ And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Pow'rs,
✲ And came my ſelfe in perſon firſt to *Tours*,
✲ Th'Embaſſadours for Truce to entertaine,
✲ From *Belgia*, *Denmarke*, *Hungarie*, and *Spaine*:
And to the King relating of thy ſtorie,
My Tongue flow'd with ſuch plenteous Oratorie,
As the report by ſpeaking did indite,
Begetting ſtill more rauiſhing delight.
And when my Speech did ceaſe (as telling all)
My Looke ſhew'd more, that was Angelicall;
And when I breath'd againe, and pawſed next,
I left mine Eyes dilating on the Text:
Then comming of thy Modeſtie to tell,
In Muſickes Numbers my Voyce roſe and fell:
And when I came to paint thy glorious ſtill,
My ſpeech in greater Cadences to file,
✲ By true deſcent to weare the Diadem
✲ Of *Naples*, *Cicill*, and *Ieruſalem*,
As from the Gods thou didſt deriue thy Birth,
If thoſe of Heauen could mix with theſe of Earth;
Gracing each Title that I did recite,
With ſome mellifluous pleaſing Epithite:
Nor left him not, till he for loue was ſicke,
Beholding thee in my ſweet Rhetorike.

A Fifteenes Taxe in *France* I freely ſpent,
In Triumphs, at thy Nuptiall Tournament;
And ſolemniz'd thy Marriage in a Gowne,
Valu'd at more then was thy Fathers Crowne;
And onely ſtriuing how to honour thee,
Gaue to my King what thy loue gaue to mee.
Iudge if his kindneſſe haue not power to moue,
Who for his loues ſake gaue away his loue.
Had he, which once the Prize to *Greece* did bring,
(Of whom, th'old Poets long agoe did ſing)
* Seene thee for *England* but imbark'd at *Deepe*,
Would on her-boord haue caſt his golden Sheepe,
As too vnworthy Ballaſt to be thought,
To peſter roome, with ſuch perfection fraught.
The brinie Seas, which ſaw the Ship infold thee,
Would vault vp to the Hatches, to behold thee.
And falling backe, themſelues in thronging ſmother,
Breaking for griefe, enuying one another:
When the proud Barke, for ioy thy ſteps to feele,
Scorn'd that the Brack ſhould kiſſe her furrowing Keele;
And trick'd in all her Flags, her ſelfe ſhe braues,
Cap'ring for ioy vpon the ſiluer Waues;
When like a Bull from the *Phenician* Strand,
Ioue with *Europa* ruſhing from the Land,
Vpon the Boſome of the Maine doth ſcud,
And with his Swanniſh Breſt cleauing the Floud,
Tow'rd the faire Fields, vpon the other ſide,
Beareth *Agenors* ioy, *Phenicia's* pride:
All heauenly Beauties ioyne themſelues in one,
To ſhew their glorie in thine Eye alone;
Which, when it turneth that celeſtiall Ball,
A thouſand ſweet ſtarres riſe, a thouſand fall.

Who

Who iuſtly ſaith, mine, Baniſhment to bee,
When onely *France* for my recourſe is free?
To view the Plaines, where I haue ſeene of oft
Englands victorious Engines rays'd aloft;
When this ſhall be a comfort in my way,
To ſee the place, where I may boldly ſay,
Here mightie *Bedford* forth the Vawardled,
Here *Talbot* charg'd, and here the *Frenchmen* fled,
Here with our Archers valiant *Scales* did lye,
Here ſtood the Tents of famous *Willoughby*,
Here *Mountacute* rang'd, his vnconquer'd Band,
Here march'd we out, and here we made a ſtand.
What ſhould we ſit to mourne and greiue all day,
For that which Time doth eas'ly take away?
What Fortune hurts, let Suff'rance onely heale,
" No wiſdome with Extremities to deale.
To know our ſelues to come of humane Birth.
Theſe ſad Afflictions croſſe vs here on Earth.
A puniſhment from the eternall Law,
To make vs ſtill of Heau'n to ſtand in awe.
" In vaine we prize that at ſo deare a rate,
" Whoſe long'ſt aſſurance beare's a Minutes date.
" Why ſhould we idly talke of our Intent,
" When Heau'ns Decree no Counſell can preuent?
" When our fore-ſight not poſſibly can ſhunne
" That which the Fates determine ſhall be done.
Henry hath Power, and may my Life depoſe,
Mine Honour's mine, that none hath power to loſe.
Then be as cheerefull (beautious Royall Queene)
As in the Court of *France* we oft haue beene;
As when arriu'd in *Porcheſters* faire Road,
(Where, for our comming, *Henry* made aboad)

When in mine Armes I brought thee safe to Land,
And gaue my Loue to *Henries* Royall Hand:
The happie Houres we passed with the King
At faire *South-hampton*, long in banqueting;
With such content as lodg'd in *Henries* Breast,
When he to *London* brought thee from the West,
Through golden *Cheape*, when he in Pompe did ride
To *Westminster*, to entertaine his Bride.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Our Faulcons kind cannot the Cage endure.

HE alludes, *in these verses, to the Faulcon, which was the ancient Deuice of the* Pooles, *comparing the greatnesse and haughtinesse of his spirit to the nature of this Bird.*

This was the meane proud *Warwicke* did inuent,
To my disgrace, &c.

The Commons, at this Parliament, through Warwickes *meanes, accused* Suffolke *of Treason, and vrged the Accusation so vehemently, that the King was forced to exile him for fiue yeeres.*

That onely I, by yeelding vp of *Maine*,
Should be the losse of fertile *Aquitaine*.

The Duke of Suffolke *being sent into* France, *to conclude a Peace, chose Duke* Rayners *daughter, the Ladie* Margaret, *whom he espoused the sixt; delinering for her, to her Father, the Countries of* Anjou *and* Main, *and the Citie of* Maunes. *Whereupon the Earle of* Armanarch (*whose Daughter was before promised to the King*) *seeing himselfe to bee deluded, caused all the* Englishmen *to bee expulsed,* Aquitaine, Gascoyne, *and* Guyne.

With the base vulger sort to winne him fame,
To be the Heire of good Duke *Humphreyes* name.

This Richard, *that was called the great Earle of* Warwicke, *when Duke* Humphrey *was dead, grew into exceeding great fauour with the commons.*

Wit

With *Salisburie*, his vile ambitious sire,
In *Yorke* set the Brest kindling long hidden fire,
By *Clarence* Title working to supplant
The Eagle-Ayrie of great *Iohn* of *Gaunt*.

Richard Plantaginet, *Duke of* Yorke, *in the time of* Henry *the sixt* claymed *the Crowne* (*being assisted by this* Richard Neuell, *Earle of* Salisburie, *and Father to the great Earle of* Warwicke, *who fauoured exceedingly the House of* Yorke) *in open Parliament, as Heire to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third soane of* Edward *the third, making his Title by* Anne *his Mother, Wife to* Richard, *Earle of* Cambridge, *soone to* Edmund *of* Langley, *Duke of* Yorke: *which* Anne *was Daughter to* Roger Mortimer *Earle of* March; *which* Roger *was Sonne and Heire to* Edmund Mortimer, *that married the Ladie* Philip, *Daughter and Heire to* Lionel, *Duke of* Clarence, *the third soone of King* Edward: *to whom the Crowne, after King* Richard *the Seconds Death, lineally descended, he dying without Issue; and not to the Heires of the Duke of* Lancaster, *that was younger Brether to the Duke of* Clarence. Hall. cap. 1. Tit Yor & Lanc.

Vrged by these enuious Lords to spend their breath,
Calling reueng on the Protectors death.

Humphrey, *Duke of* Glocester, *and Lord Protector, in the fiue and twentieth yeere of* Henry *the sixt, by the meanes of the Queene, and the Duke of* Suffolke, *was arrested by the Lord* Beaumont, *at the Parliament holden at* Berry, *and the same Night after murthered in his Bed.*

If they would know who rob'd him, &c *To this Verse,*
To know how *Humphrey* dy'd, and who shall raigne.

In these Verses she iests at the Protectors Wife, who (being accused and conuicted of Treason, because with Iohn Hun, *a Priest,* Roger Bullenbrooke, *a Necromancer, and* Margerie Iordan, *called the Witch of* Eye, *shee had consulted by Sorcerie to kill the King) was adiudged to perpetuall Prison in the Ile of* Man, *and to doe Penance openly, in three publique places in* London.

For twentie yeeres, and haue I seru'd in *France?*

In the sixt yeere of Henry *the sixt, the Duke of* Bedford *being deceased, then Lieutenant Generall, and Regent of* France; *this Duke of* Suffolke *was promoted to that Dignitie, hauing the Lord* Talbot, *Lord* Scales, *and the Lord* Mountacute, *to assist him.*

Against great *Charles*, and Bastard *Orleance*?

This was Charles *the seuenth, who after the death of* Henry *the fifth obtained the Crowne of* France, *and recouered againe much of that his Father had lost. Bastard* Orleance *was sonne to the Duke of* Orleance, *begotten of the Lord* Cawnies *Wife, perferred highly to many notable Offices, because hee being a most valiant Captaine, was a continuall Enemie to the* Englishmen, *dayly infesting them with diuers Incursions.*

And haue I seene *Vernoyla's* batfull Fields.

Vernoyle *is that noted place in* France *where the great Battell was fought in the beginning of* Henry *the sixt his raigne, where the most of the* French *Chiualrie were ouercome by the Duke of* Bedford.

And from *Aumerle* withdrew my Warlike Powers.

Aumerle *is that strong defenced Towne in* France, *which the Duke of* Suffolke *got, after foure and twentie great Assaults giuen vnto it.*

And came my selfe in person first to *Tours*,
Th'Embassadours for Truce to intertaine,
From *Belgia, Denmarke, Hungarie*, and *Spaine*.

Tours *is a Citie in* France, *built by* Brutus, *as he came into* Britaine *where, in the one and twentieth yeere of the raigne of* Henry *the sixt, was appointed a great Diet to be kept; whither came Embassadours of the Empire,* Spaine, Hungarie, *and* Denmarke, *to intreat for a perpetuall Peace to be made betweene the two Kings of* England *and* France.

By true descent to weare the Diadem
Of *Naples, Cicill*, and *Ierusalem*.

Reyner, *Duke of* Anion, *Father to Queene* Margaret, *called himselfe King of* Naples Cicily, *and* Ierusalem, *hauing the Title alone of the King of those Countries.*

A Fifteenth Taxe in *France* I freely spent.

The Duke of Suffolke *after the Marriage concluded betweene King* Henry *and* Margaret *Daughter to Duke* Rayner, *asking in open Parliament a whole Fifteenth, to fetch her into* England.

Seene three for *England* but imbarqu'd at *Deepe*.

Deepe *is a Towne in* France, *bordering vpon the Sea, where the Duke of* Suffolke, *with Queene* Margaret, *tooke Ship for* England.

As when arriu'd in *Porchester* faire Road.

Porchester, *a Heauie Towne in the South-West part of* England, *where the King tarried, expecting the Queenes arrinall; whom from thence he conueyed to* South-hampton.

Queene

QVEENE MARGARET.

To William De-La-Poole, Duke of *Suffolke*

WHat newes (ſweet *Poole*) look'ſt thou my lines ſhould tell,
But like the roling of the dolefull Bell,
Bidding the Deaths-man to prepare the Graue?
Expect from me no other newes to haue.
My Breſt, which once was Mirths imperiall Throne,
A vaſt and deſert Wilderneſſe is growne:
Like that cold Region, from the World remote,
On whoſe breeme Seas the Iele Mountaines flote;
Where thoſe poore Creatures, baniſh'd from the Light,
Doe liue impris'ned in continuall Night.
No Obiect greets my Soules Internall Eyes,
But diuinations of ſad Tragedies;
And Care takes vp her ſolitarie Inne,
Where Youth and Ioy there Court did once begin.
As in September, when our Yeeres reſignes
The glorious Sunne to the cold Wat'ries Signes,
Which through the Cloudes lookes one the Earth in ſcorne;
The little Bird, yet to ſalute the Morne,
Vpon the naked Branches ſets her foot,
The Leaues then lying on the moſſie Root,
And there a ſilly chiripping doth keepe,
As though ſhee faine would ſing, yet faine would weepe,
Praiſing faire Summer, that too ſoone is gone,
Or ſad for Winter, too faſt comming on:
In this ſtrange plight I mourne for thy depart,
Becauſe that Weeping cannot eaſe my Heart.

Now to our aid, who stirres the neighbring Kings?
Or who from *France* a puissant Armie brings?
who moues the *Norman* to whet our Warre?
✲ Or brings in *Burgoyne* to aid *Lancaster*?
✲ Who in the North our our lawfull clayme commends,
To winne vs Credit with our valiant Friends?
To whom shall I my secret Griefes impart,
Whose Brest shall be the Closet of my Heart?
The ancient *Heroes* fame thou do'st reuiue,
As from all them thy selfe thou didst deriue:
Nature, by thee, both gaue and taken all,
Alone in *Poole* she was too prodigall:
Of so diuine and rich a temper wroughe,
As Heau'n for thee Perfections depth had sought.
Well knew King *Henry* what he pleads for,
When he chose thee to be his Orator;
Whose Angell-eye, by powrfull influence,
Doth vtter more then humane Eloquence.
That if againe *Ioue* would his Sports haue try'd,
He in thy shape himselfe would onely hide:
Which in his loue might be of greater pow'r,
Then was his Nymph, his Flame, his Swan, his Show'r.
✲ To that allegeance *Yorke* was bound by Oath,
✲ To *Henries* Heires, for safetie of vs both;
✲ No longer now he meanes Record shall beare it,
✲ He will dispense with Heau'n, and will vnsweare it.
He that's in all the Worlds blacke sinnes forlorne,
Is careless now how oft he be forsworne;
And here of late his Title hath set downe,
By which he makes his Clayme vnto our Crowne.
And now I heare his hatefull Duchesse chats,
And rips vp their Descent vnto her Brats.

And

And bleſſeth them as *Englands* lawfull Heires,
And tells them, that our Diademe is theirs:
And if ſuch hap her Goddeſſe Fortune bring,
✲ If three Sonnes faile, ſhee'le make the fourth a King.
✲ He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
✲ That foule, ill-fauour'd, crooke-back'd Stigmatick,
✲ That like a Carkaſſe ſtolne out of a Tombe,
✲ Came the wrong way out of his Mothers Wombe,
✲ With Teeth in's Head, his paſſage to haue torne,
✲ As though begot an Age ere he was borne,
Who now will curbe proud *Yorke*, when he ſhall riſe?
Or arme our Right againſt his Enterpriſe,
To crop that Baſtard Weed, which dayly growes,
✲ To ouer-ſhadow our Vermilon Roſe?
✲ Or who will muzzle that vnruly Beare,
Whoſe preſence ſtrikes our people Hearts with feare?
Whilſt on his knees this wretched King is downe,
To ſaue them labour, reaching at his Crowne,
Where like a mounting Cedar, he ſhould beare
His plumed Top aloft into the ayre;
And let theſe Shrubs ſit vnderneath his Showds,
Whilſt in his armes he doth imbrace the Clowds.
O, that he ſhould his Fathers Right inherit,
Yet be an Alien to that mightie Spirit!
How were thoſe Pow'rs diſpers'd, or whither gone,
Should ſympathize in Generation?
Or what oppoſed Influence had force,
So much t'abuſe and alter Natures courſe?
" All other Creatures follow after kind,
" But Man alone doth not beget the Mind.
✲ My Daiſie flower, which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes dayn'd to weare,

Now in the duſt lyes trodden on the ground,
And with *Yorkes* Garlands eu'ry one is crown'd:
When now his Riſing wayts on our Declyne,,
And in our Settings he begins to ſhine:
Now in the Skies that dreadfull Comet waues.
✲ And who be Starres, but *Warwicks* bearded Staues;
And all thoſe Knees which bended once ſo low,
Grow ſtiffe, as though they had forgot to bow;
And none, like them, purſue me with deſpighte,
Which moſt haue cry'd, God ſaue Queene *Margarite*.
When Fame ſhall brute thy Baniſhment abroad,
The *Yorkiſt's* Faction then will lay on load;
And when it comes once to our Weſterne Coaſt,
O, how that Hag, Dame *Elinor*, will boaſt!
And labour ſtraight, by all the meanes ſhe can,
To be call'd home out of the Ile of *Man*
To which I know Great *Warwick* will conſent,
To haue it done by Act of Parlament,
That to my Teeth my Birth ſhe may deſie,
✲ Sland'ring Duke *Rayner* with baſe Beggerie;
The onely way ſhe could deuiſe to grieue me,
Wanting ſweet *Suffolke*, which ſhould moſt relieue me.
And from that Stocke doth ſprout another Bloome,
✲ A *Kentiſh* Rebell, a baſe vpſtart Groome;
✲ And this is he the White-Roſe muſt prefer,
✲ By *Clarence* Daughter, match'd with *Mortimer*.
Thus by *Yorkes* meanes, this raſcall Peſant, *Cade*,
Muſt in all haſte *Plantaginet* be made:
For that ambitious Duke ſets all on worke,
To ſound what Friends affect the Claime of *Yorke*,
Whilſt he abroad doth practiſe to command,
✲ And makes vs worke, by ſtrength'ning *Ireland*;

More

More his owne power ſtill ſeeking to increaſe,
Then for King *Henries* good, or *Englands* peace.
✻Great *Wincheſter* vntimely is deceas'd,
That more and more my Woes ſhould be increas'd.
Beauford, whoſe ſhoulders proudly bare vp all
The Churches Prop, that famous Cardinall.
The Commons (bent to Miſchiefe) neuer let,
✻ With *France* t'vpbraid that valiant *Somerſet*,
Rayling in Tumults on his Souldiers loſſe;
Thus all goes backwarke, croſſe comes after croſſe:
And now of late, Duke *Humphrey's* old Allies,
With baniſh'd *El'nors* baſe Accomplices,
Attending their Reuenge, grow wond'rous Carouſe:
And threaten Death and Vengeance to our Houſe;
And I alone the laſt poore remnant am,
✻ T'indure theſe ſtormes with wofull *Buckingham*.
I pray thee, *Poole*, haue care how thou do'ſt paſſe,
Neuer the Sea yet halfe ſo dang'rous was;
✻ And one fore-told, by Water thou ſhoulſt'd die,
(Ah! foule befall that foule Tongues Propheſie)
Yet I by Night am troubled in my Dreames,
That I doe ſee thee toſs'd in dang'rous Streames;
And oft-times ſhipwrack'd, caſt vpon the Land,
And lying breathleſſe on the queachie Sand;
And oft in Viſions ſee thee in the Night,
Where thou at Sea maintain'ſt a dang'rous Fight,
And with thy proued Target and thy Sword,
Beat'ſt backe the Pyrat which would come aboord.
Yet be not angrey, that I warne thee thus,
" The trueſt loue is moſt ſuſpitious.
Sorrow doth vtter what it ſtill doth grieue:
But Hope forbids vs, Sorrow to beleeue;

And

And in my counsell yet this comfort is,
It cannot hurt, although I thinke amisse:
Then liue in hope, in Triumph to returne,
When cleerer Dayes shall leaue in Clouds to mourne.
But so hath Sorrow girt my Soule about,
That that word Hope (me thinkes) comes slowly out;
The reason is, I know it here would rest,
Where it might still behold thee in my Brest.
Farewell, sweet *Poole*, faine more I would indite,
But that my Teares doe blot what I doe write.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Or brings in *Burgoyne* to aid *Lancaster*.

PHilip *Duke of* Burgoyne, *and his sonne, were alwayes great Fauourites of the House of* Lancaster; *howbeit, they often dissembled both with* Lancaster *and* Yorke.

Who, in the North, our lawfull Claime commends,
To winne vs Credite with our Valiant Friends?

The chiefe Lords of the North parts, in the time of Henry *the sixt, withstood the Duke of* Yorke *at his first giuen him two great Ouerthrowes.*

To that Allegeance, *Yorke* was bound by Oath,
To *Henries* Heires, for faietie of vs both;
No longer now he meanes Records shall beare it,
He will with dispense-Heauen, and will vnsweare it,

The Duke of Yorke, *at the death of* Henry *the fifth, and at this Kings Coronation, tooke his Oath to be a true subiect to him and his Heires for euer but afterward dispensing therewith, claymed the Crowne, as his rightfull and proper Inheritance.*

If three comes fayle, three may make the fourth a King.

The Duke of Yorke *had three sonnes,* Edward, *Earle of* March, *that afterward was Duke of* Yorke, *and King of* England, *when he had deposed* Henry *the sixt; and* Edmund, *Earle of* Rutland, *slaine by the Lord* Clifford, *at the the Battle at* Wakefield, *and* George, *Duke of* Clarence, *that was murthered in the Tower; and* Richard *Duke of*

Gloceſter, *who was (after he had murthered his Brothers ſonnes) King, by the Name of* Richard *the third.*

He that's ſo like his Dam, her youngeſt *Dick*,
That foule ill fauour'd crook-back'd Stigmatike, *&c.*
Till this Verſe, As though begot an age, *&c.*

This Richard *(whom ironically ſhee here calls* Dick*) that by Treaſon after the murther of his Nephewes, obtained the Crowne, was a Man low of ſtature, crooke back'd, the left ſhoulder much higher then the right, and of a very crabbed and ſower countenance: His Mother could not be deliuered of him; hee was borne Toothed, and with his Feet forward, contrarie to the courſe Nature.*

To ouer-ſhaddow our Vermilion Roſe.

The Red Roſe was the Badge of the Houſe of Lancaſter, *and the White Roſe, of* Yorke; *which, by the Marriage of* Henry *the ſeuenth with* Elizabeth, *indubitate Heire of the Houſe of* Yorke, *was happily vnited.*

Or who will muzzle that vnruly Beare?

The Earle of Warwicke, *the ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings, gaue for his Armes the White Beare rampant, and the Ragged Staffe.*

My Daiſie flower, which erſt perfum'd the ayre,
Which for my fauour Princes dayn'd to weare,
Now in the duſt lyes *&c.*

The Daiſie in French *is called* Margarite *which was Queene* Margarets *Badge; wherewithall the Nobilitie and Chiualrie of the Land, at her firſt Arriuall, whereſo delighted, that they wore it in their Hats, in token of Honour.*

And who be ſtarres, but *Warwicks* bearded ſtaues?

The ragged, or bearded Staffe, was a part of the Armes belonging to the Earledome of Warwicke.

Sland'ring Duke *Rayner* with baſe Beggerie.

Rayner, *Duke of* Aniou, *called himſelfe King of* Naples, Cicile, *and* Ieruſalem, *who had neyther Inheritance, nor received any Tribute from thoſe Parts; and was not able, at the Marriage of the Queene, at his owne charges, to ſend her into* England, *though hee gaue no Dower with her: Which, by the Dutcheſſe of* Gloucester, *was often, in diſgrace, caſt in her Teeth.*

A *Kentiſh* Rebell, a baſe vpſtart Groome.

This was Iack Cade, *which cauſed the* Kentiſh *Men to rebell, in the eight and twentieth yeere of King* Henry *the ſixt.*

And

And this is he the White Rose must preferre,

By *Clarence* Daughter match'd to *Mortimer*.

This Iack Cade, *instructed by the Duke of* Yorke, *pretended to bee descended from* Mortimer, *which married Ladie* Philip, *Daughter to the Duke of* Clarence.

And makes vs weake, by strengthning *Ireland*.

The Duke of Yorke *being made Deputie of* Ireland, *first there began to practise his long pretended purpose, and strengthening himselfe by all meanes possible, that hee might, at his returne into* England, *by open warre, clayme that, which so long before hee had privily gone about to obtaine.*

Great *Winchester* vntimely is deceas'd,

Henry Beauford *Bishop and Cardinall of* Winchester, *sonne to* Iohn *of* Gaunt, *begot in his age, was a proud and ambitious Prelate, fauouring mightily the Queene and the Duke of* Suffolke, *continually heaping vp innumerable Treasure, in hope to haue beene Pope, as himselfe on his Death-bed confessed.*

With *France* t'vpbraid the valiant *Somerset*.

Edmund, *Duke of* Somerset, *in the foure and twentiet yeere of* Henry *the sixt was made Regent of* France, *and sent into* Normandie, *to defend the* English *Territories against the* French, *Inuasions: but in short time he lost all that King* Henry *the fifth wonne; for which cause, the Nobles and Commons euer after hated him.*

T'indure these stormes with wofull *Buckingham*.

Humphrey, *Duke of* Buckingham, *was a great Fauourite of the Queenes Faction, in the time of* Henry *the sixt.*

And one fore-told by Water thou should'st die.

The Witch of Eye *recieued answere from her Spirit, That the Duke of* Suffolke *should take heed of Water: Which the Queene fore-warnes him of, as remembring the Witches Prophesie; which afterwards came to passe.*

FINIS

[ED-

EDWARD THE FOVRTH TO MISTRESSE *SHORE.*

The Argvment.

Edward *the Fourth bewitch'd with the Report*
Of Miſtreſſe Shore, *reſounded through his Court;*
Steales to the Citie in a ſtrange Diſguiſe,
To view that Beautie, whoſe tranſ-piercing Eyes
Had ſhot ſo many: which did ſo content,
The amorous King, that inſtantly he ſent
Theſe Lines to her, whoſe Graces did allure him;
Whoſe Anſwere backe, doth of her loue aſſure him.

TO thee, the fair'ſt that euer breath'd this ayre,
✻ From *Engliſh Edward*, to thee faireſt faire:
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,
That no remembrance might remayne of *Shore*,
To countermaund, a Monarchs high deſire,
And barre mine Eyes of what they moſt admire!
O, why ſhould Fortune make the Citie proud,
To giue that more, then is the Court allow'd?
Where they (like Wretches) hoord it vp to ſpare,
And doe ingroſſe it, as they doe their Ware,

When

When Fame first blaz'd thy Beautie here in Court,
Mine Eares repuls'd it, as a light Report:
But when mine Eyes saw what mine Eare had heard,
They thought Report too niggardly had spar'd;
And strucken dumbe with wonder, did but mutter,
Conceiuing more then it had words to vtter.
Then thinke of what thy Husband is possest,
When I maligne the Wealth wherewith hee's blest;
" When much abundance makes the needie mad,
" Who hauing all, yet knowes not what is had;
" Into Fooles Bosomes this good fortune creeps,
" And Summes come in, whilst the base Misers sleepes.
If now thy Beautie be of such esteeme,
Which all of so rare excellencie deeme;
What would it be, and prized at what rate,
Were it adorned with a Kingly State?
Which being now but in so meane a Bed,
Is like an Vn-cut Diamond in Lead,
Ere it be set in some high-prized Ring,
Or garnished with rich enamelling;
We see the beautie of the Stone is spilt,
Wanting the gracious Ornament of Gilt.

* When first attracted by thy heauenly Eyes,
I came to see thee in a strange Disguise,
Passing thy Shop, thy Husband call'd me backe,
Demanding what rare Iewell I did lacke.
I want (thought I) One that I dare not craue,
And One (I feare) thou wilt not let me haue:
He calls for Caskets forth, and shewes me store;
But yet I knew he had one Iewell more,
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,
That I might not for Loue or money buy it,

O,

O, might I come a Diamond to buy,
That had but ſuch a Luſtre as thine Eye,
Would not my Treaſure ſerue, my Crowne ſhould goe,
If any Iewell could be prized ſo!
An Agat, branched with thy bluſhing ſtraines,
A Saphire, but ſo azur'd as thy veines;
My Kingly Scepter onely ſhould redeeme it,
At ſuch a price if Iudgement could eſteeme it.
How fond and ſenſeleſſe be thoſe Strangers then,
Who bring in Toyes, to pleaſe the *Engliſh* men?
I ſmile to thinke, how fond th' *Italians* are?
To iudge their artificiall Gardens rare;
When *London* in thy Cheekes can ſhew them heere
Roſes and Lillies growing all the yeere:
The *Portugall*, that onely hopes to win,
By bringing Stones from fartheſt *India* in;
When happie *Shore* can bring them forth a Gearle,
Whoſe Lips be Rubies, and her Teeth be Pearle.
How ſilly is the *Polander* and *Daine*,
To bring vs Cryſtall from the frozen Maine?
When thy cleare Skins tranſparence doth ſurpaſſe
Their Cryſtall, as the Diamond doth Glaſſe.
The fooliſh *French*, which brings in Traſh and Toyes,
To turne our Women, Men, our Gerles to Boyes,
When with what Tyre thou do'ſt thy ſelfe adorne,
That for a Faſhion onely ſhall be worne;
Which though it were a Garment but of Haire,
More rich then Robe that euer Empreſſe ware.
Me thinks thy Husband takes his marke awry,
To ſet his Plate to ſale, when thou art by;
When they which doe thy Angell-locks behold,
As the baſe Droſſe, doe but reſpect his Gold.

And

And wish one Haire, before that massie Heape,
And but one Locke, before the Wealth of *Cheape*:
And for no cause else hold we Gold so deare,
But that it is so like vnto thy Haire.
And sure I thinke, *Shore* cannot chuse but flout
Such as would find the great *Elixar* out,
And laugh to see the Alchymists, that choke
Themselues with Fumes, & waste their Wealth in Smoke;
When if thy Hand but touch the grossest Mold.
It is conuerted to refined Gold:
When theirs is chaffer'd at an easie rate,
Well knowne to all, to be adulterate;
And is no more, when it by thine is set
Then paltry Beugle, or light-prized Ieat.
Let others weare Perfumes, for thee vnmeet,
If there were none, thou couldst make all things sweet;
Thou comfort'st eu'ry Sense with sweet repast,
To heare, to see, to smell, to feele, to taste;
Like a rich Ship whose very refuse Ware,
Aromatikes, and precious Odors are.
If thou but please to walke into the *Pawne*,
To buy thee Cambrike, Callico, or Lawne,
If thou the whitenesse of the same wouldst proue,
From thy more whiter Hand plucke off thy Gloue;
And those which buy, as the Beholders stand,
Will take thy Hand for Lawne, Lawne for thy Hand:
A thousand Eyes, clos'd vp by enuious Night,
Doe wish for Day, but to inioy thy sight;
And when they once haue blest their Eyes with thee,
Scorne eu'ry Obiect else, what e're they see;
So like a Goddesse Beautie still controules,
And hath such pow'rfull working in our Soules.

The

The Marchant, which in Traffique ſpends his life,
Yet loues at home to haue a daintie Wife;
The blunt-ſpoke Cynicke, poring on his Booke,
Sometimes (aſide) at Beautie loues to looke;
The Church-men by whoſe Teaching we are led,
Allowes what keepes loue in the Marriage Bed;
The bloudie Souldier, ſpent in dang'rous Broyles,
With Beautie yet content to ſhare his Spoyles;
The buſie Lawyer wrangling in his Pleas,
Findeth, that Beautie giues his Labour eaſe;
The toyling Tradeſman and the ſweating Clowne,
Would haue haue his Wench faire though his Bread be browne;
So much is Beautie pleaſing vnto all,
That Prince and Peaſant equally doth call;
Nor neuer yet did any Man deſpiſe it,
Expect too deare, and that he could not prize it.
Vnlearn'd is Learning, Artleſſe be all Arts,
If not imploy'd to prayſe thy ſeu'rall Parts:
Poore plodding Schoole-men they are farre too low,
Which by Probations, Rules, and Axiomes goe;
He muſt be ſtill familiar with the Skies,
Which notes the Reuolutions of thine Eyes:
And by that Skill which meaſures Sea and Land,
See Beauties *All*, thy Waſte, thy Foot thy Hand;
Where he may find, the more that he doth view,
Such rare Delights, as are both ſtrange and new;
And other Worlds of Beautie, more and more,
Which neuer were diſcouered before:
And to thy rare proportion, to apply
The Lines and Circles in Geometry;
Vſing alone Arithmetikes ſtrong ground,
Numbring the Vertues that in thee are found:

And when theſe all haue done what they can doo,
For thy Perfections, all to little too.
When from the Eaſt the Dawne hath gotten out,
And gone to ſeeke thee all the World about,
Within thy Chamber hath ſhe fix'd her Light,
Where, but that place, the World hath all beene Night:
Then is it fit, that eu'ry vulgar Eye
Should ſee Loue banquet in her Maieſtie?
"We deeme thoſe thinges our Sight doth moſt frequent,
"To be but meane, although moſt excellent;
"For ſtrangers, ſtill the ſtreets are ſwept and ſtrow'd,
"Few looke on ſuch as dayly come abroad;
"Things much reſtrain'd, doe make vs much deſire them
"And Beauties ſeldome ſeene, make vs admire them.
Nor is it fit, a Citie-ſhop ſhould hide
The Worlds Delight, and Natures onely Pride;
But in a Princes ſumptuous Galerie,
Hung all with Tiſſue, floor'd with Tapeſtrie;
Where thou ſhalt, ſit and from thy State ſhalt ſee
The Tilts and Triumphs that are done for thee.
Then know the diff'rence (if thou liſt to proue)
Betwixt a Vulgar and a Kingly loue;
And when thou find'ſt, as now thou doubt'ſt, the troth,
Be thou thy ſelfe vnpartiall Iudge of both.
Where Hearts be knit, what helpes, if not inioy?
Delay breedes doubts, no Cunning to be coy;
Whilſt lazie Time his turne by tarriance ſerues,
Loue ſtill growes ſickly, and Hope dayly ſtarues:
Meane while, receiue that Warrant by theſe Lines,
Which Princely Rule and Sou'raigntie reſignes;
Till when, theſe Papers, by their Lords command,
By me ſhall kiſſe thy ſweet and daintie Hand.

Annota-

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

THis Epistle of Edward to Mistres, Shore; and of hers to him, being of unlawfull Affection, ministreth small occasion of Historicall Notes; for had he mentioned the many Battels betwixt the Lancastrian Faction and him, or other Warlike Dangers, it had beene more like to Plautus boasting Souldier, then a Kingly Courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amisse to annexe a Line, or two.

Form English Edward to the faireſt faire:

Edward the fourth was by nature very Chivalrous, and very Amorous, applying his sweet and amiable Aspect to attaine his wanton appetite the rather: which was so well knowne to Lewes the French King, woo at there interview inuited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, fearing the Parisian Dames, with their wittie conuersation, would detaine him longer then should be for his benefit: by which meanes, Edward was disappointed of his Iorney. And albeit Princes, whilest they liue, haue nothing in them but what is admirable, yet we need not mistrust the flatterie of the Court in those Times: For certaine it is, that his shape was excellent, his Haire drew neere to a blacke, making his Faces fauour to seeme more delectable: though the smalnesse of his Eyes, full of a shining moisture, as it tooke away some comelinesse so it argued much sharpenesse of Understanding, and Cruelty, mingled together. And indeed, George Buchanan that iniperious Scot) chargeth him, and other Princes of those Times, with affection of Tyrannie; as Richard the third manifestly did.

When first attracted by thy heauenly Eyes.

Edwards intemperate desires, with which he was wholly ouercome, how tragically they in his Off-spring were punished, is vniuersally knowne. A Mirrour, representing their Ouer-sight, that rather teach their Children what to possesse, then what to imitate.

How silly is the Polander and Daine,
To bring vs Chrystall from the frozen Maine?

Alluding to there Opinions, who imagine Crystall to be a kind of Ice; and therefore it is likely, they who come from those frozen parts, should bring great store of that transparent Stone, which is thought to be congealed with extreame Cold. Whether Crystall be Ice, or some other Liquor, I omit to dispute; yet by the examples of Amber and Corall, there may be

such an induration: for Solinus *out of* Pliny *mentioneth, That in the Northerly Region a yellow Gelly is taken up out of the Sea at low Tides, which hee calls* Succinum, *we, Amber; so likewise, out of the* Ligustick *Deepe, a part of the* Mediterranean *Sea, a greenish Stalke is gathered which hardened in the Ayre, comes to be Corall, either white or Red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to droppe out of Trees; as appeares by* Martials *Epigram:*

Et latet, & lucet *Phaetontide* condita gutta,
Vt vid. atur apis nectare clausa suo.
Dignum tantorum pretium tulit ille laborum,
Credibile est ipsum sic voluisse mori.

To behold a Bee inclosed in Electrum, *is not so rare, as that a Boyes Throat should be cut with the fall of an Ice sicle, the which Epigram is excellent, the* 18. *li.* 4. *He calles it* Phaëtontis Gutta, *because of that Fable which* Ovid *rehearseth concerning the* Heliades, *or* Phaetons *sisters, metamorphosed into those Trees, whose Gumme is Amber, where Flies alighting, are oftentimes transluently imprisoned.*

The Epistle of Mistres SHORE, To King EDWARD the *Fourth.*

AS the weake Child, that from the Mothers wing,
Is taught the Lutes delicious fingering,
At euery strings soft touch, is mou'd with feare,
Noting his Masters curious list'ning Eare
Whose trembling Hand, at euery straine bewrayes,
In what doubt he his new-set Lesson playes:
As this poore Child, so sit I to indite,
At euery word still quaking as I write.
Would I had led an humble Shepherds life,

Nor

And liu'd with them, in Countrey fields that range,
Nor ſeene the golden Cheap, nor glitt'ring Change.
Here, like a Comet gaz'd at in the Skies,
Subiect to all Tongues, obiect to all Eyes:
Oft haue I heard my Beautie prays'd of many,
But neuer yet ſo much admir'd of any;
A Princes Eagle-Eye to find out that,
Which common Men doe ſeldome wonder at,
Makes me to thinke Affection flatters Sight,
Or in the Obiect ſome thing exquiſite.
" To houſed Beautie ſeldomes ſtoop's Report,
" Fame muſt attend on that which liues in Court.
What Swan of bright *Appollo's* Brood doth ſing,
To vulgar Loue, in Courtly Soneting?
Or what immortall Poets ſugred Pen
Attends the glorie of a Citizen?
Oft haue I wondred, what ſhould blind your Eye,
Or what ſo farre ſeduced Maieſtie,
That hauing choiſe of Beauties ſo diuine,
Amongſt the moſt, to chuſe this leaſt of mine?
More glorious Sunnes adorne faire *Londons* pride,
Then all rich *Englands* Continent beſide;
That who t'account their Multitudes, would wiſh,
* Might number *Rumney's* Flowers or *Iſis* Fiſh.
Who doth frequent our Temples, Walkes, and Streets,
Noting the ſundrie Beauties that he meets,
Thinkes not, that Nature left the wide World poore,
And made this place the Chequer of her ſtore;
As Heau'n and Earth had lately falne at Iarres,
And growne to vying Wonders, dropping Starres:
That if but ſome one Beautie ſhould incite
Some ſacred Muſe, ſome rauiſh'd Spirit to write,

Here might he fetch the true *Promethian* fire,
that after-Ages ſhould his Lines admire;
Gathering the Honey from the choiſeſt Flow'rs,
Scorning the wether'd Weeds in Countrey Bow'rs.
Here in this Garden (onely) ſprings the Roſe,
In eu'ry common Hedge the Bramble growes:
Nor are we ſo turn'd *Neapolitan*,
* That might incite ſome foule-mouth'd *Mantuan*,
To all the World to lay out our defects.
And haue iuſt cauſe to rayle vpon our Sex;
To pranke old Wrinckles vp in new Attyre,
To alter Natures courſe, proue Time a lyer,
To abuſe Fate, and Heau'ns iuſt doome reuerſe,
On Beauties Graue to ſet a Crimſon Hearſe,
With a deceitfull Foile to lay a ground,
To make a Glaſſe to ſeeme a Diamond:
Nor cannor, without hazzard of our Name,
In Faſhion follow the *Venetian* Dame;
Nor the fantaſticke *French* to imitate,
Attyr'd halfe *Spaniſh*, halfe *Italionate*;
With Waſte, nor Curle, Body nor Brow adorne,
That is in *Florence* or in *Genoa* borne.
But with vaine Boaſts how witleſſe fond am I,
Thus to draw on mine owne Indignitie?
And what though married when I was but yong,
Before I knew what did to Loue belong;
Yet he which now's poſſeſſed of the roome,
Crop'd Beauties flower when it was in the bloome,
And goes away inriched with the ſtore,
Whilſt others gleane, where, he hath reap'd before:
And he dares ſweare, that I am true and iuſt,
And ſhall I then deceiue his honeſt truſt?

Or

Or what ſtrange hope ſhould make you to aſſaile,
Where the ſtrong'ſt Batt'rie neuer could preuaile?
Belike you thinke, that I repuls'd the reſt,
To leaue a King the conqueſt of my Breſt,
And haue thus long preſeru'd my ſelfe from all,
To haue a Monarch glory in my fall;
Yet rather let me die the vileſt death,
Then liue to draw that ſinne-polluted breath.
But our kind Hearts, Mens Teares cannot abide,
And we leaſt angry oft, when moſt we chide.
Too well know Men what our Creation made vs,
And Nature too well taught them to inuade vs:
They know but too well, how, what, when, and where,
To write, to ſpeake, to ſue, and to forbeare.
By ſignes, by ſighes, by motions, and by teares, (Pray'rs:
Whē Vowes ſhould ſerue, whē Oaths, whē Smiles, whē
What one Delight our Humors moſt doth moue,
Onely in that you make vs nouriſh Loue.
If any naturall Bleniſh blot our Face,
You doe proteſt, it giues our Beautie grace;
And what Attyre we moſt are vs'd to weare,
That, of all other, excellent'ſt, you ſweare:
And if we walke, or ſit, or ſtand, or lie,
It muſt reſemble ſome one Deitie;
And what you know we take delight to heare,
That are you euer ſounding in our eare;
And yet ſo ſhameleſſe, when you tempt vs thus,
To lay the fault on Beautie and on vs.
Romes wanton *Ouid* did thoſe Rules impart,
O, that your Nature ſhould be help'd with Art!
Who would haue thought, a King that cares to raigne,
Inforc'd by Loue, ſo Poet-like ſhould faine?

To say, that, Beautie Times sterne rage to shunne,
In my Cheekes (Lillies) hid her from the Sunne;
And when she meant to triumph in her May,
Made that her East, and here she broke her Day:
And that faire Summer, still is in my sight
And but where I am, all the World is Night;
As though the fair'st ere since the World began,
To me, a Sunne-burnt base *Egyptian*.
But yet I know more then I meane to tell,
(O would to God you knew it not to well!)
That Women oft their most admirers rayse,
Though publiquely not flatt'ring their owne prayse.
Our churlish Husbands which our Youth inioy'd,
Who with our Dainties haue there stomacks cloy'd,
Doe loath, our smooth Hands with their Lips to feele,
T'intrich our Fauours, by our Beds to kneele,
At our Command to wait, to send, to goe,
As eu'ry Houre our amorous seruants doe,
Which makes, a stolne Kisse often we bestow,
In earnest of a greater good we owe:
When he all day torments vs with a Frowne,
Yet sports with *Venus* in a Bed of Downe;
Whose rude imbracement but too ill becomes
Her span-broad Waste, her white and daintie Limmes;
And yet still preaching abstinence of Meat,
When he himselfe of eu'ry Dish will eat.
Blame you our Husbands then, if they denie
Our publique Walking, our loose Libertie?
If with expception still they vs debarre
* The Circuit of the publique Theater;
To heare the Poet in a Comick straine,
Able t'infect with his lasciuious Scene;

And

And the young wanton Wits, when they applaud
The ſlie perſwation of ſome ſubtill Baud;
Or paſſionate Tragedian, in his rage
Acting a Loue-ſick Paſſion on the Stage:
When though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home;
And oft are touch'd with feare and inward griefe,
Knowing rich Prizes ſooneſt tempt a Thiefe?
What Sports haue we, whereon our Minds to ſet?
Our Dogge, our Parrat, or our Marmuzet;
Or once a weeke to walke into the field.
Small is the pleaſure that theſe Toyes do yeeld,
But to this griefe a medicine you apply,
To cure reſtraint with that ſweet Libertie;
And Souraigntie (O that bewiching thing)
Yet made more great, by promiſe of a King;
And more, that Honour which doth moſt intice
The holi'eſt Nunne, and ſhe that's ne're ſo nice.
Thus ſtill we ſtriue, yet ouercome at length,
For men want mercie, an dpoore women ſtrength:
Yet grant, that we could meaner men reſiſt,
When Kings once come, they conquer as they liſt,
Thou art the cauſe, *Shore* pleaſeth not my ſight,
That his embraces giue me no delight;
Thou art the cauſe I to my ſelfe am ſtrange,
Thy comming is my Full, thy Set my Change.
Long Winter nights be minutes, if thou heere,
Short minuts, if thou abſent, be a yeere.
And thus by ſtrength thou art become my fate,
And mak'ſt loue euen, in the mid'ſt of hate.

Annota-

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Would I had led an humble Shepheards life,
Nor knowne the name of *Shores* admired wife.

TWo or three Poomes written by sundry men, haue magnified this womans beautie; whom that ornament of England *and* Londons *more particular glory, Sir* Thomas Moore *very highly hath praised for her beautie, she being aliue in his time, though being poore and aged. Her stature was meane, her haire of a darke yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each parts proportion, & each proportions colour, her bodie fat. white, and smooth, her countenance cheerefull, & like to her condition. That picture which I haue seen of hers, was such as shee rose out of her bed in the morning, hauing nothing on but a rich Mantle, cast vnder one arme ouer her shoulder, & sitting in a chaire, on which her naked arme did lie. What her fathers name was, or where she was borne, is not certainly knowne: but* Shore, *a yong man of right goodly person, wealth, and behauiour, abandoned her bed, after the King had made her his Concubine.* Richard *the third causing her to doe open penance in* Pauls- *Church-yard, commanded that no man should relieue her, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sinne, but that by making his brothers life odious, he might couer his horrible treasons the more cunningly.*

May number *Rumneyes* Flowers, or *Isis* Fish,

Rumney *is that famous Marsh in* Kent, *at whose side* Rie, *a Hauen Towne, doth stand. Hereof the excellent* English *Antiquarie, Master* Camden, *and Master* Lambart *in his Perambulation, doe make mention. And Marishes are commonly called those low grounds which are abut vpon the Sea, and from the* Latine *Word are so denominated.* Isis *is here vsed for* Thamesis *by a* Synecdochicall *kind of speech, or by a Poeticall libertie, in vsing one for another: for it is said, That* Thamesis *is compounded of* Tame *and* Isis, *making, when they are met, that renowmed Water, running by* London; *a Cittie much more renowmed then that Water: Which being plentifull of Fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentifull therein. Moreouer, I am perswaded, that there is no Riuer in the World beholds more stately Buildings on either side, cleane thorow, then the* Thames. *Much is reported of the Grand* Canala *in* Venice, *for that the Fronts on either side so gorgeous.*

That

That might intice ſome foule mouth'd *Mantuan.*

Mantuan, *a Paſtorall Poet, in one of his Eglogs bitterly inueyeth againſt Womankind; ſome of the which, by the way of an Appendix, might be here inſerted, ſeeing the fantaſticke and inſolent Humours of many of that Sexe, deſerue much ſharper Phyſicke, were it not, that they are growne wiſer, then to amend for ſuch an idle Poets ſpeech as* Mantuan, *yea, or for* Euripides *himſelfe, or* Seneca's *inflexible* Hippolitus.

The Circuit of the publique Theater.

Ouid, *a moſt fit Author for ſo diſſolute a Sectarie, calls that place, Chaſtities Shipwracke for though* Shores *Wife wantonly pleaded for Libertie, which is the true humour of a Curtizan; yet much more is the praiſe of Modeſtie, then of ſuch Libertie. Howbeit, the Veſtall Nunnes had Seats aſſigned them in the* Roman *Theater: Whereby it would appeare, it was counted no impeachment to Modeſtie; though they offending therein, where buried quicke: A ſharpe Law for them; who may ſay as* Shores *Wife doth:*

When though abroad reſtraining vs to rome,
They very hardly keepe vs ſafe at home.

MARY, THE FRENCH QVEENE, TO *CHARLES BRANDON* DVKE OF SVFFOLKE.

THE ARGVMENT.

Henry *the eight, firme friendſhip to vnite*
With France, *beſtowes the Lady* Mary *bright,*
His yonger ſiſter, on King Lewes, *then*
Being lame and aged; but ſhe of all Men,

Charles

Charles Brandon *Duke of* Suffolke, *moſt affected,*
One whom her Brother highly had reſpected,
And had aduanc'd: but ſcarſely had ſhe beene
Fiue months in Frãce, *whẽ the braue beautious Queene*
Buried the old King; who no ſooner dead,
But ſhe in Heart determining to wed
Her long-lou'd Brandon, *this Epiſtle writes.*
Who backe to her, the Anſwere ſoone indites.

SVch health from Heau'n my ſelfe may wiſh to mee,
Such health from *France* Queen *Mary* ſends to thee,
Brandon, how long mak'ſt thou excuſe to ſtay,
And know'ſt how ill we Women brooke delay?
If one poore Channell thus can part vs two,
Tell me (vnkind) what would an Ocean do?
Leander had an *Helleſpont* to ſwim,
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him;
His Barke (poore Soule) his Breſt his Armes, his Oares,
But thou a Ship, to land thee on our Shoares:
And oppoſite to famous *Kent* doth lie
The pleaſant Fields of flowrie *Picardie*,
Where our faire *Callice*, walled in her Sands,
In kenning of the Cliffie *Doner* ſtands.
Here is no Beldam Nurſe, to powt nor lower,
When wantoning, wee reuell in my Tower;
Nor need I top my Turret with a Light,
To guide thee to me, as thou ſwim'ſt by Night;
Compar'd with me, wert thou but halfe ſo kind,
Thy Sighs ſhould ſtuffe thy ſayles, though wanting wind:
But thy Breſt is becalm'd, thy Sighs be ſlacke,
And mine too ſtiffe, doe blow thy broad Sayles backe.
But thou wilt ſay, that I ſhould blame the Floud,
Becauſe the Wind ſo full againſt thee ſtood: Nay,

Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,
For it did chide thee for thou wast so slow;
For it came not to keepe thee in the Bay,
But came from me, to bid thee come away.
But that thou vainely let'st occasion slide,
Thou might'st haue wafted hither with the Tide,
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angrey Brow,
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy Vow;
Yet if I meant to frowne, I might be dume,
For this may make thee stand in doubt to come,
Nay come, sweet *Charles*, haue care thy Sip to guide,
Come, my sweet Heart, in faith I will not chide.
When as my Brother and his louely Queene,
In sad attyre for my depart were seene,
* The vtmost date expired of my stay,
* When I from *Douer* did depart away,
Thou know'st what Woe I suff'red for thy sake,
How oft I fain'd, of thee my leaue to take;
God and thou know'st with what a heauie Heart
I tooke my farewell, when I should depart;
And being ship'd, gaue signall with my Hand
Vp to the Cliffe, where I did see thee stand;
Nor could refraine, in all the peoples view,
But cryed to thee Sweet *Charles*, adiew, adiew,
Looke how a little Infant, that hath lost
The thing wherewith it was delighted most,
Wearie with seeking, to some corner creepes,
And then (poore Soule) it sits it downe and weepes;
And when the Nurse would faine content the mind,
Yet still it mournes for that it cannot find:
Thus in my carefull Cabbin did I lye,
When as the Ship out of the Road did flye.

* Think'st

✻ Think'ſt thou my Loue was faithfull then to thee
✻ When young *Caſtile* to *England* ſu'd for mee?
Be iudge thy ſelfe, if it were not of power,
When I refus'd an Empire for my Dower.
To *Englands* Court when once report did bring.
How thou in *France* didſt reuell with the King.
✻ When he in triumph of his victorie,
✻ Vnder a rich imbrod'red Canopie,
✻ Entred proud *Tournay*, which did trembling ſtand,
To beg for mercy at his conquering hand;
To heare of his endeerements, how I ioy'd?
But ſee, this calme was ſuddenly deſtroy'd.
✻ When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
✻ With him his ſiſter, that ambitious Dame,
✻ *Sauoy's* proud Duches, knowing how long ſhe,
✻ All meanes had try'd to winne my loue from me;
Fearing my abſence might thy vowes acquite,
To change thy *Mary* for a *Margerite*,
✻ When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold,
She often did thee in her armes enfold;
Where you were feaſted more deliciouſly,
Then *Cleopatra* did *Marke Anthony*,
Where ſports all day did intertein your ſight,
And then in Maskes you paſs'd away the night.
But thou wilt ſay, 'tis proper vnto vs,
That we by nature all are iealous:
" I muſt confeſſe 'tis oft found in our Sex,
" But who not loue, not any thing ſuſpects:
" True loue doth looke with pale ſuſpitious eye,
" Take away loue, if you take iealouſie.
Turwin and *Turney* when Kinge *Henry* tooke,
For this great change who then did euer looke?

✻ When

✻ When *Maximilian* to thoſe warres addreſt,
✻ Ware *Englands* Croſſe on his Imperiall breſt,
✻ And in our armie let his Eagle flie,
✻ That view'd our Enſignes with a wond'ring eye,
Little thought I when *Bullen* firſt was won,
Wedlocke ſhould end, what angrey Warre begun.
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought.
✻ But this alone by *Wolſeies* wit was wrought.
To his aduice the King gaue free conſent:
That will, I nill I, I muſt be content.
My Vergins right, thy ſtate could not aduance,
But now enriched with the Dower of *France*;
Then, but poore *Suffolkes* Duches had I beene,
Now, the great Dowager, the moſt Chriſtian Queene.
But I perceiue where all thy Griefe doth lie,
Lewes of *France* had my Virginitie;
He had indeed, but ſhall I tell thee what,
Beleeue me *Brandon*, he had ſcarſely that:
Good feeble King, he could not doe much harme,
But Age muſt needs haue ſomething that is warme,
" Small dropes (God knowes) doe quench that heatleſſe fire,
" When all the ſtrength is onely in deſire.
And I could tell (if Modeſtie might tell)
There's ſomwhat elſe that pleaſeth Louers well;
To reſt his Cheeke vpon my ſofter Cheeke,
Was all he had, and more he did not ſeeke;
So might the little Baby clip the Nurſe,
And it content, ſhe neuer a whit the worſe:
Then thinke this, *Brandon*, if that make thee frowne,
For Maydenhead, he on my Head ſet a Crowne.
Who would not change a Kingdome for a Kiſſe?
Hard were the Heart that would not yeeld him this,

And

And time yet halfe so swiftlie doth not passe,
Nor yet full fiue moneths elder then I was.
When thou to *France* conducted wast by Fame,
With many Knights which from all Countries came,
Installed at Saint *Dennis* in my Throne,
Where *Lewes* held my Coronation;
* Where the proud Dolphin, for thy valour sake,
* Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take,
When as the Staues vpon thy Caske did light,
Grieued therewith I turn'd away my sight,
And spake aloud, when I my selfe forgot,
'Tis my sweet *Charles*, my *Brandon*, hurt him not:
But when I fear'd the King perceiued this,
Good silly Man, I pleas'd him with a Kisse,
And to extoll his valiant Sonne began,
That *Europe* neuer bred a brauer Man;
And when (poore King) he simply praysed thee,
Of all the rest I ask'd which thou shouldst bee?
Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake,
Open confession now amends must make.
Whilest this old King vpon a Pallat lyes,
And onely, holds a combat with mine Eyes;
Mine Eyes from his, by thy sight stolne away,
Which might too well their Mistres Thoughts bewray.
But when I saw thy proud vnconquer'd Lance
To beare the prize from all the flow'r of *France*,
To see what pleasure did my Soule imbrace,
Might eas'ly be discerned in my Face.
Looke, as the Dew vpon a Damaske Rose,
How through that liqued pearle his blushing showes,
And when the soft ayre breathes vpon his top,
From the sweet Leaues falls eas'ly drop by drop;

Thus

Thus by my Cheeke diſtilling from mine Eyes,
One Teare for Ioy anothers Roome ſupplyes.
Before mine Eye (like Touch, thy ſhape did proue;
Mine Eye condemn'd my too too partiall Loue;
But ſince by others I the ſame doe trie,
My Loue condemnes my too too partiall Eye.
The precious ſtone, moſt beautifull and rare,
When with it ſelfe we onely in it compare,
We deeme all other of that kind to be
As excellent, as that we onely ſee;
But when we iudge of that, which others by,
Too credulous we doe condemne our Eye,
Which then appeares more orient, and more bright,
Hauing a Foyle whereon to ſhew its light.
Alanſon, a fine timb'red Man, and tall,
Yet wants the ſhape thou art adorn'd withall;
Vandome good Carriage, and a pleaſing Eye,
Yet hath not *Suffolk's* Princely Maieſtie;
Couragious *Burbon*, a ſweet Manly Face,
Yet in his Lookes lacks *Brandons* Courtly Grace.
Proud *Longauile* ſuppos'd to haue no Peere,
A Man ſcarſe made was thought whilſt thou waſt here.
County *Saint-Paul*, our beſt at Armes in *France*,
Would yeeld himſelfe a Squire, to beare thy Lance.
* *Galleas* and *Bounarme*, match leſſe for their might,
Vnder thy towring Blade haue couch'd in fight.
If with our Loue my Brother angry bee,
Ile ſay, to pleaſe him, I firſt fancied thee,
And but to frame my liking to his mind,
Neuer to thee had I beene halfe ſo kind.
Worthy my Loue, the vulgar iudge no Man,
Except a *Yorkiſt*, or *Lancaſtrian*,

Nor thinke, that my affection should be set,
But in the Line of great *Plantaginet*.
I passe not what the idle Commons say,
I pray thee *Charles* make haste, and come away.
To thee what's *England*, if I be not there?
Or what to me is *France*, if thou not here?
Thy absence makes me angrey for a while,
But at thy presence I should gladly smile.
When last of me, his leaue my *Brandon* tooke,
He sware an Oath (and made my Lips the Booke)
He would make haste, which now thou do'st denie;
Thou art forsworne: O wilfull Periurie!
Sooner would I with greater sinnes dispence,
Then by intreatie pardon this Offence,
But yet I thinke, if I should come to shriue thee,
Great were the Fault that I should not forgiue thee:
Yet wert thou here, I should reuenged bee,
But it should be with too much louing thee.
I, that is all that thou shalt feare to taste;
I pray thee *Brandon* come, sweet *Charles*, make haste.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

The vtmost date expired of my stay,
When I for *Douer* did depart away.

King Henry *the eight, with the Queene and Nobles, in the first yeere of his Reigne, in the Moneth of September, brought this Lady to* Douer, *where she tooke shipping for* France.

Think'st thou my loue was faithfull vnto thee,
When young *Castile* to *England* su'd for mee.

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry *the seuenth, and* Philip, *King of* Castile, *sonne to* Maximilian *the Emperour, that* Charles, *eldest sonne of the said* Philip, *should marrie the Lady* Mary, *daughter to King* Henry, *when they came to age: Which agreement was afterward, in the eight yeere of* Henry *the eight, annihilated.*

When

When he, in triumph of his Victorie,
Vnder a rich imbroyd'rd Canopie,
Entred proud *Turney*, which did trembling ſtand, &c.

Henry *the eight after the long Siege of* Turney, *which was deliuered to him vpon Compoſition, entred the Citie in Triumph, vnder a Canopie of Cloth of Gold, borne by foure of the Chiefe and moſt Noble Citizens; the King himſelfe mounted vpon a gallant Courſer barbed with the Armes of* England, France *and* Ireland.

When *Charles* of *Caſtile* there to banquet came,
With him, his Siſter, that ambitious Dame,
Sauoy's proud Duches.

The King being at Turney, *there came to him the Prince of* Caſtile, *and the Lady* Margaret, *Duches of* Sauoy, *his Siſter, to whom King* Henry *gaue great entertainment.*

Sauoy's proud Duches, knowing how long ſhe
All means had try'd to winne my loue from me.

At this time there was ſpeech of a Marriage to be concluded, betweene Charles Brandon, *then Lord* Liſle, *and the Duches of* Sauoy; *the Lord* Liſle *being highly fauoured, and exceedingly beloued of the Duches.*

When in King *Henries* Tent of Cloth of Gold.

The King cauſed a rich Tent of Cloth of Gold to be erected, where hee feaſted the Prince of Caſtile, *and the Duches, and intertained them with ſumptuous Maskes and Banquets, during their aboad.*

When *Maximilian* to thoſe Warres addreſt,
Wore *Englands* Croſſe on his Imperiall Breſt.

Maximilian *the Emperour, with all his Souldiers, which ſerued vnder King* Henry *wore the Croſſe of Saint* George, *with the Roſe on their Breſts.*

And in our Armie let his Eagle flie.

The blacke Eagle is the Badge Imperiall, which here is vſed for the diſplaying of his Enſigne, or Standard.

That view'd our Enſignes with a wand'ring Eye.

Henry *the eight, at his Warres in* France, *retained the Emperour and all his Souldiers in Wages, which ſerued vnder him during thoſe Warres.*

But this alone by by *Wolsey's* wit was wrought.

Thomas Wolsey, *the Kings Almoner, then Bishop of* Lincolne, *a Man of great Authoritie with the King, and afterward Cardinall, was the cheife cause that this Lady* Mary *was married to the old* French *King, with whom the* French *had dealt under-hand, to befriend him in that Match.*

Where the proud Dolphin, for thy Valour sake,
Chose thee at Tilt his Princely part to take.

Francis, *Duke of* Valoyes, *and Dolphin of* France, *at the Marriage of the Lady* Mary *in honour therof proclaymed a Iusts; where he chose the Duke of* Suffolke *and the Marquis* Dorset *for his aides, at all Martiall Exercises.*

Galeas and *Bounarme*, matchlesse for their might.

This County Galeas, *at the Iusts ranne a Course with a Speare which was at the Head five ynches square on every side and at the Butt nine ynches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This* Bounarme, *Gentleman of* France, *at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with tenne Speares about him: in each Stirrop three, under each thigh one, one under his left Arme, and one in his Hand, and putting his Horse to the Carcere, never stopped him, till he had broken euery Staffe.*

CHARLES BRANDON, Duke of SUFFOLKE, to MARY the French *Queene.*

BVt that my Faith commands me to forbeare,
The fault's your owne, if I impatient were;
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,
I should want time your louing Lines to reede.
Here, in the Court, Camelion-like I fare,
And as that Creature, onely feed on Ayre;

All

All Day I wait, and all the Night I watch,
And ſtarue mine Eares to heare of my diſpatch.
If *Douer* were th' *Abydos* of my Reſt,
Or pleaſant *Calice* were my *Maries Ceſt*,
You ſhould not need, bright Queene, to blame me ſo,
Did not the Diſtance, to Deſire ſay no:
No tedious Night from Trauell ſhould be free,
Till through the Seas, with ſwimming ſtill to thee,
A Snowie Path I made vnto thy Bay,
So bright as is that Nectar-ſtayned Way.
The reſtleſſe Sunne by trauelling doth weare,
Paſſing his Courſe, to finiſh vp the Yeare;
But *Paris* lockes my Loue within the Maine,
And *London*, yet thy *Brandon* doth detaine.
Of thy firme loue thou put'ſt me ſtill in mind,
But of my Faith, not one word can I find.
✻ When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affy'd,
And thou by him was made King *Lewes* Bride,
How oft I wiſh'd, that thou a Prize might'ſt bee,
That I in Armes might combate him for thee!
And in the madneſſe of my loue diſtraught,
A thouſand times his Murther haue fore-thought:
" But that th'all-ſeeing Pow'rs, which ſit aboue,
" Regard not Mad-mens Oathes, nor faults in Loue,
" And haue confirm'd it, by the Grant of Heauen,
" That Louers ſinnes on Earth ſhould be forgiuen;
" For neuer Man is halfe ſo much diſtreſs'd,
" As he that loues to ſee his Loue poſſeſs'd.
Comming to *Richmond* after thy depart,
(*Richmond*, where firſt thou ſtol'ſt away my Heart)
Me thought it look'd not as it did of late,
But wanting thee, forlorne and deſolate,

In whose faire walkes thou often hast beene seene,
To sport with *Katherine*, *Henries* beautious Queene,
Astonishing sad Winter with thy sight,
So that for thee the day hath put backe night;
And the small Birds, as in the pleasant Spring,
Forgot themselues, and haue begun to sing.
So oft as I by *Thames* goe and returne,
Me thinkes for thee the Riuer yet doth mourne,
Whom I haue seene to let his streame at large,
Which like a hand-maide waited on thy Barge;
And if thou hap'st against the floud to row,
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,
Weeping in drops vpon the labouring Oares,
For ioy that it had got thee from the shoares.
The Swans with musicke that the Roothers make,
Ruffing their plumes came gliding on the lake,
As the swift Dolphins by *Arians* strings,
Were brought to Land with Syren rauishings:
The flockes and heards that pasture neere the Flood,
To gaze vpon thee, haue forborne their food,
And sat done sadly mourning by the brim,
That they by Nature were not made to swim.
When as the post to *Englands* Royall Court,
Of thy hard passage brought the true report,
* How in a storme thy well-rigg'd Ships were tost,
And thou thy selfe in danger to be lost,
I knew 'twas *Venus* loath'd that aged Bed,
Where Beautie so should be dishonoured;
Or fear'd the Sea-Numphs haunting of the Lake,
If thou but seene, their Goddesse should forsake,
And whirling round her Doue-drawne Coach about,
To view the Nauie then in lanching out,

Her

Her ayrie Mantle loosely doth vnbinde.
Which fanning fourth a rougher gale of winde,
Wasted thy Sayles with speed vnto the land,
And ran thy Ships on *Bullens* harboring strand.
How should I ioy of thy arriue to here?
But as a poore Sea-fearing passenger,
After long trauaile, tempest-torne and wrack'd
By some vnpitty'ng Pyrat that is sack'd;
Heares the false robber that hath stolne his wealth,
Landed in some safe harbour, and in health,
Inrich'd with the inualuable store,
For which he long had trauailed before:
✻ When thou to *Abuile* held'st th'appointed day,
We heard how *Lewes* met thee on the way;
Where thou, in glitt'ring Tissue strangely dight,
✻ Apear'dst vnto him like the Queene of Light;
In Cloth of Siluer, all thy Virgin Trayne,
In Beautie sumptuous, as the Northerne Wayne;
And thou alone the formost glorious Starre,
Which led'st the Teame of that great *Waggoner*.
What could thy Thought be, but as I did thinke,
When thine Eyes tasted what mine Eares did drinke?
✻ A cripple King, layd Bedred long before,
Yet at thy comming, crept out of the dore:
'Twas well he rid, he had no Legges to goe,
But this thy Beautie forc'd his Body to;
For whom a Cullice had more fitter beene,
Then in a golden Bed, a gallant Queene.
To vse thy Beautie, as the Miser Gold;
Which hoards it vp but onely to behold;
Still looking on it with a iealons Eye,
Fearing to lend, yet louing Vsurie:

O Sacrildege (if Beautie be diuine)
The prophane Hand to touch the hallow'd Shrine!
To surfet Sickneſſe on the ſound Mans Diet,
To rob Content, yet ſtill to liue vnquiet;
And hauing all, to be of all beguil'd,
And yet ſtill longing like a little Child,
✲ When Marques *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Grayes*,
To purchaſe Fame, firſt croſt the narrow Seas,
With all the Knights that my Aſſociates went,
In honour of thy Nuptiall Tournament;
Think'ſt thou I ioy'd not in thy Beauties pride,
✲ When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride?
Where all the Streets, as thou didſt pace along,
With Arras, Biſſe, and Tapiſtrie were hung;
Ten thouſand gallant Citizens prepar'd,
In rich Attyre thy Princely ſelfe to guard:
Next them three thouſand choiſe Religious Men,
In golden Veſtments follow'd on agen;
And in Proceſſion as they came along,
With *Hymeneas* ſang thy Marriage Song.
✲ Next theſe, fiue Dukes, as did their places fall,
With each of them a Princely Cardinall;
Then thou, on thy Imperiall Chariot ſet,
Crown'd with a rich impearled Coronet;
Whilſt the *Pariſian* Dames, as thy Trayne paſt,
Their precious Ineenſe in abundance caſt.
As *Cynthia*, from her Waue-embattel'd Shrowds,
Op'ning the Weſt, comes ſtreaming through the Clouds,
With ſhining Troupes of Siluer-treſſed Starres,
Attending on her, as her Torch-bearers;
And all the leſſer Lights about her Throne,
With admiration ſtand as lookers on;

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe alone, in height of all her pride,
The Queene of Light along her Sphere doth glide.
When on the Tilt my Horſe like Thunder came,
No other Signall had I, but thy Name;
Thy Voyce my Trumpet, and my Guide thine Eyes,
And but thy Beautie, I eſteem'd no Prize.
✻ That large-lim'd *Almaine*, of the Giants Race,
Which bare ſtrength on his Breſt, teare in his Face,
Whoſe ſinew'd Armes, with his ſteele-temper'd Blade,
Through Plate and Male ſuch open paſſage made,
Vpon whoſe Might the *Frenchmens* glorie lay,
And all the hope of that victorious day;
Thou ſaw'ſt thy *Brandon* beat him on his Knee,
Off'ring his Shield a conquer'd Spoyle to thee.
But thou wilt ſay, perhaps, I vainely boaſt,
And tell thee that which thou alreadie know'ſt.
No, ſacred Queene, my Valour I denie,
It was thy Beautie, not my Chiualrie;
One of thy treſſed Curles there falling downe,
As loth to be impriſoned in thy Crowne,
I ſaw the ſoft Ayre ſportiuely to take it,
And into ſtrange and ſundry formes to make it;
Now parting it to foure, to three, to twaine,
Now twiſting it, then it vntwiſt againe;
Then make the threds to dally with thine Eye,
A Sunnie Candle for a golden Flye.
At length from thence one little teare it got,
Which falling downe as though a Starre had ſhot,
My vp-turn'd Eye purſu'd it with my Sight,
The which againe redoubled all my Might.
'Tis but in vaine, of my Deſcent to boaſt;
When Heau'ns Lampe ſhines, all other Lights be loſt;

Faulcons

Faulcons seeme poore, the Eagle sitting by,
Whose Brood surueyes the Sunne with open Eye:
* Else might my Bloud find issue from his force,
* Who beat the Tyrant *Richard* from his Horse
On *Bosworth* Plaine, whom *Richmond* chose to wield
His glorious Ensigne in that conq'ring Field;
And with his Sword, in his deare Sou'raines sight,
To his last breath stood fast in *Henries* Right.
Then, beautious Empresse, thinke this safe delay,
Shall be the Euen to a ioyfull Day:
" Fore-sight doth still on all aduantage lye,
" Wise-men must giue place to necessitie;
" To put backe ill, our good we must forbeare.
" Better first feare, then after still to feare.
'Twere ouer-sight in that, at which we ayme,
To put the Hazzard on an after-Game;
With patience then let vs our Hopes attend,
And till I come, receiue these Lines I send.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

When *Longauile* to *Mary* was affi'd.

THe *Duke of* Longauile, *which was Prisoner in* England, *vpon the Peace to be concluded betweene* England *and* France, *was deliuered, and married the Princesse* Mary, *for* Lewes *the* French *King, his Master.*

How in a storme thy well-rig'd Ships were tost,
And thou, &c.

As the Queene sayled for France, *a mighty storme arose at Sea, so that the Naue was in a great danger, & was seuered, some driuen vpon the Coast of* Flanders, *some on* Britaine: *the Ship wherein the Queene was, was driuen into the Hauen at* Bullen, *with very great danger.*

When

When thou to *Abuile* held'ſt th'appointed day.
King Lewes *met her by* Abuile, *were to the Forreſt of* Arders, *and brough ther into* Abuile *with great Solemnitie.*

Appeard'ſt vnto him like the Queene of Light.
Expreſſing the ſumptuous Attyre of the Queene and her Traine, attended by the cheife of the Nobilitie of England, *with ſixe and thirtie Ladies all in Cloth of Siluer, their Horſes trapped with Crimſon Veluet.*

A cripple King, layd Bedred long before.
King Lewes *was a Man of great yeeres, troubled much with the Gowt, ſo that hee had long time before little vſe of his Legges.*

When Marques *Dorſet*, and the valiant *Grayes.*
The Duke of Suffolke, *when the Proclamation came into* England, *of iuſts to be holden in* France, *at* Paris; *he, for the Queenes ſake, his Miſtres, obtained of the King to goe thither: With whō, went the Marques* Dorſet, *and his foure Brothers, the Lord* Clinton, *Sir* Edward Neuill, *Sir* Giles Capell, Thomas Cheyney, *which went all ouer with the Duke, as his Aſſiſtants.*

When thou in Triumph didſt through *Paris* ride.
A true deſcription of the Queenes entring into Paris, *after her Coronation performed at S.* Denis.

Then fiue great Dukes, as did there Places fall.
The Dukes of Alanſon, Burbon, Vandome, Longauile, Suffolke *with fiue Cardinals.*

That large-lim'd *Almaine*, of the Giants Race.
Francis Valous, *the Dolphin of* France, *enuying the glorie that the* Engliſh *Men had obtained at the tilt, brought in an* Almaine *ſecretly, a Man thought almoſt, of incomparable ſtrength which incountred* Charles Brandon *at the Barriers, but the Duke grappling with him ſo beat him about the Head with the Pummell of his Sword, that the Bloud came out of the ſight of his Caske.*

Elſe might my Bloud find iſſue from his force,
Who beat &c.
Sir William Brandon, *Standard-bearer to the Earle of* Richmond, *(after,* Henry *the ſeuenth) at* Borſworth *Field, a braue and gallant Gentleman, who was ſlaine by* Richard *there; this was Father to this* Charles Brandon, *Duke of* Suffolke.

FINIS.

HEN

HENRIE HOWARD, EARLE OF SVRREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

The Argvment.

The Earle of Surrey, *that renowned Lord,*
Th'old English *Glory, bravely that rester'd;*
That Prince, and Poet (a Namesmoke diuine)
Falling in loue with beautious Geraldine,
Of the Geraldi, *which deriue their Name*
From Florence: *whither, to aduance her Fame,*
He trauels, and in publique Iusts maintayn'd
Her Beautie peerelesse, which by Armes he gayn'd:
But staying long faire Italy *to see,*
To let her know, him constant still to bee,
From Tuskany *this Letter to her writes;*
Which her Rescription instantly inuites.

* FRom learned *Florence* (long time rich in fame)
From whence thy Race, thy noble grandsirs came,
To famous *England*, that kind Nurse of mine,
Thy *Surrey* sends to heau'nly *Geraldine*:

Yet

Yet let not *Tuscan* thinke I doe it wrong,
That I from thence write in my Natiue Tongue,
That in these harsh-tun'd Cadences I sing,
Sitting so neere the Muses sacred Spring;
But rather thinke it selfe adorn'd thereby,
That *England* reades the prayse of *Italy*.
Though to the *Tuscans* I the smoothnesse grant,
Our Dialect no Maiestie doth want,
To set thy praises in as high a Key,
As *France*, or *Spaine*, or *Germanie*, or they.
What day I quit the Fore-land of faire *Kent*
And that my Ship her course for *Flanders* bent,
Yet thinke I with how many a beauy looke,
My leaue of *England* and of thee I tooke,
And did intreate the Tide (if it might be)
But to conuey me one sigh backe to thee.
Vp to the Decke a Billow lightly skips,
Taking my sigh, and downe againe it slips;
Into the Gulfe it selfe it headlong throwes,
And as a Post to *England*-ward it goes.
As I sate wondring how the rough Seas stird,
I might farre off perceiue a little Bird,
Which as she faine from Shore to Shore would flie,
Had lost her selfe in the broad vastie Skie,
Her feeble Wing beginning to deceiue her,
The Seas of life still gaping to bereaue her;
Vnto the Ship she makes, which she discouers,
And there (poore foole) a while for refuge houers,
And when at length her flagging Pinnion failes,
Panting she hangs vpon the rattling Sailes,
And being forc'd to loose her hold with paine,
Yet beaten off, she straight lights on againe,

And

And tos'd with flawes, with stormes, with wind, with
Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither (weather,
Now with the Poope, now with Prow doth beare,
Now on this side, now that, now heare, now there:
Me thinkes these Stormes should be my sad depart;
The Silly helpelesse Bird is my poore heart,
The Ship, to which for succour it repaires,
That is your selfe, regardlesse of my cares.
Of euery Surge doth fall, or Waues doth rise.
To some on thing I sit and moralize.
When for thy loue I left the *Belgicke* Shore,
Diuine *Erasmus*, and our famous *Moore*,
Whose happie presence gaue me such delight,
As made a minute of a Winters night;
With whom a while I stayd at *Roterdam*.
Now so renowned by *Erasmus* name.
Yet euery houre did seeme a world of time,
Till I had seene that sole-reuiuing Clime,
And thought the foggie *Netherlands* vnfit,
A watry Soyle to clogge a fiery wit;
And as that wealthy *Germany* I past,
Comming vnto the Emperours Court at last,
* Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art.
Who the infernall secrets doth impart,
When of thy health I did desire to know,
Me in a Glasse my *Geraldine* did show,
Sicke in thy Bed, and for thou could'd not sleepe,
By a Waxe Taper set the Light to keepe;
I doe remember thou did'st reade that Ode.
Sent backe whil'st I in *Thanet* made abode,
Where when thou cam'st vnto that word of Loue,
Euen in thine eyes I saw how passion stroue:

That

That Snowie Lawne which couered thy Bed,
Me thought look'd white, to see thy Cheeke so red,
Thy Rosie Cheeke oft changing in my sight,
Yet still was red, to see the Lawne so white;
The little Taper which should giue thee light,
Me thought wax'd dimme, to see thine Eye so bright;
Thy Eye againe supply'd the Tapers turne,
And with his Beames more brightly made it burne,
The shrugging Ayre about thy Temples hurles,
And wrapt thy Breth in little clowded curles,
And as it did ascend, it straight did seaze it,
And as it sunke, it presently did raise it;
Canst thou by sicknesse banish beautie so?
Which if put from thee, knowes not where to goe,
To make her shift, and for her succour seeke,
To euery riuel'd Face each bankrupt Cheeke.
" If health preseru'd, thou Beautie still do'st cherish,
" If that neglected, Beautie soone doth perish.
Care drawes on Care, Woe comforts Woe againe,
Sorrow breeds Sorrow, one Griefe brings forth twaine:
If liue or die, as thou do'st, so doe I,
If liue, I liue, and if thou die, I die,
One Heart, one Loue, one Ioy, one Griefe, one Troth,
One Good, one ill, one Life, one Death to both.
If *Howards* bloud thou hold'st as but too vile,
Or nor esteem'st of *Norfolk's* Princely Stile,
If *Scotlands* Coate no marke of Fame can lend,
* That Lyon plac'd in our bright Siluer bend,
Which as a Trophy beautifies our Shield,
* Since Scottish Bloud discolour'd *Floden* field;
When the Proud *Cheuiot* our braue Enfigne bare,
As a Rich Iewell in a Ladyes Haire,

And

And did faire *Bramſtons* neigbouring Vallies choke
With Clouds of Canons, fire-diſgorged Smoke,
Or *Surreys* Earldome inſufficient be,
And not a Dower ſo well contenting thee;
Yet am I one of great *Apollo's* Heires,
The ſacred Mutes challenge me for theirs.
By Princes, my immortall Lines are ſung,
My flowing Verſes grac'd with eu'ry Tongue;
The little Children when they learne to goe,
By painefull Mothers daded to and fro,
Are taught my ſugred Numbers to rehearſe,
And haue their ſweet Lips ſeaſon'd with my Verſe.
When Heau'n would ſtriue to doe the beſt it can,
And put an Angels Spirit into a Man,
The vtmoſt pow'r it hath, it then doth ſpend,
When to the World a Poet it doth intend.
That little diff'rence 'twixt the Gods and vs,
(By them confirm'd) diſtinguiſh'd onely thus:
Whom they, in Birth, ordaine to happy dayes,
The Gods commit their glory to our prayſe;
T' eternall Life when they diſſolue their breath,
We likewiſe ſhare a ſecond Pow'r by Death.
When Time ſhall turne thoſe Amber Locks to Gray,
My Verſe againe ſhall guild and make them gay,
And tricke them vp in knotted Curles anew,
And to thy Autumne giue a Summers hiew;
That ſacred Pow'r that in my Inke remaines,
Shall put freſh Bloud into thy With'red Veines,
And on thy Red decay'd thy Whitenelle dead,
Shall ſet a White, more white, a red more Red:
When thy dimme Sight thy Glaſſe cannot diſcry,
Nor thy craz'd Mirror can diſcerne thine Eye;

My

My Verſe, to tell th'one what the other was,
Shall repreſent them both, thine Eye and Glaſſe:
Where both thy Mirrour and thine Eye ſhall ſee,
What once thou ſaw'ſt in that, that ſaw in thee;
And to them both ſhall tell the ſimple truth,
What that in pureneſſe was, what thou in youth.

If *Florence* once ſhould loſe her old renowne,
As famous *Athens*, now a Fiſher-Towne;
My Lines for thee a *Florence* ſhall erect,
Which great *Apollo* euer ſhall protect,
And with the Numbers from my Penne that falls,
Bring Marble Mines, to re-erect thoſe Walls.

✻ Nor beautious *Stanhope*, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory of the *Engliſh* Court,
Shall by our Nation be ſo much admir'd,
If euer *Surrey* truely were inſpir'd.

✻ And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings,
To that inchanting *Thracian* Harpers ſtrings,
To whom *Phœbus* (the Poets God) did drinke
A Bowle of Nectar, fill'd vp to the Brinke;
And ſweet-tongu'd *Bryan* (whom the Muſes kept,
And in his Cradle rockt him whilſt he ſlept)
In ſacred Verſes (moſt diuinely pen'd)
Vpon thy prayſes euer ſhall attend.

What time I came into this famous Towne,
And made the cauſe of my Arriuall knowne,
Great *Medices* a Liſt (for Triumphs) built;
Within the which, vpon a Tree of Gilt,
(Which was with ſundry rare deuices ſet)
I did erect thy louely Counterfet,
To anſwere thoſe *Italian* Dames deſire,
Which dayly came thy Beautie to admire:

By which, my Lion, in his gaping Iawes
Held vp my Lance, and in his dreadfull Pawes
Reacheth my Gauntlet vnto him that dare
A Beautie with my *Geraldines* compare,
Which when each Manly valiant Arme assayes,
After so many braue triumphant dayes,
The glorious Prize vpon my Lance I bare,
By Heralds voyce proclaym'd to be thy share;
The shiuer'd Staues, here for thy Beautie broke,
With fierce encounters past at eu'ry shocke,
When stormie Courses answer'd Cuffe for Cuffe,
Denting proud Beuers with the Counter-buffe,
Vpon an Altar, burnt with holy Flame,
sacrific'd, as Incense to thy Fame:
Where, as the Phœnix from her spiced fume,
Renues her selfe, in that she doth consume;
So from these sacred Ashes liue we both,
Eu'n as that one *Arabian* Wonder doth.
When to my Chamber I my selfe retire,
Burnt with the Sparkes that kindled all this fire,
Thinking of *England*, which my Hope containes,
The happie Ile where *Geraldine* remaines;
✻ Of *Hunsdon*, where those sweet celestiall Eyne,
At first did pierce this tender Brest of mine,
✻ Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windsor*, where abound;
All pleasures that in Paradise were found,
Neere that faire Castle is a little Groue,
With hanging Rocks all couer'd from aboue,
Which on the Banke of goodly *Thames* doth stand,
Clipt by the Water from the other Land,
Whose bushie Top doth bid the Sunne forbeare,
And checkes his proud Beames, that would enter there;

Whose Leaues still mutt'ring, as the Ayre doth breathe,
With the sweet bubbling of the Streame beneath,
Doth rocke the Senses (whilst the small Birds sing)
Lulled asleepe with gentle murmuring;
Where light-foot Fayries sport at Prison-Base,
(No doubt there is some Pow'r frequents the place)
There the soft Poplar and smooth Beech doe beare
Our Names together carued eu'ry where,
And Gordian Knots doe curiously entwine
The Names of *Henry* and of *Geraldine*.
O, let this Groue in happy times to come,
Be call'd, *The Louers blest'd Elizium*;
Whither my Mistres wonted to resort,
In Summers heat, in those sweet shades to sport
A thousand sundry Names I haue it giuen,
And call'd it, Wonder-hider, Couer-Heauen,
The Roofe where Beautie her rich Court doth keepe,
Vnder whose compasse all the Starres doe sleepe.
There is one Tree, which now I call to minde,
Doth beare these Verses carued in his Rinde:
When Geraldine *shall sit in thy faire shade,*
Fanne her sweet Tresses with perfumed Aire,
Let thy large Boughes a Canopie be made,
To keepe the Sunne from gazing on my Faire,
And when thy spreading branched Armes be sunke,
And thou no Sap nor Pith shalt more retaine,
Eu'n from the dust of thy vnweldie Trunke,
I will renue thee Phœnix-like againe,
And from thy dry decayed Root will bring
A new-borne Stem, another Æsons Spring.
I find no cause nor iudge I reason why,
My Country should giue place to *Lumbardy*;

✻ As goodly flow'rs on *Thamesis* doe grow,
As beautifie the Bankes of wanton *Po*;
As many Nimphs as haunt rich *Arnus* strand,
By siluer *Seuerne* tripping hand in hand:
Our shade's as sweet, though not to vs so deere,
Because the Sunne hath greater power there:
This distant place doth giue me greater woe;
Farre off, my Sighes the farther haue to goe.
Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seeme so long,
Or wherefore should'st thou offer Time such wrong,
Summer so soone to steale on Winters Cold,
Or Winters Blasts so soone make Summer old?
Loue did vs both with one selfe Arrow strike,
Our Wound's both one, our Cure should be the like;
Except thou hast found out some meane by Art,
Some pow'rfull Medicine to withdraw the dart;
But mine is fixt, and absence being proued,
It stickes to fast, it cannot be remoued.
Adiew, adiew, from *Florence* when I goe,
By my next Letters *Geraldine* shall know,
Which if good fortune shall by course direct,
From Venice by some messenger expect;
Till when, I leaue thee to thy hearts desire,
By him that liues thy vertues to admire.

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

From learned *Florence*, long time rich in Fame.

FLorence, *a Citie of* Tuscan, *standing vpon the riuer* Arnus *(celebrated by* Dante, Petrarch, *and the most Noble Wits of* Italie) *was the originall of the Family, out of which, this* Geraldine *did spring, as* Ireland *the place of her birth, which, is intimated by these Verse of the Earle of* Surrey.

From

From *Tuscan* came my Ladies worthy race,
Faire *Florence* was sometimes her ancient seate,
The Westerne Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
While *Cambers* Cliffes, did giue her liuely heate.

Great learn'd *Agrippa*, so profound in Art.

Cornelius Agrippa, *a man in his time so famous for Magicke (which the bookes publish'd by him, concerning that argument, doe partly proue) as in this place needs no further remembrance. Howbeit, as those abstruse and gloomie Arts are but illusions: so in the honour of so rare a Gentleman as this Earle (and therewithall so Noble a Poet; aqualitie, by which his other Titles receiue their greatest lustre) Inuention may make some what more bolde with* Agrippa *aboue the barren truth.*

That Lion set in our brighr siluer Bend.

The blazon of the Howards *Honourable Armour, was* Gules betweene sixe crosselets Fitchy a bend Argent, *to which afterwards was added by atchieuement,* In the Canton point of the Bend, an escutcheon, *or* within the *Scottish* tressure, a Demi-lion rampant Gules &c. *as Master* Camden, *now* Clerenceaux *from authoritie noteth. Neuer shall Time or bitter Enuie be able to obscure the brightnesse of so great a Victorie as that, for which this addition was obtained. The Historian of* Scotland, George Buchanan, *reporteth, That the Earle of* Surrey *gaue for his badge a* Siluer Lyon *(which from antiquitie belonged to that name) tearing in pieces* A Lion prostrate Gules; *and withall, that this which he termes insolence, was punished in him and his posteritie as if it were fatall, to the Conquerour, to doe his Soueraigne such Loyall seruice, as a thousand such seuere censurers, were neuer able to performe.*

Since *Scottish* Bloud discolour'd *Floden* Field.

The Battell was fought at Bramston, *neere* Floden *Hill, being a part of the* Cheuiot, *a Mountaine that exceedeth all the Mountaines in the North of* England *for bignesse; in which, the wilfull Periurie of* Iames *the fifth was punished from Heauen by the Earle of* Surrey, *being left by King* Henry *the eight (then in* France *before* Turwin) *for the defence of his Realme.*

Nor beautious *Stanhope*, whom all Tongues report
To be the glory, &c.

Of the Beautie of that Lady, he himselfe testifies, in an Elegie which he writ of her, refusing to dance with him, which he seemeth to allegorize

vnder Lion and a Wolfe. And of himſelfe he ſaith:

A Lion ſaw I late, as white as any Snow.

And of her,

I might perceiue a Wolfe, as white, as a Whales Bone,
A fairer Beaſt, of freſher hue, beheld I neuer none,
But that her Lookes were coy, and froward was her Grace.

And famous *Wyat*, who in Numbers ſings.

Sir Thomas Wyat, *the elder, a moſt excellent Poet, as his Poems extant doe witneſſe; beſides certaine* Encomions, *written by the Earle of* Surrey, *vpon ſome of* Dauids *Pſalmes, by him tranſlated:*

What holy Graue, what worthy Sepulcher.
To *Wyats* Pſalmes ſhall Chriſtians purchaſe then?

And afterward vpon his Death, the ſaid Earle writeth thus:

What vertues rare were temp'red in thy Breſt?
Honour that *England*, ſuch a Iewell bred,
And kiſſe the Ground whereas thy Corps did reſt.

Of *Hunſdon*, where thoſe ſweet celeſtiall Eyne.

It is ſaid of him by a Sonnet, written by this Noble Earle, that the firſt time he beheld his Lady, was at Hunſdon:

Hunſdon, did firſt preſent her to mine Eyne.

Which Sonnet being altogether a deſcription of his Loue, I doe alledge in diuers places of this Gloſſe, as proofes of what I write.

Of *Hampton Court*, and *Windſor*, where abound
All Pleaſures, &c.

That he inioyed the preſence of his faire and vertuous Miſtres in thoſe two places, by reaſon of Queene Katherines *vſuall abode there (on whom this Ladie* Geraldine *was attending) I proue by theſe Verſes of his.*

Hampton me taught to wiſh her firſt for mine,
Windſor (alas) doth chaſe me from her ſight.

And in another Sonnet following:

When *Windſor* Walls ſuſtain'd my wearied Arme,
My Hand, my Chin, to eaſe my reſtleſſe Head.

And

And that his Delight might draw him to compare Windſor *to Paradiſe, an Elegie may proue; where he remembreth his paſſed Pleaſures in that place.*

With a Kings ſonne my childiſh yeeres I paſs'd,
In greater Feaſts then *Priams* ſonne of *Troy*.

And againe in the ſame Elegie:

Thoſe large greene Courts, where we were wont to roue,
With Eyes caſt vp vnto the Maidens Tower,
With eaſie ſighes, ſuch as Men draw in loue.

And againe in the ſame:

The ſtately Seats, the Ladies bright of hue,
The Dances ſhort, long Tales of ſweet Delight.

And for the pleaſantneſſe of the place, theſe Verſes of his may teſtifie, in the ſame Elegie before recited:

The ſecret Groues which we haue made reſound,
With ſiluer drops the Meads yet ſpred for ruth.
As goodly flow'rs on *Thameſis* doe grow, &c.

I had thought, in this place, not to haue ſpoken of Thames, *being ſo oft remembred by me before, in ſundry other places, on this occaſion: but thinking of that excellent Epigram, which as I iudge, either to be done by the ſaid Earle, or Sir* Francis Brian; *for the worthineſſe thereof, I will, here inſert: which, as it ſeemes to me, was compyled at the Authors being in* Spaine.

Tagus, farewell, which Weſtward with thy Streames,
Turn'ſt vp the graines of Gold, alreadie try'd,
For I with Spur and Sayle goe ſeeke the *Thames*,
Againſt the Sunne that ſhewes his wealthy pride,
And to the Towne that *Brutus* ſought by Dreames,
Like bended Moone, that leanes her luſtie ſide,
To ſeeke my Countrey now, for whom I liue,
O mightie *Ioue*, for this the Windes me giue,

The Lady GERALDINE, to HENRY HOWARD, Earle of *Surrey*.

SVch greeting as the Noble *Surrey* ſends,
The like to thee thy *Geraldine* commends;
A Maidens thoughts do check my trembling hand,
On other Termes or Complements to ſtand,
Which (might my Speech be as my Heart affords)
Should come attyred in farre richer Words:
But all is one, my Faith as firme ſhall proue,
As hers that makes the greateſt ſhew of Loue.
In *Cupid's* Schoole I neuer read thoſe Bookes,
Whoſe Lectures oft we practiſe in our Lookes,
Nor euer did ſuſpitious riuall Eye
Yet lye in wait my Fauors to eſpie;
My Virgin Thoughts are innocent and meeke,
As the chaſte Bluſhes ſitting on my Cheeke:
As in a Feauer, I doe ſhiuer yet,
Since firſt my Pen was to the Paper ſet.
If I doe erre, you know my Sexe is weake,
Feare proues a Fault, where Maids are forc'd to ſpeake.
Doe I not ill? Ah ſooth me not herein;
O, if I doe, reproue me of my ſinne,
Chide me in faith, or if my Fault you hide:
My Tongue will teach my ſelfe, my ſelfe to chide.
Nay, Noble *Surrey*, blot it if thou wilt,
Then too much Boldneſſe ſhould returne my Guilt;
For that ſhould be eu'n from our ſelues conceal'd,
Which is diſclos'd, if to our Thoughts reueal'd;

For

For the leſt Motion more the ſmalleſt Breath,
That may impeach our Modeſtie is Death.
The Page that brought thy Letters to my hand,
(Me thinkes) ſhould maruell at my ſtrange demand:
For till he bluſh'd, I did not yet eſpie
The nakedneſſe of my Immodeſtie,
Which in my Face he greater might haue ſeene,
But that my Fanne I quickly put betweene;
Yet ſcarcely that my inward Guilt could hide,
Feare ſeeing all, feares it of all is ſpy'd.
Like to a Taper lately burning bright,
But wanting matter to maintaine his Light;
The Blaze aſcending, forced by the ſmoke,
Liuing by that which ſeekes the ſame to choke;
The Flame ſtill hanging in the Ayre, doth burne,
Vntill dawne downe, it backe againe returne:
Then cleare, then dim, then ſpreadeth, and then cloſeth,
Now getteth ſtrength, and now his brightneſſe loſeth;
As well the beſt diſcerning Eye may doubt,
Whether it yet be in, or whether out:
Thus in my Cheeke my ſundry Paſſions ſhew'd,
Now aſhie pale, and now againe it glow'd.
If in your Verſe there bea pow'r to moue,
It's you alone, who are the cauſe I loue;
It's you bewitch my Boſome, by mine Eeare;
Vnto that end I did not place you there:
Ayres to aſſwage the bloudie Souldiers mind,
Poore Women, we are naturally kind.
Perhaps youl'e thinke, that I theſe termes inforce,
For that in Court this kindneſſe is of courſe;
Or that it is that Honey-ſteeped Gall,
We oft are ſaid to bait our Loues withall;

That

That in one Eye we carrie ſtrong deſire,
In the other, drops, which quickly quench that fire,
Ah, what ſo falſe can Enuie ſpeake of vs,
But it ſhall find ſome vainely credulous?
I doe not ſo, and to adde proofe thereto,
I loue in faith, in faith, ſweet Lord I doe;
Nor let the ennie of innenom'd Tongues,
Which ſtill is grounded on poore Ladies Wrongs,
Thy Noble Breſt diſaſterly poſſeſſe,
By any doubt to make my loue the leſſe.
My Houſe from *Florence* I doe not pretend,
Nor from thoſe *Geralds* clayme I to deſcend,
Nor hold thoſe Honours inſufficient are,
That I receiue from *Deſmond*, or *Kildare*:
Nor adde I greater worth vnto my Bloud,
Then *Iriſh* Milke to giue me Infant-food;
Nor better Ayre will euer boaſt to breathe,
Then that of *Lemſter*, *Munſter*, or of *Meath*;
Nor craue I other forraine farre Allies,
* Then *Windſor's*, or *Fitz-Gerald's* Families:
It is enough to leaue vnto my Heires,
If they but pleaſe t'acknowledge me for theirs.
To what place euer did the Court remoue,
But that the Houſe giues matter to my Loue?
At *Windſor* ſtill I ſee thee ſit, and walke,
There mount thy Courſer, there deuiſe, there talke;
The Robes, the Garter, and the ſtate of Kings,
Into my Thought, thy hoped Greatneſſe brings:
None-ſuch, the Name imports (me thinkes) ſo much,
None ſuch as it, nor as my Lord, none ſuch;
In *Hamptons* great Magnificence I find
The liuely Image of thy Princely Mind;

Faire

Faire *Richmonds* Tow'rs like goodly Trophies ſtand,
Rear'd by the pow'r of thy victorious Hand;
White-Halls triumphing Galleries are yet
Adorn'd with rich Deuices of thy Wit;
In *Greenwich* ſtill, as in a Glaſſe, I view
Where laſt thou bad'ſt thy *Geraldine* adiew:
With eu'ry little perling breath that blowes,
How are my Thoughts confus'd with Ioyes and Woes;
As through a Gate, ſo through my longing Eares
Paſſe to my Heart whole multitudes of Feares.
O, in a Map that I might ſee thee ſhow
The place where now in danger thou do'ſt goe!
Whilſt we diſcourſe, to trauell with our Eye
Romania, *Tuſcan*, and faire *Lumbardy*;
Or with thy Pen exactly to ſet downe
The Modell of that Temple, or that Towne;
And to relate at large where thou haſt beene,
As there, and there, and what thou there haſt ſeene:
Expreſſing in a Figure, by thy Hand,
How *Naples* lyes, how *Florence* faire doth ſtand;
Or as the *Grecians* finger dip'd in Wine,
Drawing a Riuer in a little Line,
And with a drop, a Gulfe to figure out,
To modell *Venice*, moted round about;
Then adding more, to conterfet a Sea,
And draw the Front of ſtately *Genoa*.
Theſe from thy Lips were like harmonious Tones,
Which now doe ſound like Mandrakes, dreadfull grones.
Some trauell hence, t'inrich their Minds with Skill,
Leaue here their Good, and bring home others Ill;
Which ſeeme to like all Countries but their owne,
Affecting moſt, where they the leaſt are knowne;

There

Their Leg, their Thigh, their Back, their Neck, their Head
As they had beene in seuerall Countries bred;
In their Attyre, their Gesture, and their Gate,
Found in each one, in all Italionate;
So well in all deformitie in fashion,
Borrowing a Limbe of eu'ry seu'rall Nation;
And nothing more then *England* hold in scorne,
So liue as Strangers whereas they were borne:
But thy returne in this I doe not reade,
Thou art a perfect Gentleman indeede;
O God forbid that *Howards* Noble line,
From ancient Vertue should so farre decline;
The *Muses* traine (where of your selfe are chiefe)
Onely to me participate their griefe:
To sooth their humors, I doe lend them eares,
" He giues a Poet, that his Verses heares.
Till thy returne, by hope they onely liue;
Yet had they all, they all away would giue:
The world and they, so ill according be,
That wealth and Poets neuer can agree.
Few liue in Court that of their good haue care,
The *Muses* friends are euery where so rare:
Some praise thy Worth (that it did neuer know,)
Onely because the better sort doe so,
Whose iudgement neuer further doth extend,
Then it doth please the greatest to commend;
So great an ill vpon desert doth chance,
When it doth passe by beastly ignorance.
Why art thou slacke, whilst no man put his hand
* To raise the mountaine where *Surry's* Towers must stand?
Or who the ground sill of that worke doth lay,
Whilst like a Wand'rer thou abroad do'st stray,

Clip'd

Clip'd in the Armes of ſome laſciuious Dame,
When thou ſhouldſt reare an *Ilion* to thy Name?
When ſhall the *Muſes* by faire *Norwich* dwell,
To be the Citie of the learned Well?
Or *Phœbus* Altars there with Incenſe heap'd,
As once in *Cyrrha*, or in *Thebe* kept?
Or when ſhall that faire hoofe-plow'd Spring diſtill
From great *Mount-Surrey*, out of *Leonards* hill?
Till thou returne, the Court I will exchange
For ſome poore Cottage, or ſome Country Grange,
Where to our Diſtaues, as we ſit and Spin,
My Maide and I will tell what things haue bin,
Our Lutes vnſtrung ſhall hang vpon the Wall,
Our Leſſons ſerue to wrap our Towe withall,
And paſſe the Night, whiles Winter tales we tell,
Of many things, that long agoe befell;
Or tune ſuch homely Carrols as were ſung,
In Country ſport, when we our ſelues were yong,
In pretty Riddles to bewray our Loues,
In queſtions, purpoſe, or in drawing Gloues.
The Nobleſt Spirits, to Vertue moſt inclin'd,
Theſe here in Court thy greateſt want doe find;
Others there be, on which we feed our Eye,
* Like Arras-worke, or ſuch like Imagerie:
Many of vs deſire Queene *Kath'rines* ſtate,
But very few her Vertues imitate.
Then, as *Vlyſſes* Wife, write I to thee,
Make no reply, but come thy ſelfe to mee.

Annotati-

Annotations of the Chronicle Historie.

Then *Windsors*, or *Fitz-Geralds* Families.

THe cost of many Kings, which from time to time haue adorned the Castle at Windsor *with their Princely Magnificence, hath made it more Noble, then that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet, to referre you to our vulgar Monuments, for the Founders and Finishers thereof, then to meddle with matter nothing neere the purpose. As for the Family of the* Fitz-Geralds, *of whence this excellent Lady was lineally descended, the originall was* English, *though the Branches did spred themselues into distant Places, and Names nothing consonant, as in former times it was vsuall to denominate themselues of their Mansours, or Fore-names: as may partly appeare in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthie Friend, Master* Frances Thinne. Walter *of* Windsor, *the sonne of* Oterus, *had to issue* William, *of whom*, Henry, *now Lord* Windsor, *is descended. and* Robert *of* Windsor, *of whom*, Robert, *the now Earle of* Essex, *and* Gerald *of* Windsor, *his third sonne, who married the daughter of* Rees, *the great Prince of* Wayles, *of whom came* Nesta, *Paramour to* Henry *the first: Which* Gerald *had Issue,* Maurice Fitz-Gerald, *Ancestor to* Thomas Fitz-Maurice, *Iustice of* Ireland, *buried at* Trayly, *leauing Issue*, Iohn *his eldest sonne, first Earle of* Kildare, *Ancestor to* Geraldine, *and* Maurice *his second sonne, first Earle of* Desmond.

To raise the Mount where *Surrey's* Tow'rs must stand.

Alluding to the sumptuous House which was afterward builded by him vpon Leonards Hill, *right against* Norwich; *which in the Rebellion of* Norfolke, *vnder* Ket, *in King* Edward *the sixts time, was much defaced by that impure Rabble. Betwixt the* Hill *and the Cittie, as* Alexander Neuel *describes it, the Riuer of* Yarmouth *runnes, hauing West and South thereof, a Wood, and a little Village, called* Thorpe, *and on the North, the Pastures of* Mousholl, *which containe about six miles in length and breadth. So, that besids the stately greatnesse of* Mount-Surrey, *which was the Houses Name, the Prospect and Sight thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did that increasing euill of the* Norfolke *Furie enkennell it selfe then, but there, as it were for a manifest token of their intent, to debase all high things, and to prophane all holy.*

Like Arras-worke, or other Imagerie.

Such

Such was he whom Iuuenal *taxeth in this manner:*

——Truncoque similimus Hermæ
Nullo quippe alio vincis discrimine, quam quod
Illi marmoreum caput est, tua viuit Imago.

Seeming to be borne for nothing else but Apparell, and the outward appearance intituled Complement; with whom, the ridiculous Fable of the Ape in Æsope sorteth fitly; who comming into a Caruers house, and viewing many Marble Workes, tooke vp the Head of a Man, very cunningly wrought: who greatly, in prayſing, did seeme to pittie it, that hauing so comely an out-side it had nothing within; like emptie Figures, walke and talke in euery place: at whom, the Noble Geraldine *modestly glanceth.*

THE LADY *IANE GRAY*, TO THE LORD *GILFORD DUDLEY*.

THE ARGVMENT.

Edwards *the sixt timelesse Life bereft;*
(Though doubtfully) yet his Dominion left
To his Sister Mary: *but by* Henry Gray,
Then Duke of Suffolke, *bearing mighty sway,*
With the Consent, and by the pow'rfull Hand.
Of Iohn, *the stout Duke of* Northumberland,
His fourth sonne Gilford Dudly, *they affy'd*
To fayre Iane Gray, *which by the Mothers side*
Some Title claym'd: this Marriage them betweene,
The Lady Iane *was here proclaymed Queene.*
But Mary *soone preuayling by her Pow'r,*
Causes those two preserued in the Tow'r,

There

There to be priſon'd; where, their blame to quite,
They each to other theſe Epiſtles write.

MIne one deare Lord, ſith thou art lock'd from me,
In this diſguiſe my loue muſt ſteale to thee,
Since to renue all Loues, all Kindneſſe paſt,
This Refuge ſcarcely left, yet this the laſt.
My Keeper comming, I of thee inquire,
Who with thy greeting anſwers my deſire;
Which my Tongue willing to returne againe,
Griefe ſtops my words, and I but ſtriue in vaine:
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haſte he goes,
When through my lips my heart thruſts forth my woes,
But then the Dores that make a dolefull ſound,
Driue backe my Words, that in the noyſe are drown'd,
Which ſomewhat huſh'd, the Eccho doth record,
And twice or thrice reiterates my Word;
When like an aduerſe Winde in *Iſis* courſe,
Againſt the Tide bending his boiſtrous force;
But when the Floud hath wrought it ſelfe about,
He following on, doth head-long thruſt it out;
Thus ſtriue my Sighes with Teares e're they begin,
And breaking out, againe Sighes driue them in.
A thouſand formes preſent my troubled thought,
Yet proue abortiue e're they forth are brought.
" The deph of Woe with words we hardly ſound,
" Sorrow is ſo inſenſibly profound.
As Teares doe fall and riſe, Sighes come and goe,
So doe theſe numbers ebbe, ſo doe they flow.
Theſe briny Teares doe make my Incke looke pale,
My Incke clothes Teares in this ſad mourning vale,
The letters mourners, weepe with my dim Eye,
The Paper pale, griev'd at my miſerie.

Yet

Yet miserable our selues why should we deeme,
Sith none are so, but in their owne esteeme?
" Who in distresse from resolution flies,
" Is rightly said, to yeeld to miseries.
* They which begot vs, did beget this Sinne,
They first begun, what did our griefe beginne,
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebell,
(Nor our offence) but in their fall we fell;
They which a Crowne would to my Lord haue linck'd,
All hope of Life and Libertie extinct;
A Subiect borne, a Soueraigne to haue beene,
Hath made me now, nor Subiect, nor a Queene.
Ah vile Ambition, how dost thou deceiue vs,
Which shew'st vs Heau'n, and yet in Hell dost leaue vs?
" Seldome vntouch'd doth Innocence escape,
" When Errour commeth in good Counsels shape,
" A lawfull title conterchecks proud Might,
" The weakest things become strong props to right.
Then my deare Lord, although affliction grieue vs,
Yet let our spotlesse Innocence relieue vs.
" Death but an acted passion doth appeare,
" Where truth giues Courage, & the Conscience cleare.
And let thy comfort thus consist in mine.
That I beare part of whatsoe're is thine,
As when we liu'd vntouch'd with these disgraces,
When as our Kingdome was our deare embraces;
* At *Durham* Palace, where sweet *Hymen* sang,
Whose Buildings with our Nuptiall Musike rang:
When *Prothalamions* prays'd that happie day,
Wherein great *Dudley* match'd with Noble *Gray*,
When they deuis'd to linke by Wedlocks Band,
The House of *Suffolke* to *Northumberland*;

Our fatall Dukedome to your Dukedome bound,
To frame this Building on ſo weake a Ground.
For what auayles a lawleſſe Vſurpation,
Which giues a Scepter, but not rules a Nation?
Onely the ſurfet of a vaine Opinion:
" What giues Content, giues what exceeds Dominion.
✻ When firſt mine Eares were pierced with the Fame
Of *Iane*, proclaymed by a Princes Name,
A ſudden fright my trembling heart appalls:
" The feare of Conſcience entreth yron Walls:
Thrice happy for our Fathers had it beene.
If What wee fear'd, they wiſely had fore-ſeene,
And kept a meane gate, in an humble Path,
To haue eſcap'd the Heau'ns impetuous wrath.
The true bred Eagle ſtrongly ſtems the wind,
And not each Bird reſembling their braue Kind;
He like a King, doth from the clouds command
The fearefull Fowle, that moue but neere the Land.
Though *Mary* be from mightie Kings deſcended,
My bloud not from *Plantaginet* pretended;
✻ My Grandſire *Brandon* did our houſe aduance,
By Princely *Mary* Dowager of *France*;
The Fruit of that faire Stocke, which did combine,
And *York's* ſweete Branch with *Lancaſter's* entwine;
And in one Stalke did happily vnite
The pure Vermillion Roſe, and purer White;
I, the vntimely Slip of that rich Stem,
Whoſe golden Bud brings forth a Diadem.
But oh, forgiue me Lord, it is not I,
Nor doe I boaſt of this, but learne to die:
Whilſt we were as our ſelues, conioyned then,
Nature to Nature, now an Alien.

" To

" To gaine a Kingdome, who ſpares their next Blood?
" Neereneſſe contemn'd, if Sou'raigntie withſtood.
" A Diadem once dazeling the Eye,
" The day too darke to ſee Affinitie;
" And where the Arme is ſtretch'd to reach a Crowne,
" Friendſhip is broke, the deareſt things throwne downe:
* For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoid, (ſtroy'd.
The Heau'ns haue built, where Earth would haue de-
And ſeating *Edward* on his Regall Throne,
He giues to *Mary* all that was his owne,
By Death aſſuring what by Life is theirs,
The Lawfull claime of *Henries* lawfull heires.
By mortall Lawes the bond may be diuorc'd,
But Heauens decree by no meanes can be forc'd:
That rules the caſe, when men haue all decreed,
Who tooke him hence foreſaw who ſhould ſucceed,
For we in vaine relie on humane Lawes,
Whē Heauen ſtands forth to pleade the righteous cauſe,
Thus rule the Skies in their continuall courſe,
That yeelds to Fate, that doth not yeeld to force,
" Mans wit doth build for Time but to deuoure,
" But Vertue's free from Time and Fortunes pow'r.
Then, my kinde Lord, ſweet *Gilford*, be not grieu'd,
The Soule is Heauenly, and from Heauen relieu'd;
And as we once haue plighted Troth together,
Now let vs make exchange of Mindes to either;
To thy faire breſt take my reſolued Minde,
Arm'd againſt blacke Deſpaire, and all her kind,
Into my boſome breathe that Soule of thine,
There to be made as perfect as is mine;
So ſhall our Faiths as firmely be approued,
As I of thee, or thou of me beloued.

This Life, no Life, wert thou not deare to me,
Nor this no Death, were I not woe for thee.
Thou my deare Husband, and my Lord before,
But truly learne to Die, thou ſhalt be more.
Now liue by Prayer, on Heauen fixe all thy thought,
And ſurely finde, what e're by zeale is ſought;
For each good motion that the Soule awakes,
A Heauenly figure ſees, from whence it takes
That ſweet Reſemblance, which by power of kinde,
Formes (like it ſelfe) an Image in the minde,
And in our Faith the operations bee,
Of that Diuineneſſe which through that we ſee;
Which neuer erres, but accidentally,
By our fraile Fleſhes imbecillity;
By each Temptation ouer-apt to ſlide,
Except our Spirit becomes our bodies guide;
For as theſe Towers our bodies doe encloſe,
So our Soules priſons verily are thoſe:
Our bodies, ſtopping that Celeſtiall light,
As theſe doe hinder our exterior ſight;
Whereon Death ſeazing, doth diſcharge the debt,
And vs at bleſſed Libertie doth ſet.

Then draw thy Forces all vp to thy Heart,
The ſtrongeſt Fortreſſe of this Earthly part,
And on theſe three let thy aſſurance lye,
On Faith, Repentance, and Humilitie;
By which, to Heau'n aſcending by degrees,
Perſiſt in Prayer vpon your bended Knees:
Whereon if you aſſuredly be ſtay'd,
You need in Perill not to be diſmay'd,
Which ſtill ſhall keepe you, that you ſhall not fall,
For any Perill that can you appall:

The

The Key of Heau'n thus with you, you ſhall beare,
And Grace you guiding get you entrance there;
And you of thoſe Celeſtiall Ioyes poſſeſſe,
Which mortall Tongue's vnable to expreſſe.
Then thanke the Heau'n, preparing vs this Roome,
Crowing our Heads with glorious Martyrdome,
Before the blacke and diſmall dayes begin,
The dayes of all Idolatrie and Sinne;
Not ſuff'ring vs to ſee that wicked Age,
When Perſecution vehemently ſhall rage;
When Tyrannie new Tortures ſhall inuent,
To inflict Vengeance on the Innocent.
Yet Heau'n forbid, that *Maries* Wombe ſhould bring
Englands faire Scepter to a forraine King;
But ſhe to faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it,
Which broken, hurt, and wounded ſhall receiue it:
And on her Temples hauing plac'd the Crowne,
Root out the dregges Idolatry hath ſowne;
And *Sions* glory ſhall againe reſtore,
Laid ruine, waſte, and deſolate before;
And from blacke Sinders, and rude heapes of Stones;
Shall gather vp the Martyrs ſacred Bones;
And ſhall extirpe the Pow'r of *Rome* againe,
And caſt aſide the heauie Yoke of *Spaine*.
Farewell, ſweet *Gilford*, know our End is neere,
Heau'n is our Home, we are but ſtrangers heere:
Let vs make haſt to goe vnto the Bleſt,
Which from theſe wearie Worldly Labours reſt.
And with theſe Lines, my deareſt Lord, I greet thee,
Vntill in Heau'n thy *Iane* againe ſhall meet thee.

Annotations of the Cronicle Hiſtorie.

They which begot vs, did beget this ſinne.

SHewing the ambition of the two Dukes, their Fathers, whoſe pride was the cauſe of the vtter ouerthrow of their children.

At *Durham* Palace, where ſweet *Hymen* ſang.
The Buildings, &c.

The Lord Gilford Dudley, *fourth ſoone to* Iohn Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *married the Lady* Iane Gray *daughter to the Duke of* Suffolke, *at* Durham *Houſe in the* Strand.

When firſt mine Eares were pierced with the fame
Of *Iane*, proclaymed by a Princeſſe Name.

Preſently vpon the death of King Edward, *the Lady* Iane *was taken as Queene, conueyed by Water to the* Tower *of* London, *for her ſafetie and after proclaymed in diuers parts of the Realme, as ſo ordained by King* Edwards *Letters Patents, and his Will.*

My Grandſire *Brandon* did our Houſe aduance,
By Princely *Mary* Dowager of *France*.

Henry Gray, *Duke of* Suffolke, *married* Frances, *the eldeſt daughter of* Charles Brandon, *Duke of* Souffolke, *by the* French *Queene; by which* Frances, *he had this Lady* Iane: *This* Mary, *the* French *Queene, was daughter to King* Henry *the ſeuenth, by* Elizabeth *his Queene; which happie Marriage conioyned the two Noble Families of* Lancaſter *and* Yorke.

For what great *Henry* moſt ſtroue to auoid.

Noting the diſtruſt that King Henry *the eight euer had in the Princes* Mary, *his daughter, fearing ſhe ſhould alter the ſtate of Religion in the Land, by matching with a Stranger, confeſſing the Right that King* Henries *Iſſue had to the Crowne.*

But vnto faire *Elizabeth* ſhall leaue it.

A Propheſie of Queene Maries *Barrenneſſe. and of the happie and glorious Raigne of Queene* Elizabeth; *her reſtoring of Religion, the aboliſhing of the* Romiſh *Seruitude, and caſting aſide the Yoke of* Spaine.

GILFORD

GILFORD DVDLEY.
to the Lady IANE GRAY.

AS the Swan ſinging at his dying How'r,
So I reply from my impris'ning Tow'r:
O, could there be that pow'r but in my Verſe,
T' expreſſe the Griefe which my ſad Heart doth pierce!
The very Walls that ſtraitly thee incloſe,
Would ſurely weepe at reading of my woes;
Let your Eyes lend, Ile pay you euery Teare,
And giue you int'reſt, you if doe forbeare,
Drop for a Drop, and if youle needs haue Lone,
I will repay you frankely, two for one.
Perhaps you'le thinke (your ſorrowes to appeaſe)
That wordes of comfort fitter were then theſe.
True, and in you when ſuch perfection liueth,
As in moſt griefe, me now moſt comfort giueth,
But thinke not *Iane* that cowardly I faint,
To begge mans mercy by my ſad complaint,
That Death ſo much my courage can controle,
At the departing of my liuing ſoule.
For if one life a thouſand liues could bee,
All thoſe too few to conſumate with thee,
When thou this Croſſe ſo patiently doeſt beare,
As if thou wert incapable of feare,
And doeſt no more this diſſolution flie,
Then if long Age conſtrained thee to die.
Yet it is ſtrange thou art become my Foe,
And only now add'ſt moſt vnto my woe;

Not that I loth what moſt did me delight,
But that ſo long depriued of thy ſight:
For when I ſpeake and would complaine my wrong,
Straight-wayes thy Name poſſeſſeth all my Tong,
As thou before me eu'rmore didſt lie
The preſent Obiect to my longing eie.
No ominous Starre did at thy Birth-tide ſhine
That might of thy ſad deſtinie diuine;
'Tis onely I that did thy fall perſwade,
And thou by me a Sacrifice art made,
As in thoſe Countries, where the louing Wiues
With their kind Husbands end their happy Liues,
And crown'd with Garlands, in their Brides attyre,
Burne with his Body, in the Fun'rall fire;
And ſhe the worthieſt reck'ned is of all,
Whom leaſt the Perill ſeemeth to appall.
I boaſt not of *Northumberlands* great Name,
✻ (Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our Fame)
When he to *Norfolke* with his Armies ſped,
And thence in Chaynes the Rebels captiue led,
And brought ſafe Peace returning to our Dores,
Yet ſpred his Glory on the Eaſterne Shores;
✻ Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe naturall Grace
Vertue may ſpring, to beautifie our Race;
✻ Nor of *Grayes* Match, my Children borne by thee,
Of the great Bloud vndoubtedly to bee:
But of thy Vertue onely doe I boaſt,
That wherein I, may iuſtly glory moſt.
I crau'd no Kingdomes, though I thee did craue,
It me ſuffic'd, thy onely ſelfe to haue:
Yet let me ſay, how euer it befell,
Me thinkes a Crowne ſhould haue becom'd thee well;

For

For ſure thy Wiſedome merited (or none)
✲ To haue beene heard with Wonder from a Throne.
When from thy Lips the counſell to each deed,
Doth as from ſome wiſe Oracle proceed;
And more eſteem'd thy Vertues were to mee,
Then all that elſe might euer come by thee:
So chaſte thy Loue, ſo innocent thy Life,
As being a Virgin when thou wert a Wife;
So great a Gift the Heau'n on me beſtow'd,
As giuing that, it nothing could haue ow'd,
Such was the Good I did poſſeſſe of late,
Ere Worldly Care diſturb'd our quiet ſtate;
Ere Trouble did in eu'ry place abound,
And angry Warre our former Peace did wound.
But to know this, Ambition vs affords,
" One Crowne is guarded with a thouſand Swords;
" To meane eſtates, meane Sorrowes are but ſhowne,
" But crowns haue cares, whoſe workings be vnknowne.
✲ When *Dudley* led his Armies to the Eaſt,
Of our whole Forces gen'rally poſſeſt,
What then was thought his Enterpriſe could let,
✲ Whom a g'raue Councell freely did abet,
That had the Iudgement of the pow'rfull Lawes,
In eu'ry Point to iuſtifie the Cauſe?
The holy Church a helping hand that laide, (ſwaide?
Who would haue thought that theſe could not haue
But what alas can Parlaments auaile,
Where *Maries* right muſt *Edwards* acts repeale?
✲ When *Suffolks* power doth *Suffolks* hopes withſtand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland*;
And they that ſhould our Greatneſſe vndergoe,
Vs, and our actions onely ouerthrow.

Ere

Ere greatneſſe gain'd, we giue it all our heart,
But being once come, wee wiſh it would depart,
And indiſcreetly follow that ſo faſt,
Which ouertaken puniſheth our haſte,
If any one doe pitty our offence,
Let him be ſure that he be farre from hence:
Here is no place for any one that ſhall
So much as (once) commiſerate our fall:
And we of mercy vainely ſhould but thinke,
Our timeleſſe Teares th'inſatiate earth doth drinke.
All lamentations vtterly forlorne,
Dying before they fully can be borne.
Mothers that ſhould their wofull Children rue,
Fathers in death to kindly bid adue,
Friends their deare farwell louingly to take,
The faithfull Seruant weeping for our ſake;
Brothers and Siſters waiting on our Beere,
Mournes to tell what wee were liuing heere:
But we (alas) depriued are of all,
So fatall is our miſerable fall,
And where at firſt for ſafety we were ſhut
Now in darke Priſon wofully are put,
And from the height of our ambitious ſtate,
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.
To thy perſwaſion thus I then replie;
Hould on thy courſe reſolued ſtill to die,
And when we ſhall ſo happily be gone,
Leaue it to heauen to giue the rightfull Throne,
And with that health regreet I thee againe,
Which I of late did gladly entertaine.

Anno

Annotations of the Chronicle Hiſtorie.

Nor of *Ket* conquer'd, adding to our fame.

IOhn, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when before hee was Earle of* Warwicke, *in his Expedition againſt* Ket, *ouerthrew the Rebels of* Norfolke *and* Suffolke, *incamped at* Mount-Surrey *in* Norfolke.

Nor of my Brothers, from whoſe naturall grace.

Gilford Dudley, *as remembring in this place the towardneſſe of his Brothers, which were all likely indeed to haue rayſed that Houſe of the* Dudleyes, *of which he was a fourth Brother, if not ſuppreſſed by their Fathers Ouerthrow.*

Nor of Graye's Match, my Children borne by thee.

Noting in this place the Alliance of the Lady Iane Grey *by her Mother, which was* Frances, *the daughter of* Charles Brandon, *by* Mary *the* French *Queene, daughter to* Henry *the ſeuenth, and ſiſter to* Henry *the eight.*

To haue beene heard with wonder from a Throne.

Seldome hath it euer beene knowne of any Woman indued with ſuch wonderfull gifts, as was this Lady both for her Wiſedome and Learning: Of whoſe skill in the Tongues, one reporteth by this Epigram;

Miraris *Ianam Graio* ſermone valere?
Quo primùm nata eſt tempore *Graia* fuit.

When *Dudley* led his Armie to the Eaſt.

The Duke of Northumberland *prepared his Power at* London, *for his Expedition againſt the the Rebels in* Norfolke, *and making haſt away appointed the reſt of his Forces to meet him at* New-Market Heath: *of whom, this ſaying is reported, That paſſing thorow* Shore-ditch, *the Lord* Gray *in his companie, ſeeing the People in great numbers came to ſee him, he ſaid; The People preſſe to ſee vs, but none bid God ſpeed vs.*

Whom a graue Concell freely did abet.

Iohn Dudley, *Duke of* Northumberland, *when hee went out againſt Queene* Mary *had his Commiſſion ſealed for the generalſhip of the Armie, by the conſent of the whole Councell of the Land: inſomuch, that paſſing thorow*

thorow the Councell-Chamber at his departure, the Earle of Arundel *wished, That he might haue gon with him in that Expedition, and to spend his Blood in the Quarrell.*

When *Suffolkes* Pow'r doth *Suffolkes* Hopes withstand,
Northumberland doth leaue *Northumberland.*

The Suffolke *men were the first that euer resorted to Queene* Marie *in her Distresse, repayring to her Succours, whilst shee remayned both at* Keningall, *and* Fremingham *Castle, still increasing her Aids, vntill the Duke of* Northumberland *was left forsaken at* Cambridge.

A Catalogue of the Heroicall Loves.

THe world's faire Rose, and *Henries*, frosty fire,
Iohn's tyranny, and chaste *Matilda's* wrong,
Th'inraged Queene, and furious *Mortimer*,
The Scourge of *France*, and his chast Loue I sung,
Deposed *Richard Isabell* exil'd,
The gallant *Tudor*, and faire *Katherine*,
Duke *Humphrey*, and old *Cobhams* hapless Child,
Couragious *Poole*, and that braue spiritfull Queene,
Edward, and the delicious *London* Dame,
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of *France*,
Surrey, with his faire Paragon of Fame,
Dudley's Mishap, and vertuous *Gray's* Mischance
Their seu'rall Loues since I before haue showne,
Now giue me leaue, at last, to sing mine owne.

FINIS.

THE LEGENDS OF

ROBERT, Duke of *Normandie*.
MATILDA, the Faire.
PIERCE GAVESTON, Earle of *Cornwall*.
THOMAS CROMWEL, Earle of *Essex*.

BY

Michael Drayton,
ESQVIRE.



LONDON,
Printed for IOHN SMETHWICKE,
1630

THE
ENDS
OF
MUSIC

THE LEGEND OF ROBERT, DVKE OF NORMANDY.

WHat time ſoft Night had ſilently begun
To ſteale by Minutes on the long-liu'd Dayes,
The furious Dog-ſtarre following the bright Sunne,
With noyſome Heat infeſts his chearefull Rayes,
Filling the Earth with many a ſad Diſeaſe;
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate Fires,
Her ſelfe in light Habilliments attyres.

And the rathe Morning newly but awake,
Was with freſh Beautie burniſhing her Browes,
Her ſelfe beholding in the Gen'rall Lake,
To which he payes her neuer-ceaſing Vowes,
With the new Day me willingly to rowze;
Downe to faire *Thames* I gently tooke my way,
With whom the Winds continually doe play.

Striuing

Striuing to Fancie his chaſte Breſt to moue,
Whereas all Pleaſures plentifully flow,
When him along, the wanton Tyde doth ſhoue,
And to keepe backe, they eaſily doe blow,
Or elſe force forward, thinking him to ſlow;
Who with his waues would check the winds imbrace,
Whilſt they fanne Ayre vpon his cryſtall face.

Still forward ſallying from his bountious Sourſe,
Along the Shores laſciuiouſly doth ſtraynē,
Making ſuch ſtrange *Meanders* in his Courſe,
As to his Fountaine he would back againe,
Or turn'd about to looke vpon his Trayne;
Whoſe ſundry Soyles with coy Regards he greets,
Till with cleare *Medway* happily he meets.

Steering my Compaſſe by this wand'ring Streame,
Whoſeflight preach'd to me times ſwift-poſting How'rs,
Delighted thus as with ſome prettie Dreame,
Where Pleaſure wholly had poſſeſs'd my Pow'rs,
And looking back on *Londons* ſtately Tow'rs,
So *Troy*, thought I, her ſtately Head did rere,
Whoſe crazed Ribs the furrowing Plow doth eyre.

Wearie, at length a Willow Tree I found,
Which on the Banke of this braue Riuer ſtood,
Whoſe Root with rich Graſſe greatly did abound,
Forc'd by the fluxure of the ſwelling Flood,
Ordayn'd (it ſeem'd) to ſport his Nymphiſh Brood,
Whoſe curled Top, enuy'd the Heau'ns great Eye,
Should view the Stock it was maintained by.

The

The Larke, that holds obſeruance to the Sunne,
Quauer'd her cleare Notes in the quiet Ayre,
And on the Riuers murmuring Baſe did runne,
Whilſt the pleas'd Heau'n her fayreſt Liu'rie ware,
The Place ſuch Pleaſure gently did prepare;
The Flow'rs my Smell, the Floud my taſte to ſteepe,
And the much ſoftneſſe lulled me aſleepe.

When in a Viſion as it ſeem'd to me,
Trimphall Muſike from the Floud aroſe,
As when the Sou'raigne we embarged ſee,
And by faire *London* for his pleaſure rowes;
Whoſe tender Welcome the glad Citie ſhowes;
The People ſwarming on the peſt'red Shoares,
And the curl'd Water ouer-ſpred with Oares.

A Troupe of Nymphs came ſuddenly on Land,
In the full end of this Triumphall Sound,
And me incompaſs'd, taking hand in hand,
Caſting themſelues about me in a Round,
And ſo downe ſet them on the eaſie Ground,
Bending their cleare Eyes with a modeſt Grace
Vpon my Swart and Melancholy Face.

Next, 'twixt two Ladies came a goodly Knight,
As newly brought from ſome diſtreſſefull place,
To me who ſeemed ſome right worthy Wight,
Though his Attyre were miſerably baſe,
And Time had worne deepe Furrowes in his Face;
Yet, though cold Age had froſted his fayre Hayres,
It rather ſeem'd with Sorrow then with Yeares.

The one, a Lady of a Princely Port,
Leading this sad Lord, scarcely that could stand;
The other fleering in disdainefull sort,
With scorefull Gestures drew him by the hand:
Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a Band,
When I perceiued, neerer as they came,
This Foole was *Fortune*, and the brauer, *Fame*.

Fame had the right Hand, in a Robe of Gold,
(Whose Traine old *Time* obsequiously did beare)
Whereon, in rich Embrod'rie was enrol'd
The Names of all that Worthies euer were,
Which all might reade depainted liuely there,
Set downe in loftie well-composed Verse,
Fit'st the great Deeds of *Heroes* to rehearse.

On her faire Brest she two broad Tables wore;
Of Crystall one, the other Ebonie:
On which ingrauen were all Names of yore,
In the cleare Tombe of liuing Memorie,
Or the black Booke of endlesse Obloquie;
The first, with Poets and with Conqu'rors pyl'd,
That with base Worldlings eu'ry where defil'd.

And in her words apeared (as a Wonder)
Her present Force, and after-durimg Might,
Which softly spoke, farre off were heard to thunder,
About the World that quickely tooke their flight,
And brought the most obscurest Things to light;
That still, the farther off, the greater still
Did make our Good, or manifest our Ill.

Fortune

Fortune, as blind as he whom ſhe did lead,
Changing her Feature, often in an howre
Fantaſtically carrying her Head,
Soone would ſhe ſmile, and ſuddenly would lowre,
And with on breath her words were ſweet and ſowre;
Vpon ſtarke Fooles ſhe amorouſly would glance,
And vpon Wiſe-men coyly looke aſcance.

About her neck, in manner of a Chaine,
Torne Diadems and broken Scepter's hung,
If any, on her ſtedfaſtly did leane,
Them to the ground diſpightfully She flung,
And in this Poſture, as She paſt along,
She bags of Gold out of her boſome drew,
Which ſhe to Sots and arrant Ideots threw.

A duskie Vaile did hide her ſightleſſe eyes,
Like Clouds that couer our vncertaine liues,
Whereon were portrey'd direfull Tragedies,
Fooles wearing Crownes, and wiſemen clog'd in Gyues,
How all things ſhe prepoſtrouſly contriues,
Which as a Map, her Regency diſcouers
In Campes, in Courts, and in the way of Louers.

An eaſie Banke neere to this place there was,
A ſeat faire *Flora* vs'd to ſit vpon,
Curling her cleere locks in this liquid glaſſe,
Putting her rich Gems, and attyrillgs on,
Fitter then this about vs there was none:
Where they ſet downe that poore diſtreſſed man,
When to the purpoſe *Fortune* thus began:

Behold this Duke of *Normandy*, quoth ſhe,
The heire of *William* Conqueror of this Ile,
Appealing to be iuſtifi'd by Thee,
(Whoſe Tragedy, this *Poet* muſt compile,)
He whom I euer haue eſteemed vile,
Marking his birth with an vnlucky brand;
And yet for him thou com'ſt prepar'd to ſtand.

What art thou, but a Tumor of the mind,
A bubble, blowne vp by deceitfull breath,
Which neuer yet exactly wert defin'd,
In whom no wiſe-man e'r repoſed faith,
Speaking of few well, vntill after Death,
That from looſe Humor haſt thy time-leſſe birth,
Vnknowne to Heauen, nor much eſteem'd on earth?

Firſt, by opinion had'ſt thou thy Creation,
On whom thou ſtill doſt ſeruilly attend,
And like whom, long thou keep'ſt not any faſhion,
But with the world incertainely do'ſt wend,
Which as a Poſte thee vp and downe doth ſend:
With cut prophane Tongues thou canſt neuer riſe,
Nor be vp-holden, be it not with lies;

In eu'ry corner prying like a Theefe,
And through each Cranny like the Wind do'ſt creepe.
Apt to Report, as eaſie of Beleefe.
What's he, whoſe Counſell thou didſt euer keepe?
Yet into Cloſets ſawcily dar'ſt peepe,
Telling for truth, what thou canſt but ſuppoſe,
Diuulging that, which thou ſhouldſt not diſcloſe.

With

With extreame Toyle and Labour thou art ſought,
Death is the way which leadeth to thy Cell,
Onely with Bloud thy fauour muſt be bought,
And who will haue thee, fetcheth thee from Hell,
Where thou, impal'd with Fire and Sword, do'ſt dwell;
And when thou art in all this Perill found,
What art thou, onely but a Tinkling Sound?

Such as the World doth hold to be but baſe,
Of Humane Creatures, and the moſt doth ſcorne,
That amongſt Men ſit in the ſeruil'ſt place,
Theſe, for the moſt part, thou do'ſt moſt ſuborne,
Thoſe follow *Fame*, whoſe Weeds are neerely worne;
Yet thoſe poore Wretches cannot come to Thee,
Vnleſſe prefer'd and dignify'd by Me.

Thy Trumpet ſuch ſuppoſed to aduance,
Is but, as thoſe fantiſtically deeme,
Whom Folly, Youth, or Frenzie doth intrance,
Nor doth it ſound, but onely ſo doth ſeeme,
(Which the wiſe ſort a Dotage but eſteeme)
Onely thereby the Humorous abuſing,
Fondly their Error, and thy Fault excuſing.

Except in Perill, thou do'ſt not appeare;
Yet ſcarcely then, but with Intreats and Wooing,
Flying farre off, when as thou ſhould'ſt be neere,
At hand diminiſh'd, and augmented going,
Vpon ſlight Toyes the greateſt Coſt beſtowing,
Oft promiſing, Mens Loſſes to repayre,
Yet the performance, but a little Ayre,

On balefull Herſes (as the fitteſt Grounds)
Written with Bloud, thy ſad Memorials lye,
Whoſe Letters are immedicable Wounds,
Onely fit Obiects for the weeping Eye;
Thou from the Duſt Mens Worths do'ſt onely try,
And what before thou falſely didſt depraue,
Thou do'ſt acknowledge onely in the Graue.

The World it ſelfe is witneſſe of my Pow'r,
Ou'r whom I raigne with the eternall Fates,
With whom I ſit in Counſell eu'ry How'r,
On th'alteration of all Times and States,
Setting them downe their Changes, and their Dates,
In fore-appointing eu'ry thing to come,
Vntill the great and vniuerſall Doome.

The Starres to me an euerlaſting Booke,
In that eternall Regiſter, the Skie,
Whoſe mightie Volumes I oft ouer-looke,
Still turning ou'r the Leaues of Deſtinie,
Which Man I too inuiolate denie,
And his frayle Will thereby I ſee control'd,
By ſuch ſtrong Clauſes as are there inrol'd.

Predeſtination giuing me a beeing,
Whoſe depth Mans Wiſdome neuer yet could ſound,
Into whoſe Secrets onely I haue ſeeing,
Wherein wiſe Reaſon doth her ſelfe confound,
Searching where Doubts doe more thereby abound;
For ſacred Texts vnlock the way to mee,
To lighten thoſe that will my Glory ſee,

Thoſe

Thoſe Names th' old Poets to their Gods did giue,
Were only Figures to expreſſe my Might,
To ſhew the vertues that in *Fortune* liue
And my much Power in this all mouing Wight,
Who all their Altars to my God-head dight;
Which Alterations vpon Earth doe bring,
And giue them matter ſtill whereon to ſing.

What though vncertaine, varying in my Courſe,
I make my Changes aymē one certaine End,
Croſſing Mans Fore-caſt, to make knowe my Force,
Still Foe to none, to none a perfect Friend,
To him leaſt hoping ſoonest I doe ſend,
That all ſhould find, I worthily beſtow,
And 'tis a Reaſon, that I thinke it ſo.

Forth of my Lap I powre abundant Bliſſe,
All Good proceeds from my all-giuing Hand,
By me, Man happie, or vnhappy is,
For whome I ſtucke, or whome I doe withſtand,
And it is I am Friendſhips onely Band:
And vpon Me, all greedily take hold,
Which being broke, all Worldly Loue growes cold.

Pawſing ſhe frown'd, when ſuddenly withall
A fearefull noyſe ariſeth from the Flood,
As when a Tempeſt furiouſly doth fall
Within the thick Waſte of ſome ancient Wood;
That in amazement eu'ry Mortall ſtood,
As though her words ſuch pow'rfulneſſe did beare,
That each thing ſeem'd her Menaces to feare.

When Fame yet ſmyling, mildly thus replyes;
Alas (quoth ſhe) what labour thou haſt loſt?
What wond'rous Miſts thou caſt'ſt before our Eyes?
Yet will the Gayne not counter-uaile the Coſt.
What would'ſt thou ſay, if thou hadſt cauſe to boaſt?
Which ſet'ſt thy ſtate out in ſuch wond'rous ſort,
Which, but thy ſelfe, none euer could report.

For what is Fortune onely, but Euent,
Breading in ſome a tranſitorie Terror?
A what Men will, that falls by Accident,
And onely named to excuſe their Error?
What elſe is Fortune, or who doth preferre her?
Or who to her ſo fooliſh is to leane,
Which weake Tradition onely doth maintaine?

A Toy, whereon the doting World doth dreame,
Firſt ſoothed by vncertaine Obſeruation,
Of Mens Attempts that being the extreame,
Faſt'neth thereby on weake Imagination;
Yet notwithſtanding all this Vſurpation,
Muſt to thy ſelfe be incidently loathing,
Moſt when thou would'ſt be, that art rightly nothing.

And with the World inſinuating thus,
And vnder ſo allowable Pretence,
Cloſely incrocheſt on Mans *Genius*,
In good and euill taking Reſidence;
And hauing got this ſmall Preeminence,
When to thy ſelfe a Being thou would'ſt frame,
Art in concluſion onely but a Name.

Thoſe

Thoſe Ignorant, which made a God of Nature,
And Natures God diuinely neuer knew,
Were thoſe, to Fortune that firſt built a Stature,
From whom thy Worſhip ignorantly grew,
Which being adored fooliſhly by few,
Grounded thy looſer and vncertaine Lawes
Vpon ſo weake and indigent a Cauſe.

Firſt Sloth did hatch thee in her ſleepy Cell,
And Thee with eaſe diſhonorably fed,
Deliuering thee with Cowardice to dwell,
Which with baſe Thoughts, continually thee bred,
By Superſtition id'ly being led,
It an Impoſture after did thee make,
Whom for a goddeſſe Fooles doe onely take:

Nor neuer do'ſt Thou any thing forecaſt,
But as thou art Improuident, ſo light,
And this moſt wicked property Thou haſt,
That againſt Vertue thou bend'ſt all thy Might,
With whom Thou wageſt, a continuall fight;
The yeelding Spirit, in Fetters thou do'ſt bind
But art a meere ſlaue to the Conſtant mind.

Such is thy Froward and Malignant kind,
That what thou do'ſt, Thou ſtill do'ſt in deſpight,
And art inamor'd of the Barbarous Hind:
Whom thou do'ſt make thy onely Fauorite:
None but the Baſe, in baſeneſſe doe delight:
For wer't thou Heauenly, thou in Loue would'ſt bee,
With that which neereſt doth reſemble thee.

But

But I alone the Herald am of Heauen,
Whose spacious Kingdome stretcheth farre and wide,
Through eu'ry Coast vpon the light'ning driuen,
As on the Sunne-beams, gloriously I ride,
By them I mount, and downe by them I slide,
I register the Worlds long-during houres,
And know the hie Will of th'immortall powers.

Men to the Starres me guiding them doe clime,
That all Dimensions perfectly expresse,
I am alone the vanquisher of Time:
Bearing those Sweets, which cure death's bitternesse:
I all good Labours plentifully blesse,
Yea, all abstruse profoundities impart,
Leading men through the Tedious wayes of Art.

My Palace placed, betwixt Earth and Skies,
Which many a Tower, ambitiously vp beares,
Whereof the Windowes are glaz'd all with Eyes,
The Wall's as neatly builded are of Eares,
Where eu'ry thing in Heauen and Earth appeares,
Nothing so softly whisper'd in the Round,
But through my Palace presently doth sound.

And vnder foot floor'd all about with Drummes,
The Rafters, Trumpets, admirably cleare,
Sounding alowd each Name that thither comes,
The Crannies, Tongues, and Talking eu'ry where,
And all Things past, in Memorie doe beare,
The Doores vnlocke with eur'y little breath,
Nay, open wide with each word which Man sayth.

And

And hung about with Armes and conqu'red Spoyles;
The Posts whereon the goodly Roofe doth ſtand,
Are Pillars grauen with *Herculian* Toyles;
Th'Atchieuements great, of many a Warlike Hand,
As well in Chriſtned, as in Heathen Land,
Done by thoſe Nobles that are moſt renown'd,
That there by me immortally are crown'd.

Here, in the Bodies likeneſſe whilſt it liues,
Appeare the Thoughts, proceeding from the Mind,
To which the place a glorious Habit giues,
When once to me they freely are reſin'd,
To be preſeru'd here: and are ſo refin'd,
That when the Corps by death doth laſtly periſh,
Then doth this Place the Minds true Image cheriſh.

My Beautie neuer fades, but ſtill new-borne,
As Yeeres increaſe, ſo euer waxing young,
My Strength is not diminiſhed, nor worne,
Time weak'ning all Things, onely makes me ſtrong,
Nor am I ſubiect to baſe Worldly Wrong;
The Power of Kings I vtterly defie,
Nor am I aw'd by all their Tyrannie.

The Brow of Heau'n my Monuments containe,
(And is the mightie Regiſter of Fame)
Which there in fierie Characters remaine,
The gorgeous Seeling of th'immortall Frame,
The Conſtellations publiſhing my Name,
Where my Memorials euermore abide,
So by th'old Poets was I glorify'd,

Fame

Fame hauing ended, *Fortune* ſoone began,
Further to vrge what ſhe before had ſaid;
When lo (quoth ſhe) Duke *Robert* is the Man,
Which as my Priſoner, I in Bonds doe lead,
For whom thou com'ſt againſt me here to plead,
Whom I alone depriued of his Crowne.
" Who can rayſe him, that *Fortune* will haue downe?

A fitter inſtance, *Fame* replying, none,
Then is Duke *Robert Fortune* doe thy worſt,
Greater on Man thy Might was neuer ſhowne,
Doing to him all that thou could'ſt, or durſt:
And ſince thy Turne allotted is the firſt,
Proceed; ſee which, the *Norman* Duke ſhall haue,
After ſo long being layd vp in his Graue.

Quoth *Fortune*, Then I found th'vnſtedfaſt Starre,
Whoſe luckleſſe working limited his Fate,
That mark'd his ſad Natiuitie with Warre,
And Brothers moſt vnnaturall Debate,
As to be puniſh'd by his Parents Hate;
For that the Kingdome which the Conqu'ror wonne,
Should be the wracke of him, his firſt-borne Sonne.

By that which Nature did on him beſtow,
In him her beſt, that ſtrayned her to try,
Thereby, himſelfe I made him ouerthrow,
In humane Birth ſo powerfull am I,
Marking his Beſt too openly to lye,
From both his Brothers different too farre,
Too mild for Peace, too mercifull for Warre.

And

And yet the Courage that he did inherite,
And from the Greatneſſe of his Bloud did take,
Though ſhrowded in ſo peaceable a Spirit,
When once his Wrongs came roughly to awake,
Forth, with ſo ſtrange and violent Furie brake,
As made the World apparantly to ſee
All humane Actions managed by mee.

That till Reuenge was wholly him bereft,
(In eu'ry Thing oppoſed by my Pow'r)
For him to leane to, nothing being left,
And Danger him moſt threat'ned to deuoure,
To the laſt Period of the vtmoſt Houre,
Oft by vaine Hopes, that he might get my loue,
There was no Perill, but I made him proue.

For whilſt his Father, with the *Norman* Sword,
His proſp'rous entrance vpon *England* made,
I layd the Proiect, that this youthfull Lord
In the meane time did *Normandie* inuade,
Vpon his Syre, and made him draw his Blade;
The meane whereby he thought he could not miſſe
That which he elſe might fayle of, to make his.

That *Robert* dayly in diſgrace might runne,
With the Great Conqu'ror, as he ſtill did grow
Neerer his Death; who vexed by his Sonne,
(His Pride which but too openly did ſhow)
His State deuiſed wiſely to beſtow,
Vpon his Second, that his Dayes to cloſe;
Himſelfe he might more quietly repoſe.

And

And then, leſt Time might chance to cooke his Blood,
That luckleſſe Warre by ling'ring I ſupply'd,
That whilſt Duke *Robert* iuſtly cenſured ſtood,
For Diſobedience and vnnaturall Pride,
In heat of this, the Conqu'rour *William* dy'd,
Setting young *Rufus* vpon *Englands* Throne,
Leauing his Eldeſt ſtruggling for his Owne.

Which in ſhort time ſo many Miſchiefes bred,
(As ſundry Plagues on *William's* Off-ſpring ſent)
Which ſoone roſe to ſo violent a Head,
That Policie them no way could preuent,
When to deſtruction all things headlong went;
And in the end, as conſummating all,
Duke *Robert's* irrecouerable Fall.

Whom then I did auſpiciouſly perſwaide,
Once more with Warre to fright the *Engliſh* Fields,
His Brother (then King *William*) to inuade,
To make him know the diff'rence of their Shields;
Where though his Armes he ne'r ſo wiſely wields,
And though by him the Kingdome were not taken,
His Scepter ſhould be violently ſhaken.

Theſe ſundry Soyles, in both of which was ſowne
(By ſo approu'd and Fortunate a Hand)
Seed, which to both might proſp'rously haue growne,
Had they remained in Friend-ſhips ſacred Band,
In oppoſition when they came to ſtand:
Farre wyder wounds to either of them lent,
Then all the power that *Europe* could haue ſent.

Thus

Thus did I winne King *William* in his life,
His Conquer'd Realme on *Rufus* to bestowe,
What he had got by strength, to leaue in strife,
Those to molest that from his Stock should growe;
Which by my Cunning I contriued so,
To plague his Issue with a generall ill,
Yet the extreme to fall on *Robert* still.

That Prelate *Odo* (that with *William* held)
To Bishop *Lanfrank* for his deadly Spight,
That *William* lou'd, against the King rebell'd,
With all his Power abetting *Roberts* Right,
Ayded by *Montayn's* and *Montgomerie's* Might,
Vpon this Land to bring a second warre,
Of her late Conqest, whilst she bare the Skarre.

And when he was in so direct a way,
Great Friends at hand his Enterprize to back,
Ready before him, when his Entrance lay;
Nor could he thinke of ought that he did lack,
Yet wonne I him this Enterprize to slack,
Stopping the Course which rightly he had runne,
All to vndoe that he before had done.

Thus did I first prouoke him to that Rage,
Which had so farre preuayl'd vpon his Blood,
And at my pleasure did the same allwage,
When this braue Heat in stead might him haue stood,
So to my Humor alt'red I his Mood,
By taking Armes, his Cost and Coyne to lose,
And leauing them, to animate his Foes.

That

That by concluding this vntimely Peace,
I might thereby a ling'ring Warre begin,
That whilſt theſe Tumults for a while did ceaſe,
William on *Robert* might aduantage winne;
Thus let I Treaſon ſecretly in,
Giuing deceitfull Policie the Kay,
Into the Cloſet where his Counſels lay.

Thus, in the habit of a faithfull Friend,
I drew into him a moſt dang'rous Foe,
His Wit, that vſed to no other end,
But to cloath Treaſon in a vertuous ſhow,
Which before currant ſo contriu'd to goe,
As he in ſecret hurt Duke *Robert* more
By this ſoft Peace, then in the Warre before.

And to thee, *Fame*, I then my Powr addreſt,
Nay, Thee mine onely Inſtrument I made,
That whilſt theſe Brothers at this point did reſt,
Robert to Warre, I wonne thee to perſwade,
With thoſe that went the *Soldan* to inuaide,
With great Duke *Godfrey* preſſing forth his Bands,
From his proud Pow'r to free the Holy Lands.

Thus, by thee, *Fame*, did I his Humor feed,
The onely way to draw this Duke abroad,
That whilſt at home his preſence moſt ſhould need,
In forraine Parts to faſten his aboad;
Him in this manner wiſely I beſtow'd,
That *William* dying, *Robert* being gone,
Henry might ſeat him on the *Engliſh* Throne.

His

His Eare ſo ſes'ning with the ſound of Armes,
As in ought elſe no Muſike it could find,
Neither had any feeling of his Harmes:
On *Paleſtine* ſo placed he his Mind,
(Clearely that ſhew'd the Greatneſſe of his Kind)
And him ſo high and with ſuch force did beare,
As when he had moſt cauſe, he leaſt did feare.

Thus was he throwne into his endleſſe Thrall;
VVhich though the meane deuiſed was by Me,
And eu'ry thing was fitted to his Fall,
Which none could hinder, though the moſt fore-ſee,
Yet here I made an Inſtrument of Thee;
" For where Deſtruction I doe once pretend,
" All that Man doth, ſtill ſorteth to that end.

He gone, and *Rufus* being rob'd of Breath,
And *Henry Beaucleark* couetting to raigne,
Offred ſo fairely by King *Williams* Death,
Whilſt *Robert* doth in *Paleſtine* remaine,
Whereby a Kingdome he might eas'ly gaine;
What by his Pow'r, and Science to perſwade,
Himſelfe a Monarch abſolutely made.

Whilſt this great Duke imbraced was by Thee,
Which Thou as Thine do'ſt abſolutely clayme,
But finds meere Shadowes, onely miſſing Me,
And idle Caſtles in the Ayre doth frame;
Lo, ſuch a mightie Monarcheſſe is *Fame*,
That what ſhe giues, ſo eaſie is to beare,
As none therefore needs Violence to feare.

Till *Robert* safely from the Holy Warres
Returning, honour'd by the *Pagans* fight,
From forraine Battels, into ciuill Iarres,
From getting others, for his owne to fight,
Inforc'd to vse the vtmost of his Might,
With that braue Sword, in *Pagan* Bloud imbru'd,
To saue himselfe, by his owne Friends purs'u'd.

When wanting Summes, the Sinewes of a Force,
(Which his high Spirit too quickly came to find,
Ere he could put himselfe into his Course)
Most strangely seem'd to mollifie his Mind;
And on the sudden *Henry* seeming kind,
Offred; his loue at any rate to buy,
So that fast to him, he the Duke might try.

Thus of Duke *Robert* wisely did he winne,
Not then so well establish'd as he would,
Till he by Craft had closely cropen in,
Setting himselfe substantially to hold.
Offring him great Summes of bewitching Gold,
As yeerely Tribute from this Realme to rise,
Quite to blot out all former Iniuries.

Which to the poore Duke yeelding much Release
Henry to passe his Purposes so brought,
Whilst *Robert* yet suspected not that Theese,
Which vnder-hand so cunningly him caught;
Of whom, the lest when Princely *Robert* thought;
Eu'n in a Moment did annoy him more,
Then all those Ills, that hap'd to him before.

Which

Which to this Lord (beleeuing well) vnkowne,
And he not finding eas'ly could not flie,
For it, a Bait into his way was throwne,
Which to auoid, Duke *Robert* look'd too hie:
" Into good Minds, Craft can the eas'lyeſt prie;
For in his plyant Nature, as a Mould,
Well could I caſt what forme ſoe'r I would.

For by this Tribute cutting off the Clayme,
Which he, the Elder, to his *England* made,
His former Hopes he forcibly did mayne,
Which for a while by *Henry* being pay'd,
But after by him fraudulently ſtay'd,
As from a fountaine, plentiouſly did ſpring
Th'efficient Cauſe of *Robert's* ruining.

When as his friends, ſo well to him that meant,
To take his part and did their Force prepare,
Finding him thus their purpoſe to preuent,
And how thereby 'ewas like with him to fare;
Vpon King *Henry* planted all their care,
Giuing their Pow'rs, their Peace with him to make
Gath'red at firſt the *Norman* part to take.

And I, that friendly euermore had beene
To the ſtout *Normans*, which by me had wonne,
To proue my ſelfe the Earth's Imperious Qeeune,
And ſhew the World, by me what can be done,
To ſpight this *Robert*, *William Conquerors* Sonne,
With *England* againſt *Normandie* doe ſtand,
Conqu'red but lately by the *Norman* Hand.

Their Iſſue, which were Conqu'rors of this Ile,
At *Haſtings* which the *Engliſh* men did tame,
Here Natiues, graced with the *Engliſh* Stile,
To their firſt Countrey carry back their Clayme,
Conqueſt returning, whence it lately came;
That once as *England* felt *Nueſtria's* Stroke,
To make *Nueſtria*, to beare *Englands* Yoke.

Thoſe angry Brothers in the field in Armes,
Then whom there were not two more deadly Foes,
Ech ſeeking other in the hot'ſt Alarmes,
And at their meeting, changing deadly Blowes,
Quickly that meant to winn, or ſoone to loſe,
Robert would faine releaſe himſelfe of thrall,
Henry againe doth hotly put for all.

On him, which late in *Paleſtine* I ſmil'd,
Return'd, at fatall *Tenacbray* I frowne,
And from his Dukedome him that day exil'd,
Which had he wonne it, might haue worne a Crowne:
And to be ſure him in miſ-hap to drowne,
Laſtly himſelfe, he in the fight did loſe,
Taken a Priſoner, by his Trayt'rous foes.

Which bound to *England* baſely did him bring,
Baſely erabus'd and mock't at of his owne,
A Captiue where he ſhould haue beene a King;
Such was the lot by Me vpon him throwne:
There, to lament his miſery alone,
Preſcrib'd to one poore ſolitary place,
Who ſhould haue progres'd all a Kingdomes ſpace.

Could

Could humane knowledge comprehend my hate,
Or Reaſon ſound the depth of things Diuine,
The World amazed at Duke *Roberts* State,
Might thinke no power, to be compar'd to mine;
And wiſh the Gods would all to me reſigne:
In this man's fall apparently to ſee,
Aboue the Star's, what might there reſts in me.

That Blade, on him, in Battell which had power,
Was too much blunted, to abridge his Dayes,
Time, that ſo faſt from all away doth ſcowre,
Deferres his End with Dilatorie ſtayes,
Whilſt he his Brothers Tyrannie obayes,
That He in Life a thouſand Deaths might dye,
Where I will plague, ſo tyrannous am I.

The while in *Gardiffe* he a Captiue lyes,
Whoſe Windowes were but Niggards of their Light;
I wrought, this *Henerí's* Rage not to ſuffice,
But that he rob'd Duke *Robert* of his Sight,
To turne this little piece of Day to Night,
As though that Senſe, whoſe want ſhould be the laſt
To all Thinges liuing, he the firſt ſhould taſte.

That *Robert* ſo vnfortunately blinde,
No outward Obiect might diſperſe his Care,
The better to illuminate his Mind,
To ſee his Sorrowes throughly what they were,
To doe ſo much to this great Prince, I dare,
By taking from him, that which ſeru'd him beſt.
To his Affliction to turne all the reſt,

And when he was bereaued of his Eaſe,
With the remembrance of ſo haynous Wrong,
Vpon his Breſt ſo ſtrongely that did ſeize.
And his ſad Heart ſo violently ſtung,
Yet made I Nature in that Prince ſo ſtrong,
That Griefe, which many doth of Life depriue,
Seem'd to preſerue and keepe him ſtill aliue.

Him I forbad, that any Foe ſhould kill,
Nor by his owne Hand ſuffred him to die,
That Life to *Robert* ſhould be lothſome ſtill,
And that Death from him euermore ſhould flie,
Making them both to him an Enemie,
Willing to die, by Life him double killing,
Vrged to liue, twice dying, he vnwilling.

So many yeeres as he had worne a Crowne,
So many yeeres as he had hop'd to riſe,
So many yeeres vpon him did I frowne,
So many yeeres he liu'd without his Eyes,
So many yeeres in dying, ere he dyes,
So my yeres ſhut vp in Priſon ſtrong;
Though Sorrow make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long.

Thus ſway I in the courſe of Earthly things,
To make Time worke him euerlaſting ſpight,
To ſhew how I can tyrannize on Kings,
And in the fall of Great ones doe delight,
In fyned Things my working infinite:
All Worldly changes, at my will diſpoſed,
For that in me all Wonder is incloſed.

At

At Fortunes ſpeech amazed whilſt they ſtand,
And Fame her ſelfe much wondred at his woe,
When from Duke *Robert* Fortune tooke her Hand,
Whoſe Miſerie ſhee thus had let them know:
When now to anſwere her diſpightfull Foe,
Fame from deepe ſilence ſeeming to awake,
For her deare Clyent, modeſtly thus ſpake:

What time I held my Reſidence in *Rome*,
Striuing my ſelfe o'r *Europe* to aduance,
To winne her Princes, to regayne the Tombe,
Which had beene loſt by their miſgouernance,
Awaking *England*, *Germanie*, and *France*,
All which were woo'd, and brauely wonne by Mee,
From the proud Pagans, *Paleſtine* to free.

Peter, that Holy Hermit putting on,
T'all Chriſtian Princes to preach out the loſſe
And ſtirring braue Duke *Godfrey* to be gone,
Vnder the Banner of the Bloudy Croſſe,
And whilſt in ſo faire forwardneſſe it was,
And euery Eare attentiue ſeem'd to ſtand,
To heare what Power braue *Bolloyne* would cõmand.

Thither did all happy Spirits exhort,
As to that buſ'neſſe luckily to bring,
Allured by the confident Report,
That from ſo great an Enterprize did ſpring,
T'aduenture in ſo Popular a Thing,
And deemed no Man worthy to be mine,
That was found backward in this great Deſigne.

What time this Duke great *William Conquerors* Sonne,
That in his natiue *Normandy* did reſt:
For of what elſe, his valiant Father wonne,
His Brother *Willam Rufus* was poſſeſt,
Which, whilſt he ſtriueth from his Hands to wreſt,
This braue Attempt, brake like a Deluge forth,
By my ſhrill Trumpet ſounded through the *North*.

Which hauing got free entrance to his Eare,
Such entertaynment hapned there to find,
As ſuffered no perſwaſion to be there,
From that high Purpoſe to diuert his Mind,
For being moſt Religiouſly inclind;
Woo'd with this offer; wiſely did prepare,
Himſelfe to furniſh for this great Affaire.

That Kingdome he doth careleſly neglect,
Which *William Rufus* wrongfully did keepe,
And only that doth conſtantly reſpect,
Where he once in his Sepulcher did ſleepe,
At whoſe deare Death the very Rocks did weepe,
His Crowne of Gold this Chriſtian Prince doth ſcorne,
So much he lou'd Him, that was crown'd with *Thorne*.

And though his wants him grieuouſly oppres'd,
Of thoſe great Summes which lately he had ſpent,
In leuying Power, which him ſhould haue poſſes'd,
Of *England*, and much hindred his intent,
Yet his braue purpoſe it could not preuent,
Although a while it ſeem'd delay to make
Of that, which he reſolu'd to vndertake.

Wherefore

Wherefore this Noble, and cleere-ſpirited Lord,
Whilſt the great buſ'neſſe ſtandeth at this ſtay.
And ſince his State no better could afford,
Ingage to *William*, *Normandy* doth lay,
Prouiding firſt his Souldiers how to pay,
And of the two yet rather choſe to leaue
His Crowne, then he that Army would deceiue.

To his victorious Enſigne came from farre,
Th'in Iled *Redſhanks*, toucht with no remorſe,
The nimble *Iriſh*, that with Darts doe warre,
The *Scot*, that is ſo cunning on his Horſe,
The *Engliſh* Archer of a Lyons force,
The valiant *Norman*, not the leaſt among
The *Camber-Britan*, hardy, big, and ſtrong,

Which long inclos'd within theſe colder Climes,
He to the bleſſed *Sepulcher* did bring,
And taught them how they ſhould redeeme the Times
Whence their Eternall memorie might ſpring,
To ſee the Place whereas their Heauenly King,
Their deare Redemption happily began:
Liuing on Earth, that was both *God* and *Man*.

Yee Ilanders, bound in the Oceans Chayne,
Lock'd vp like Priſ'ners, from the cheerefull Day,
Your braue Commander brought yee to the Mayne,
Which to my Court ſhew'd yee the open Way,
And his victorious Hand became the Kay,
To let yee in, to my rich Treaſure, where
None euer come, but thoſe that I hold deare:

And

And did thereto so zealously proceed,
That those faire Locks, whose Curles did him adorne,
Till he had seene the Holy Citie freed:
He deepely vow'd, he neuer would haue shorne,
Which, for they so religiously were worne,
In euery Eye did beautifie him more,
Then did the Crowne of *Normandie* before.

No Threts, his Hand could cause him to with-hold,
As I the sequell briefly shall relate,
Yet bare himselfe right wisely as he could,
And best become his Dignitie and State;
Teaching how his, themselues should moderate,
Not following life, so with his chance content,
Nor flying Death, so truely Valient.

So did he all his Faculties bestow,
That euery thing exactly might be don,
That true foresight, before the Act might goe,
Others grosse Errours happily to shunne,
Wisely to finish well what was begunne,
Iustly directed in the course of things,
By the straight Rule which sound Experience brings.

Idle Regards of Greatnesse he did scorne,
Careless of Pompe, Magnificent to bee;
That Man reputing to be Noblest borne,
Where was the most magnanimous and free;
In Honor so impartiall was hee,
Esteeming Titles meritlesse and nought,
Vnlesse with danger absolutely bought:

Giuing

Giuing the Souldier comfortable words,
And oft Imbalm'd his well-receiued Wound,
And in his need him maintenance affords,
To braue Attempts incouraging the ſound,
Neuer diſmaid in any danger found:
His Tent a ſeat of Iuſtice to the grieu'd;
And 'twas a Court when Want ſhould be relieu'd.

So perfectly Celeſtiall was that fire,
Beſtow'd in the compoſure of his mind,
To that High pitch as rayſed his deſire;
Aboue the vſuall compaſſe of his kinde,
And from all Droſſe ſo cleerely him refin'd,
As did him wholly conſecrate to glory,
And made him a fit ſubiect for a Story.

Who on Ambaſſage to the Emperor ſent,
Paſſing along through *Macedon* and *Thrace*,
Ne'r came in Bed, nor ſlept out of his Tent,
Till he reuiew'd Duke *Godfrey's* Reuerent face;
Nor till he came into that hallowed place,
Aboue three houres, by night he neuer ſlept:
Such were the Cares his troubled braine that kept.

O wherefore thou Great *Singer* of thy dayes,
Renowned *Taſſo* in thy Noble Story,
Wert thou ſo ſlacke in this Great *Worthy's* prayſe,
And yet ſo much ſhould'ſt ſet forth others glory?
Me thinks for this, thou canſt not but be ſorry,
That thou ſhould'ſt leaue another to recite
That, which ſo much Thou did'ſt neglect to write.

There

There was not found in all the Christian Hoſt,
Any, then He, more forward to the field,
Nor could the Army, of another boaſt,
To beare himſelfe more brauely with his Shield:
So well his Armes this Noble Duke could wield,
As ſuch a one he properly ſhould be,
That I did meane to conſecrate to me:

Of ſo approued and Deliuer force,
Handling his Lance or brandiſhing his Blade:
For oft he had the leading of their Horſe,
That where he charg'd, he ſlaughter euer made,
At all aſſayes ſo happy to inuade:
That were he abſent, when they gaue the chace,
It was ſuppos'd the day did loſe the grace.

In doubtfull fights, where danger hap'd to fall,
He would be preſent euer by his will,
And where the *Chriſtians* for ſupplies did call,
Thither through perill *Robert* preſſed ſtill,
To helpe by Courage, or releue by skill:
To euery place ſo prouidently ſeeing,
As power in him had abſolutely beeing,

When in the Morne his Courſer he beſtrid,
He ſeem'd compos'd eſſentially of Fire,
But from the Field he euer drouping rid,
As he were vanquiſh'd, onely to retyre;
Neereſt his Reſt, the furth'ſt from his Deſire:
And in the Spoyles, his Souldiers ſhar'd the Crownes,
They rich in Gold, he onely rich in Wounds.

And

And when they had the Holy Citie wonne,
And King thereof they gladly would him make,
All Sou'raigne Titles he ſo much did ſhunne,
As he refus'd the Charge on him to take,
He the vaine World ſo clearely did forſake;
So farre it was from his Religious Mind,
To mixe vile Things, with thoſe of Heau'nly Kind.

He would, that him no Triumph ſhould adorne,
But his high Prayſe, for ſinfull Man that dy'd,
By him no Marke of Victorie was worne,
But the Red Croſſe, to tell Him crucify'd;
All other Glories he himſelfe deny'd;
A holy Life but willingly he leads,
In dealing Almes, and bidding of his Beads.

And as a Pilgrim, he return'd agayne,
For glitt'ring Armes, in Palmers homely Gray,
Leauing his Lords to leade his Warlike Trayne,
Whilſt he alone came ſadly on the way,
Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd Prey;
A Hermits Staffe his carefull Hand did hold,
That with a Lance the Heathen Foe control'd.

But now to end this long-continued Strife;
Hence-forth thy Malice takes no further place,
Thy Hate began and ended with his Life,
By Thee his Spirit can ſuffer no diſgrace,
Now in mine Armes his Vertues I imbrace,
His Body thine, his Croſſes witneſſe bee,
But mine his Mind, that from thy Pow'r is free;

Thou

Thou gau'ſt vp Rule, when he gaue vp his Breath,
And where thou endedſt, there did I begin,
Thy ſtrength was buried in his timeleſſe Death,
And as thy Conqu'ror, laſtly come I in;
And all thou got'ſt, from thee againe I winne:
To Me, thy Right I call thee to reſigne,
And make thy Glory abſolutely mine.

To the baſe World then *Fortune* get thee back,
The Earth with drerie Tragedies to fill,
Empires and Kingdomes bring thou there to wrack,
And on weake Mortals onely worke thy Will;
And ſince thou onely do'ſt delight in Ill,
Heare his Complaint who wanting Eyes to ſee,
Can lend thee Sight, which art as blind as hee.

At her great Words, amazed whilſt they ſtand,
The Prince, which look'd moſt fearefully and grim,
Bearing his Eyes in his diſtreſſefull Hand,
Whoſe places ſtood with Bloud vp to the brim;
And as in anguiſh, quaking cu'ry Lim,
After deepe Sighes, and lamentable Throwes,
Thus to the World diſburthened his Woes.

Deare Eyes, adiew, by Enuie thus put out,
Where in your places buried is my Ioy,
With endleſſe Darkneſſe compaſſed about,
Which Death would ſcarce haue dared to deſtroy;
To breed my more perpetuall Annoy,
That, euen that Senſe I onely ſhould forgoe,
That could alone giue comfort to my Woe.

Yee

Yee which beheld faire *Palestine* reſtor'd,
From the prophane hands of the *Pagans* freed,
The Sepulchet of that moſt glorious *Lord*,
And ſeene that Place where his deare Woundes did bleed,
Which with the Sight my zealous Soule did feed,
Sith from your Functions, Night doth you diſſeuer,
Seclude me now from Worldly Ioyes for euer.

Yee ſaw no Sunne, nor did yee view the Day,
Except a Candle, yee beheld no Light,
The thick Stone-Walls, thoſe Bleſſings kept away.
What could be fear'd? yee could not hurt the Night,
For then Teares wholly hind'red yee of Sight:
O then, from whence ſhould *Henrie's* Hate ariſe,
That I ſaw nothing, yet that I had Eyes!

The wretched'ſt Thing, the moſt deſpiſed Beaſt,
Enioyes that Senſe as generally as we,
The very Gnat, or what then that is leaſt,
Of Sight, by Nature kindly is made free.
What Thing hath Mouth to feed, but Eyes to ſee?
O, that a Tyrant ſhould me depraue,
Of that which elſe all liuing Creatures haue!

Whilſt yet the light did mitigate my mone,
Teares found a meane, to ſound my ſorrowes deepe,
But now (aye me) that Comfort being gone,
By wanting eyes, wherewith I erſt did weepe,
My cares alone concealed I muſt keepe.
O God, that blindneſſe, darkning all delight,
Should aboue all things giue my ſorrow ſight!

Where

Where ſometime ſtood the Beauties of this face,
Lampes cleerly lighted, as the Veſtall flame,
Is now a Dungeon, a diſtreſſefull place,
A Harbor fit for Infamie and Shame:
Which but with horrour one can ſcarſly name,
Out of whoſe darke grates, miſerie and griefe,
Starued, for vengeance daily begge r eliefe.

The day abhorres me, and from me doth flye,
Night ſtill me followes, yet too long doth ſtay,
Th'one I o'rtake not though it ſtill be nye,
Th'other comming vaniſheth away,
But what auaileth, either night, or day?
All's one to me, ſtill day, or euer night,
My light is darkneſſe, and my darkneſſe light.

O yee, wherewith I did my Comfort view.
Th'all couering Heauen, and Glorie that it beares,
No more that ſight ſhall e'r be be ſeene of you!
The bleſſed Sunne, that euery mortall cheeres,
Eclips'd to me, eternally appeares,
Robert, betake thee to the darkſome Cell,
And bid the World eternally farewell.

His ſpeech thus ending; *Fortune* Diſcontent,
Turned her ſelfe, as ſhee away would flie,
Playing with Fooles, and Babes incontinent,
As neuer touch'd with humane miſerie,
As what ſhe was, her ſelfe to verifie,
And ſtraight forgetting what ſhe had to tell,
To other ſpeech, and Girliſh laughter fell.

When

When gracefull Fame, conuaying thence her charge,
(As first with him, she thither did resort,)
Gaue me this Booke, wherein was writ at large,
His life, set out, though in this Legend short,
T'amaze the World, with this so true report:
But Fortune, angrie with her Foe, therefore
Gaue me the gift that I should still be poore.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF MATILDA.

IF yet a Muse there happily remayne,
That is by truth so diligently taught,
As caring not on foolish things to faine,
Will speake, but what with Modestie shee ought;
If this be such, which I so long haue sought,
By her I craue, my life may be reueal'd,
Which black Obliuion hath too long conceal'd.

Oh, if ſuch fauour I might hap to find;
Here on this earth, but once to ſpeake agen,
And to disburthen my oppreſſed mind,
By the endeuour of a powerfull Pen,
In theſe my ſorrowes, happie were I then:
Foure hundred yeeres by all men ouer-paſt,
Finding one friend to pittie me at laſt.

O, you, of him, ſo happily elect,
Whom I intreat to proſecute my Storie,
Lady, moſt deare, moſt worthy of reſpect,
The Worlds rar'ſt Iewell, and your Sexes Glorie,
It ſhall ſuffice, if you for me be ſorrie,
Reading my Legend, builded by his Verſe,
Which muſt hereafter ſerue me for a Herſe.

Be you the patterne, by whoſe perfect view,
Like your faire ſelfe he wiſely may me make,
For ſure alyue, none fitter is then you,
Whoſe forme vnſpotted Chaſtitie may take:
Be you propitious, for whoſe only ſake,
For me I know, hee'll gladly doe his beſt.
So you and I may equally be bleſt.

Bright *Roſamond*, exceedingly is graced,
Inrolled in the Regiſter of *Fame*,
Nay, in our Sainted Kalender is placed,
By him who ſtriues to ſtellifie her name,
Yet will the modeſt ſay, She was too blame;
Though full of ſtate, and pleaſing be his Rime,
Yet all his skill cannot excuſe her Crime,

The

The Wife of *Shore* winnes generall applauſe,
Finding a Pen laborious in her Prayſe.
Elſtred reuiu'd to plead her pittied cauſe,
After the enuie of ſo many dayes:
And happie's he their Glorie high'ſt can rayſe.
Thus the looſe Wanton liked is of many:
" Vice ſtill finds Freinds, but Vertue ſedome any.

To vaunt of my Nobilitie were vaine,
Which were, I know, not bett'red of the beſt,
Nor would beſeeme an Honourable Straine,
And me a Mayden fits not of the reſt:
All tranſitorie Titles I deteſt,
A vertuous Life, I meane, to boaſt alone;
" Our Birth's, our Sires, our Vertues be our owne.

" Thou that do'ſt fetch thy long Deſcent from Kings,
" If from the Gods deriued thou could'ſt be, (things;
" And ſhew'ſt th'atchieu'ments of thoſe wondrous
" Which thou thy ſelfe then liuedſt not to ſee,
" Theſe were their owne, and not belong to thee,
" If thou do'ſt ſtaine that Honour which was theirs,
" Who could not leaue their Vertues to their Heires.

Heauen powr'd downe more abundance on my Birth,
Then it before had vſually beſtow'd,
And was in me ſo bountifull to Earth,
As though her very vtmoſt ſhe had ſhow'd,
Her Graces ſo immeſurably flow'd,
That ſuch a ſhape, with ſuch a ſpirit inſpir'd,
Euen of the wiſeſt made me moſt admir'd.

Vpon my Brow ſat Beautie in her Pride,
To her beholders miniſtring her Law,
And to them all her Bounties ſo diuide,
As did to her their due attention draw;
And yet mine Eye did keepe her ſo in awe,
As that which only could true Vertues meaſure,
Ordain'd by Nature to preſerue her Treaſure.

My carriage ſuch, as did content the wiſe,
My tongue did that ſweet decencie retaine,
As of the yonger, was not deem'd preciſe,
Nor of the aged was accounted vaine,
Sowell inſtructed to obſerue the meane,
As if in Nature, there were ſcarce that good,
Which wanted in the temper of my bloud.

In me ſo did ſhe her perfections varie,
As that the leaſt, allow'd not of compare,
And yet ſo well did teach me them to carrie;
Then they could be, as made them ſeene more rare.
Or in my portion would haue none to ſhare,
Or in her grace would none ſhould be but I;
Which ſhe had made the Minion of the Skie.

Whence Fame began my Beautie firſt to blaze,
And ſoone became to lauiſh in the ſame,
For ſhe ſo ſtuft her Trumpet with my prayſe,
That euery place was fild vp with my name,
For which *Report*, thou too much wert to blame,
" But to thy doome, is Beautie ſubiect ſtill:
Which hath beene cauſe of many Ladies ill.

This

This tattling Goſſip hath a thouſand eies,
Her ayrie bodie hath as many wings,
Now about earth, now vp to Heauen ſhe flies,
And here, and there, with euerie breath ſhe flings,
Hither, and thither, Lyes and Tales ſhe brings,
Nothing ſo ſecret, but to her appeareth,
So doth ſhe credit euery thing ſhe heareth,

" And Princes eare ſtand open to Report.
" All ſtriue to blaze a Beautie to a King,
" Which is the only ſubiect of a Court,
" Whither Fame carries, and whence ſhe doth bring;
" And which of either, ſhe doth loudly ring,
Thither aye me, vnhappily ſhe brought,
Where I my bane infortunately caught.

There ſtood my Beautie boldly for the Prize,
Where the moſt cleere and perfect Iudgements be,
And of the ſame, the moſt Iudiciall Eyes
Did giue the Goale impartially to me:
So did I ſtand vnparaleld and free,
And as a Comet in the Euening Skie,
Strooke with amazement euery wondring Eye.

Which ſoone poſſeſt me of Imperiall *Iohn*,
And of my Soueraigne, him my ſubiect made,
By this, his Freedome was quite ouerthrowne,
Him, and his power, this wholly did inuade,
From this, no Reaſon could the King diſſwade,
This taught his eies, their due attendance ſtill,
This held the reines which ouer-rul'd his will.

When my graue Father, great that time in Court,
And by his Bloud thought equall to the beſt,
Hauing his Eare oft ſtrooke with this Report,
Which, as ill newes, it hardly could digeſt,
And on my good ſince all his hopes did reſt,
He ſoone purſude it, by thoſe ſecret Spies,
Which ſtill in Court attend the Princes eyes.

And to the World although he ſeem'd to ſleepe,
Yet ſought he then the Kings intent to ſound,
And to himſelfe, as ſecrets he did keepe,
What his fore-ſight had prouidently found:
So well this wiſe Lord could conceale his wound,
Yet wiſlyer caſt, how dangerous it might proue,
To croſſe the croſſe of this Impatient Loue.

For as he found how violent a flame,
My Youth had kindled in this luſtfull King,
So found he too, if he ſhould ſtop the ſame,
Vpon vs both what miſchiefe it might bring:
Which knowne to him, ſo dangerous a thing,
He thought to proue how He could Me perſwade,
Ere for my ſafetie further meanes he made.

Deare Girle, quoth he, thou ſeeſt who doth awaite,
T'intrap thy Beautie, bred to be thy foe,
That is ſo faire, and delicate a Baite,
As euery eye it ſelfe would here beſtow:
Whoſe power the King too ſenſibly doth know,
Of his Deſire that what the end may bee,
Thy Youth may feare, my Knowledge doth foreſee.

Thinke,

Thinke, how thou liu'ſt here publikely in Court,
Whoſe priuiledge doth euery meane protect,
Where the enſample of the greater ſort,
Doth more then Oportunitie effect,
None thriuing here that ſtand vpon reſpect,
Being a Lotterie whereat few doe winne,
And yet thoſe ſeldome neither, but by ſinne.

Here euerie day thou haſt to tempt thy ſight,
All that thy youth to pleaſure may prouoke,
That ſtill at hand, wherein thou tak'ſt delight,
Which with thy Sex doth ſtrike too great a ſtroke,
Hauing withall Imperious Power thy Cloke,
With ſuch ſtrong Reaſons on his part propounded,
As may leaue Vertue ſeemingly confounded.

Many the waies, that lead thee to thy fall,
But to thy ſafetie, few, or none to guide thee,
And when thy danger is the great'ſt of all,
Euen then thy ſuccour is the moſt denyde thee:
Sundry the meanes from Vertue to diuide thee,
Hauing withall Mortalitie about thee,
Frailtie within, Temptation neere without thee.

" The Lecthers Tongue is neuer void of guile,
" Nor wants he Teares, when he would winne his prey,
" The ſubtilſt Tempter hath the ſmoothest ſtile,
" Syrens ſing ſweetlyeſt when they would betray:
" Luſt of it ſelfe had neuer any ſtay,
" Nor to containe it, bounds could haue deuiſed,
" But moſt when fild, is leaſt of all ſufficed.

And to auaile his pleaſure is there ought,
That ſuch a Prince hath not within his power?
And thus be ſure hee'l leaue no meanes vnſought,
Soft golden drops did pierce the Brazen Towre,
Watching th'aduantage of each fitting houre,
Where euery minute ſerues to doe amiſſe,
Thy banefull Poyſon ſpiced with thy bliſſe.

And when when this luſtfull and vnbrideled rage,
Which in him now doth violently raigne,
Time ſhall by much ſacietie aſſwage,
Then ſhall thy fault apparent be, and plaine,
To after-ages euer to remaine,
" Sinne in a Chaine leads on her Siſter Shame,
" And both in Giues are fettred to Defame.

Kings vſe their Loues as Garments they haue worne,
Or as the meate whereon, they full haue fed,
The Saint once gone, who doth the Shrine adorne?
Or what is Nectar, on the ground if ſhed?
What Princes wealth redeemes thy Mayden-hed,
Which ſhould be held as precious as thy breath,
Whoſe diſſolution conſummates thy death?

The ſtately Eagle from his higheſt ſtand,
Through the thin Ayre the fearfull Fowle doth ſmite,
Yet ſcornes to touch it lying on the Land,
When he hath felt the ſweet of his delight,
But leaues the ſame a prey to euery Kite.
" With much we ſurfet, Plentie makes vs poore,
" The wretched *Indian* ſcornes the Golden Ore.

When

When euery Period pointing with a Teare,
He in my Boſom made ſo wide a Breach.
As it each Precept firmely fixed there,
His Counſell as continually to preach,
My Father ſo effectully could teach,
So that his Words I euer after found,
As grau'd on an inuiolable ground.

The King, whoſe Loue deluded was the while,
Yet in his Boſome bare this quenchleſſe fire,
Finding his Hopes like Flatt'rers to beguile,
And not on iot to further his Deſire,
But gone thus farre he meant not to retire,
And thinkes, it fitly he could find but place,
His Words had power to purchaſe him my Grace.

For ſince all former Practices did faile,
Nor to his Mind ought kindly tooke effect,
He with himſelf reſolu'd me to aſſaile,
And other meanes doth vtterly neglect:
In ſpight what Feare could any way obiect,
His Courage doth all hindrances confute,
And me accoſting thus commenc'd his Suite.

Know, Girle, quoth he, that Nature thee ordayned,
(As her brau'ſt Piece, when Shee to Light would bring,
Wherein Her former Workmanſhip Shee ſtayned)
Only a Gift to gratifie a King,
And from all other, as a ſeld-ſeene Thing,
Seal'd thee a Charter dated at thy Birth,
To be the fayr'ſt that e'r was made of Earth.

Hoord

Hoord not thy Beautie, when thou haſt ſuch ſtore:
Wher't not great pittie it ſhould thus lye dead,
Which by thy lending might be made much more?
(For by the vſe ſhould euery thing be fed)
Yea, and to Him, ſo hard for thee beſtead,
Yet no more leſned then the Sunne, whoſe ſight,
Though it light all things, loſeth not his light.

From thoſe two Stars ſuch Stremes of Lightning glide,
As through Mens eyes doe pierce the Flintieſt Heart,
Which thou by cloſing, ſtriu'ſt in vaine to hide.
For through their Lids their ſubtill Rayes doe Dart,
Such Power wiſe Nature did to them impart,
Thoſe two bright Planets, cleerer then the Seuen,
That with their Splendor, light the World to Heauen.

Were Art ſo curious in her ſelfe to know,
Thy Rare perfections rightly in their kind,
In Beautie thy Diuinitie to ſhow,
O! it were able to tranſport the Mind,
Beyond the Bounds by Heauen to it aſſign'd:
But, O in thee, their excellence is ſuch,
As Thought cannot aſcend to, once to touch.

He is thy King, who is become thy Subiect,
Sometime thy Lord, now Seruant to thy Loue,
Thy Angell Beauties be his onely obiect,
Who for thy ſake a thouſand deaths dares proue.
" A Princes Prayer ſhould much compaſſion moue:
Let Wolues and Beares be cruell in their kinds,
But Women meeke, and haue relenting Minds.

Vouch-

Vouchsafe to looke vpon these brimfull Eyes,
With Tydes of Teares continually frequented,
Where Loue without food, hunger-starued lyes,
Which to betray me, trayterously consented,
And for the fact being lawfully conuented,
Is in these Waters iudg'd to haue his beeing,
For his presumption through these Eyes Thee seeing.

Sit thou commanding vnder mine Estate,
Hauing thy Temples, honoured with my Crowne,
A Beautie destin'd for no meaner Fate,
And make the Proud'st to tremble with a Frowne.
Raise whom thou wilt cast whom it please thee downe,
Be thou alone the Rest-lesse of this Ile,
With all the Titles I can thee instile.

What if my Queene, repyning at our Blisse,
Thee as did *Iuno*, *Ioues* deare Darling keepe?
Mine Ile preserue as that Great *God* did his,
Wise *Mercury* lul'd *Argus* Eyes to sleepe,
" Loue euer Laughes, when Iealousie doth Weepe,
When most Shee stirs, my Power shal keepe her vnder,
Shee my raise Stormes, but I doe rule the Thunder.

Thus hauing made an entrance for his Loue,
Which he beleeu'd assuredly in Time,
Of better newes the Messenger might proue,
By which, he after to his Ioyes might Clime,
Hoping a fayre Full to ensue this Prime,
Leaues me, not knowing well which way to turne Me,
Warm'd with the Fire, that vnawares might burne Me.

Vpon

Vpon my Weakeneſſe which ſo ſtrongly wrought,
That in my Breſt a Mutinie aroſe,
Feare, and Deſire, a doubtfull Combat fought,
Like two moſt eager and ambitious Foes,
Th'one fayne would winne, th'other would not loſe,
By this oft cleered, and by that accuſed,
Whilſt ſtill, I fear'd, by both to be abuſed,

And in my Selfe, my Selfe ſuſpected Treaſon,
Knowing who watch'd to winne Me for his Prey,
And in ſo fit and dangerous a Seaſon,
When Youth and Beautie bare ſo great a ſway,
And where He batterie ſtill to me might lay.
Who girt ſo ſtrongly euery way about,
Well might I feare, I could not long hold out.

But ſetting theſe ſundrie Doubts aſide,
From Court reſolu'd I ſecretly to goe,
And to what Place my happy Starres ſhould guide,
There, I my ſelfe determin'd to beſtow,
Vntill Time might this Paſſion ouer-blow,
Or, if at leaſt it wrought not, the extruſion
Might ſtrengthen me, yet in my Reſolution.

When my braue Sire, that neuer me forſooke,
But many a ſweet Sleepe for my ſafetie brake,
Much being pleaſed with the courſe I tooke,
As one that truely ſuffred for my ſake,
Did his aboad at *Baynards Caſtell* make,
Whom ſince I thus had left the Court, to leaue me,
To his Protection, gladly did receiue me.

Whence

Whence all thoſe ſorrowes ſeem'd to me, exil'd,
Where in my Life I long before did waſte,
The preſent Time, and happily beguild,
To thinke what perill I had lately paſt,
There in my Freedome fortunate le plac't,
Euen as a Bird eſcap'd the Fowlers ſnare,
Which former Danger warned to beware.

When the proud King, whoſe purpoſes were croſt,
Which this my flight had hapned to preuent,
And that thoſe Meanes to which he truſted moſt,
Were thoſe, which moſt had hindred his intent,
Finding his Suite prepoſterouſly went,
Another Courſe bethinks himſelfe to runne,
Elſe farther off then when he firſt begunne:

And thenceforth plotteth to diſperſe the Maſſe,
Which lay ſo full betwixt Him and the Light,
That in his Suite the only hindrance was,
And (leſt expected) wrought Him moſt deſpight,
Finding the Cauſe why Matters went not right,
He muſt forecaſt my Father to remoue,
Or he was like to walke without his Loue.

Thus ſearſly cur'd of this late ſickly Qualme,
And that my Heart ſat happily at eaſe,
But as a Ship, that in a quiet Calme
Flotes vp and downe on the vnſurging Seas,
By ſome rough Guſt which ſome ill Starre doth rayſe,
Is driuen backe into the troubled Mayne,
Euen ſo was I, that ſafely elſe had layne.

For

For this great King, whom thus I did reiect,
Firſt ſeeks in Court my Father to diſgrace,
Thereby to giue the People to ſuſpect,
To fault in ſome thing ſitting neere his Place,
Them by all meanes it vrging to imbrace,
To which, if cleerely he could find the Way,
He made no doubt, but once to haue a Day.

And for his purpoſe to promoue his Hate,
Into the Plot, he his Court Deuils drew,
Cunning in all the Stratagems of State,
Which he ſuborn'd my Father to purſue,
By whoſe deuices he ſoone ouerthrew
That Noble Lord, which ſuccour ſhould haue giuen
To me, that then was from all refuge driuen.

And not their cleere and far-diſcerning ſight,
Into the Quarrell that did throughly looke,
Nor our Allies that to their vtmoſt might,
'Gainſt his proceedings on our part that ſtooke,
And at our need vs neuer once forlooke,
Of the Kings malice could th'effect preuent,
But to Exile my Father muſt be ſent.

Not all his ſeruice to his Soueraigne done,
In Warre couragious, and in Counſaile ſound,
Which from King *Iohn* compaſsion might haue wonne,
To him, who faithfull euermore was found,
" Ingratitude, how deeply do'ſt thou wound!
" Sure, firſt deuiſed to no other end,
" But to grieue thoſe whom nothing could offend.

Forlorne,

Forlorne, and hopeleſſe, left before my Foe,
By my ill Fortune, baſely thus betrayd,
Neuer poore Mayden was beſieged ſo,
And all depreſſed that ſhould lend me ayd,
Such waight the Heauen vpon my Birth had laid,
" But yet her ſelfe true Vertue neuer loſeth,
" 'Gainſt her faire courſe, though Hell it ſelfe oppoſeth.

Imbarqu'd for *France*, his ſad dejected Eyes
Swolne vp with Teares in moſt abundant ſtore,
His ill lucke threatned by the lowring Skyes,
Feare him behind, and ſorrow him before,
He vnder Saile from ſight of either Shore,
Waſteth withall, his ſad laments in vaine,
To the rude Waters only to complaine.

When like a Deere, before the Hounds imboſt,
When, him his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,
Leaues the ſmooth Launds to which he truſted moſt,
And to the Couert doth himſelfe betake
Doubling, and creepes from Brake againe to Brake,
Thus ſtill I ſhift me from the Princes Face,
Who had me then continually in Chace.

The Coaſt thus cleer'd Suſpicion layd to reſt,
And each thing fit to further his intent,
It with much pleaſure quieted his Breſt,
That euery thing ſo proſperouſly went,
And if the reſt ſucceſſefully conſent:
Of former ayde I being quite froſaken,
He hopes, the Fort might in ſhort time be taken.

" A

" A Princes Armes are ſtretch'd from Shore to Shore
" Kings ſleeping, ſee with Eyes of other Men,
" Craft finds a Key to open any Dore,
Little it boots my ſelfe in Walls to pen,
The Lambe was cloſed in the Lyons Den,
Whoſe watchfull Eyes too eaſily diſcry'd me, (me.
And found me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to hide

My Paths by Spyes he deligently noted,
O're me he held ſo vigilant a Watch,
And on my Beautie he ſo fondly doted,
That at each Looke he enuiouſly did catch,
And readie ſtill attending at my Latch
He had thoſe, that continually did Ward,
Treaſon my Hand-mayd, Falſhood was my Guard.

And ſince with me it fell ſo croſly out,
That to my ſhifts ſo hardly he me draue,
For ſome new courſe, I thought to caſt about,
Where ſafer Harbour happily to haue:
For this was not ſufficient me to ſaue,
His Power ſo ſpacious euery way did lye,
That ſtill I ſtood in his ambitious Eye.

And feare which taught me euery meane to proue,
And with my ſelfe of many to debate,
Me at the laſt it pleas'd the Powers to moue,
To take vpon me a Religious ſtate,
The Holy Cloyſter none might violate,
Where after all theſe Stormes I did indure,
There, I at laſt might hope to liue ſecure.

Where-

Wherefore, to *Dunmow* I my ſelfe conuayd
Into an Abbey, happily begunne,
By *Inga*, of our Anceſtry, a Mayd,
At whoſe ſole charge that Monaſt'rie was done,
Wherein Shee after did become a Nunne,
And kept her Order ſtrictly with the reſt,
Which in that Place Virginitie profeſt,

Where I my ſelfe did ſecretly beſtow
From the vaine World, which I too long had try'd,
Me, my affliction taught my ſelfe to know,
My Youth and Beautie gently that did chide,
And by Inſtruction, as a skilfull Guide,
Printed withall ſuch coldneſſe in my Blood,
That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The King, who heard Me ſafely thus to bee
Set in my Cloyſter, ſtrongly diſcontent,
That Me from thence he had not power to free,
Which his ſad breſt, ſeem'd ſtrongly to torment:
But ſince, that I ſo wilfully was bent,
And He, paſt hope then, euer to enioy me,
Reſolu'd, by ſome meanes, laſtly to deſtroy me,

And finding one moſt fit for ſuch a Fact,
To whom he durſt his ſecret Thoughts impart,
One, for his King, that any thing would Act,
And for the purpoſe wanted not his Art,
That had a ſtrong Hand and relentleſſe Hart,
On him, the King (with me poore Mayd enrag'd)
Impos'd my Death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haſte the fatall Deed to doe,
Thither repayres, but not as from the King,
For well he knew what did belong thereto,
Nor therein needed any Tutoring,
But as one ſent vpon ſome needfull thing,
With a ſmooth Count'nance and a ſetled Brow,
Obtayn'd to get in where I payd my Vow.

Where I alone, and to his Tale expos'd,
(As one, to him a willing Hare that lent)
Himſelfe to me, he but too ſoone diſclos'd,
And who it was that thither had him ſent,
From Point to Point relating his intent,
Who, whilſt I ſtood ſtrooke dumbe with this inuaſion,
He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſwaſion.

Here but (ſaith he) how blindly thou do'ſt erre,
Fondly to dote vpon thine owne Perfection,
When as the King thee highly will preferre,
Nay, and his Power ſtendeth thy Protection,
So indiſcreetly ſort not thy Election,
To ſhut thy ſelfe in a melancholy Cell,
Which in a Court ordayned was to dwell.

Yet further thinke, how dangerous is his offer,
If thy neglect doe careleſly abuſe it;
Art thou not mad, that thus do'ſt ſee a Coffer,
Fild vp with Gold, and proffer'd, to refuſe it?
So farre, that thou want'ſt Reaſon to excuſe it,
Thy ſelfe condemning in thine owne good hap,
Spilling the Treaſure caſt into thy Lap.

Wrong

Wrong not thy faire Youth, nor the World depriue
Of theſe rare Parts which Nature hath thee lent;
'Twere pitie thou by Niggardiſe ſhould'ſt thriue,
Whoſe wealth by waxing craueth to be ſpent,
For which, thou of the wiſeſt ſhalt be ſhent,
Like to ſome rich Churle hoording vp his pelfe,
Both to wrong others, and to ſtarue himſelfe.

What is this vaine and idle Reputation,
Which to the ſhew you ſeemingly reſpect?
Only the weakeneſſe of Imagination,
Which, in Concluſion, worketh no effect,
And leſſer can the Worſhippers protect,
That only ſtandeth vpon fading Breath,
And hath at once the Being and the Death.

A feare that grew from doting Superſtition,
To which your weake Credulitie is prone,
And only ſince maintayned by Tradition,
Into our Eares impertinently blowne,
By Folly gathered, as by Errour ſowne,
Which vs ſtill threatning, hindreth our deſires,
Yet all it ſhewes vs, be but painted Fires.

Perſwade thy ſelfe this Monaſtrie to leaue,
Which Youth and Beautie iuſtly may forſake,
Doe not thy Prince of thoſe high loyes bereaue,
Which happie Him, more happie Thee may make,
Who ſends me elſe, thy Life away to take,
For dead to him if needſly thou wilt proue,
Dye ſo thy ſelfe, be buryed with his Loue.

Rage, which resum'd the likenesse of his Face,
Whose Eye seem'd as the Basiliske to kill,
The horror of the solitarie Place,
Being so fit wherein to worke his Will,
And at the instant he my Life to spill,
All seem'd at once my o'rethrow to further,
By feare disswaded, menaced by murther.

In this so great and peremptorie Tryall,
With strong Temptations sundrie wayes afflicted,
With many a yeelding, many a denyall,
Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,
Terror before me lively stood depicted,
When as it was, that but a little Breath
Gaue me my Life, or sent me to my Death.

But soone my Soule had gath'red vp her Powers,
Which in this need might friendlike giue her ayd,
The resolution of so many howers,
Whereon her selfe shee confidently stayd
In her distresse, whose helps together layd,
Making the State which shee maintayned good,
Expell'd the feare vsurping on my Blood.

And my lock'd tongue, did liberally inlarge,
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd
Care had it kept, my Bosome to discharge,
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd
Into mine eyes which comming as resin'd
Most brauely there mine Honour to maintayne,
Checkt his Presumption with a coy Disdayne.

Who

Who finding Me inuiolably bent,
And for my Anſwere only did abide;
Hauing a Poyſon murd'ring by the ſcent,
If to the Organ of that ſenſe apply'd,
Which for the ſame, when fitteſt time He ſpy'd,
Into my noſtrils forcibly did ſtrayne,
Which in an inſtant wrought my deadly bane.

With his rude tuch, my Vaile diſordred then,
My Face diſcouering, my delicious Cheeke
Tinkted with Crimſon, faded ſoone agen,
With ſuch a ſweetneſſe, as made Death ſeeme meeke,
And was to him beholding it moſt like,
A little ſparke extinguiſh'd to the Eye,
That glowes againe e're ſuddenly it dye.

And whilſt thereat amazed he doth ſtand,
Wherein he then ſuch excellencie ſaw,
Ruing the ſpoile done by his fatall hand.
What naught before, Him this at laſt could awe,
From his ſterne Eyes, as though it Teares would drawe,
Which wanting them, wax'd ſuddenly as dead,
Grieuing for me, that they had none to ſhead.

When Life growne faint, hies laſtly to my heart,
The only Fort to which She had to take,
Feeling cold Death, to ſeize on euery part,
A ſtrong Inuaſion inſtantly to make.
Yet e're She ſhould Me vtterly forſake,
To Him who ſadly ſtood Me to behold,
Thus in mild words, my griefe I did vnfold;

Is this the Gift, the King on Me bestowes,
Which in this sort he sends thee to present Me?
I am His Friend, what giues He to His Foes,
If this in Token, of His Loue be sent Me?
But 'tis his Will, and must not discontent Me:
Yet after (sure) a Prouerbe this will proue,
The Gift King *Iohn* bestow'd vpon His Loue.

When all that Race in memorie are set,
And by their Statues, their Atchieuements done,
Which wonne abroad, and which at home did get,
From Sonne to Sire, from Sire againe to Sonne,
Grac'd with the spoyles, that gloriously they wonne;
O, that of Him, it only should be said,
This was King *Iohn*, the Murth'rer of a Maid!

O, keepe it safely from the mouth of Fame,
That none doe heare of this vnhallowed Deed,
Be secret to Him, and conceale his Shame,
Lest after-Ages hap the same to reade,
And that the Letters shewing it doe bleed!
O, let the Graue mine Innocencie hold,
Before of Him, this Tyrannie be told!

Thus hauing spoke, my sorrowes to assuage,
The heauie burthen of my pensiue breast,
The Poyson then that in my braine did rage,
His deadly Vigour forcibly expreast,
Not suffring me to stand vpon the rest,
Longer for Him, it was no time to stay,
And Death call'd on, to hasten Me away.

Thus

Thus in my Closet being left alone,
Vpon the floore vncomfortably lying,
The Fact commited, and the Murth'rer gone,
Arriued at the vtmost point of dying,
Some of the Sisters, Me by chance espying,
Call'd all the rest, that in most wofull plight,
Came to behold that miserable sight.

Thus like a Rose by some vnkindly blast,
'Mongst many Buds, that round about it grow,
The with'ring Leaues improsp'rously doth cast,
Whilst all the rest, their soueraigne Beauties show:
Amidst this goodly Sister-hood euen so,
Nipt with cold Death, vntimely did I faid,
Whilst they about me, pittious waiting made.

And my sad Soule vpon Her sudden flight,
So soone forsaken of each seuerall sense,
With all the horrour Death could her affright,
Strongly disturbed at her parting hence,
All Comfort fled her; for her last defence
Doth to Her spotlesse Innocence betake her,
Which lefe Her not, when all the rest forsake Her.

" To shew, our Pleasures are but Childrens Toys
" And as mere shaddowes, or like bubles passe,
" As Yeeres increase, so wanting are our loyes,
" Forgoten as our Fauours in a Glasse,
" A very Tale of that which neuer was:
" Euen so, Death vs, and our Delights can seuer,
" Vertue alone abandoneth vs neuer.

My Spirit thus from Imprisonment enlarg'd,
Glad to haue got out of her earthly Roome,
My Debt to Nature faithfully discharg'd,
And at the houre appointed on my Toombe:
Such was the Heauens inculcable Doome,
Me *Baynards* Castle to the World did bring,
Dunmow, againe my place of burying.

And scarsly was my breathlesse Bodie cold,
But eu'rie where my Tragedie was spred,
For tattling Fame in eu'rie place had told,
My Resolution being lately dead,
Ruing my Bloud so prodigally shed,
And to my Father, flies with this mischance,
That time remayning in the Court of *France*.

His losse too great to be bewaild with Teares,
It was not Words that could expresse his Woe,
Griefe had herselfe, so senseless in his Eares,
No more might enter, nothing out might goe.
Scarce since Man was, was Man perplexed so,
Enough of Sorrow is already showne,
And telling His, were to renew mine owne.

Let it suffice Me, that I here relate,
And beare My selfe the burthen of My ill,
If to the life I haue express'd My Fate,
It's all I aske, and I obtayne my Will.
" For that true Sorrow needs not others Skill;
" Enough's that present bitternesse we taste,
" Without remembring of that which is past.

Some

Some ſay, the King repentant for this Deed,
When his Remorce to thinke thereof Him draue,
Poorly diſguiſed in a Pilgrims Weed,
Offered His Teares on my vntimely Graue,
For which, no doubt, but Heauen his Sinne forgaue,
And my Bloud, calling for Reuenge, appeas'd,
He from the Sinne, I from my Labours eas'd,

Thus told my Storie, I my Loue deuiſe
To you deare Madame, fitt'ſt with you to reſt,
Which all my Vertues daily exerciſe
That be imprinted in your patient breſt,
By whom alone I rightlyeſt am expreſt,
For whom my Prayſe, it grieues Me, is too ſcant,
Whoſe happie Name an Epethite ſhall want.

Then, moſt ſweet Ladie, for a Maidens ſake,
To ſhead on teare if gently you but daigne,
For all my Wrongs it full amends ſhall make,
And be my paſſe to the *Elizian* Plaine,
In your chaſt Eies ſuch power there doth remaine,
As can th'afflicted proſp'rouſly deliuer,
Happie be they, who looke vpon them euer.

FINIS.

THE

THE LEGEND OF

Pierce Gaueſton.

FRom gloomie ſhaddowes of eternall Night,
Shut vp in Darkeneſſe endleſſly to dwell,
O, here behold, Me miſerable Wight,
A while releas'd, my Tragedie to tell,
Let Me haue leaue my Sorrowes to impart,
Somewhat to eaſe my ſad afflicted Heart.

Goddeſſe of Armes, and Arts, *Pallas* Diuine,
Let thy bright Fauchion lend Me Cypreſſe Boughes,
Be thou aſſiſting to this *Poet* of mine,
With Funerall Wreath's ingarlanding His Browes,
Pittying my woes, when none would heare me weepe,
That for my Sorrowes, layes His owne to ſleepe,

Thou mournfulſt-Mayden of the Sacred Nine,
That Balefull ſounds immouably do'ſt breathe,
With thy ſwolne Viſage, and thy blubb'red Eine,
Let Me to Thee, my ſad Complaints bequeathe.
Ne're to thy Selfe canſt thou winne greater Glorie,
Then in exactly ſetting forth my Storie.

Tell

Tell how the Fates my giddie Course did guide,
Th'incostant turnes of eu'rie changing houre,
By many a low Ebbe, many a lustie Tide,
Many a smooth Calme, many a sowsing Showre,
The hieght whereto, I lastly did ascend,
Bend my Beginning to my Fatall End.

When our first *Edward*, sat on *Englands* Throne,
Long-shanks who long victoriously did raigne,
First of that Name, and Second yet to None:
In what to Knight-hood euer did pertayne;
My Life began, a Life so full of Blisse,
Then in His Dayes, those happie Dayes of His.

Vertue did then Mens hearts so much inflame,
That no Promotion could be got with Gold;
For in his dayes He that desired Fame,
Bought it of Him, that it full dearely sold,
Hatefull Excesse so much did not devoure,
Law had lesse force, and honestie more Power.

And since swift Time so violently preyes,
Vpon those Ages that euen holiest be;
Let Me remember those so happie Dayes;
In these sad houres, which my vex'd Eyes doe see,
With greater griefe to make me to deplore
These, when I thinke of those that were of yore.

Then Muse, lo, I obsequiously appeale
To thee, (my life since I intend to show)
That thou of Me wilt faithfully reueale,
Euen what the most Inquisitiue would know,
Whilst here my Soule inbodyed did abide,
In this vaine World, which pampred Me with Pride.

By

By Birth a *Gascoyne*, of a faire Descent,
And of our House, the Heire My Father borne,
In all His Warres, that with King *Edward* went,
To Him His Liegeman, and a Souldier sworne,
And in our Country left His whole Estate,
To follow Him, who seem'd to gouerne Fate.

Whose trust that Great King highly did imploy,
And neere His Person had Him for the same,
Who with my Selfe, then but a little Boy,
Into the Court of Famous *England* came,
Whereas the King for Seruice by Him done,
Made Me a Page to the braue Prince his Sonne.

All Men in Shape I did so farre excell;
(The Parts in Me such Harmonie did beare)
As in my Modell, Nature seem'd to tell,
That Her perfection She had placed here,
As from each Age reseruing the rar'st Feature,
To make Me vp, Her excellentest Creature.

My Lookes so powerfull Adamants to Loue,
And had such Vertue to attract the Sight,
That they could fix it, or could make it moue,
As though it followed some Celestiall Light,
That where my Thoughts intended to surprize,
I at my pleasure conquer'd with mine Eyes.

As if some great *Appelles* in his Art,
Would that the World his Master-piece should know,
Imagination doing then her part;
When he had done the vtmost he could doe,
For that rare Picture to fit out a Mind,
This one was I, the Wonder of my kind.

This

This daintie Bait I laid for *Edwards* Loue,
Which ſoone vpon Him got ſo ſure a Tye,
As no misfortune e're could it remoue,
When She the vtmoſt of Her force did trye,
Nor death it ſelfe had after power to ſunder,
O ſeld-ſeene Friendſhip, in the World a Wonder!

Loue, on this Earth, the onely Meane thou art,
Whereby we hold Intelligence with Heauen,
And it is thou that only do'ſt impart,
The good that to Mortalitie is giuen.
O, Sacred Bond, by Time that art not broken!
O thing Diuine, by Angels to be ſpoken!

Thus with young *Edward*, bath'd in worldly Bliſſe,
Whilſt Tutors care His wandring Yeeres did guide,
I liu'd, enioying whatſoe'r was His:
Who ne'r my Pleaſure any thing deny'd.
Whoſe watchfull Eye ſo duly Me attended,
As on my ſafetie, if His life depended.

But whether it my rare Perfections were,
That wonne my youth ſuch Fauor in His Eye,
Or it pleas'd Heauen (to ſhew it held Me deare)
To ſhowre on Me this Bleſſing from the Skye,
I know not, but it rightly could direct,
That could produce ſo powerfull an effect,

O thou dread Booke, where our Fates are enroll'd,
Who hath ſo cleere Eyes, as to looke into thee?
What is that Man, by whom thou art controll'd,
Or hath the Key of Reaſon to vndoe thee?
When none but Heauen, thy darke Decrees can know,
Whoſe depth we ſound not, which dwell here below?

The

The ſoule Her liking eaſly can eſpye,
(By Sympathie, to Her by Heauen aſſign'd)
Through Her cleere Windowes, the wel-ſeeing Eye,
Which doth conuay the Image to the Mind,
Without aduiſement, and can apprehend,
That whoſe true cauſe, mans knowledge doth tranſcend.

This *Edward* in the *Aprill* of his Age,
Whilſt yet the Crowne ſat on his Fathers head,
Like ſportfull *Ioue*, with his rapt *Phrygian* Page,
Me with Ambroſiall Delicacies fed,
He might command that was the Soueraign's Sonne,
But my direction only muſt be done.

My Will a Law, authentically paſt,
My Yea, by Him was neuer croſs'd with No;
In His affection chain'd to Me ſo faſt,
That as my ſhaddow ſtill he ſeem'd to goe,
To Me this Prince, ſo plyant was in all,
Still as an Eccho anſwering to My call.

My Smiles His life, ſo ioy'd He in my ſight,
That His Delight was led by my Deſire,
From my cleere Eyes, ſo borrowing all His Light,
As pale-fac'd *Cynthia*, from her Brothers fire.
He made my Cheeke, the Pillow for His Head,
My Brow His Booke, my Boſome was His Bed.

Like faire *Idalia*, bent to amorous ſport,
With young *Adonis*, in the pleaſant ſhade,
Expreſſing their affections in that ſort,
As though her vtmoſt paſſion ſhould perſwade
The one of vs, the other ſtill to moue,
To all the tender Dalliances of Loue.

The Table thus of our Delight was lay'd,
Seru'd with what Dainties Pleasure could deuise,
And many a *Syren* sweetly to vs play'd,
But Youth had not, vs therewith to suffice:
For we on that insatiately did feed,
Which our Confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd vp his vntam'd Desire,
Then sitting in the Chariot of the Sunne,
My blandishments were Fuell to that fire,
Wherein He fry'd: I for his flight begunne
To wax His Wings; and taught Him Art to flie,
Who on His backe, might beare Me through the Skie.

Whilst the vaine World so cunninly could winne
Vs, Her false Flatteries, who too long did trust,
Till hauing lost the Clue which led vs in,
We wandred in the Labyring of Lust:
" For when the Soule is nusl'd once in Vice,
" The sweet of Sinne, makes Hell a Paradise.

Who to the full, thy vilenesse, World, e'r cold,
What is in Thee, that's not extremely ill?
A lothsome Shop, where Poysons only sold,
Whose very entrance instantly doth kill,
Nothing in Thee but villanie doth dwell,
And all thy wayes lead head-long into Hell.

The King, whose trust I lewdly had betrayd,
His Soone, like *Phaeton*, venturing on the Skies,
Perceiu'd his course was per'lous to be stayd,
For he was Graue, and wonderfully wise,
And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,
Edward might easly set his his Throne on fire.

This

This was a coniue to old *Edwards* dayes,
And without ceasing fed vpon his Bones,
That in the Day bereau'd him of his ease,
Breaking his Nights sleepe with continuall mones,
This more depres'd, and sadlyer way'd him downe,
Then the care elfe, belonging to his Crowne.

And though he had iudicially descryde
The cause, from whence this maladie first grew,
It was no cure, vnlesse he could prouide
Meanes to preuent the danger to ensue,
Wherefore, he for his purpose made them way,
Against my courses, that had ought to say.

When those in Court, my Opposites that were,
This faire aduantage and could finely take,
And for my Fall, what did to them appeare,
So fitly for their purposes make,
Thereon there Forces [illegible]itly to ground,
Me to the World perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,
So that on me a scandall it might bring,
By such as stucke not to accuse my Youth,
To sinne in the vnnaturall'st thing,
And all fore-passed outrages awake,
Me to Mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore, the Prince more straitly was bestow'd,
In forrayne Realmes and I adiudg'd to roame,
And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,
Who had betrayed my hopefull trust at Home,
Adiudg'd to dye, were I by any found,
After my set Day, on the *English* ground.

That,

That, as astounded with a mightie blow,
I stood awhile insensible of payne,
Till somewhat wakened by my colder woe,
I felt the wound, by which my Ioyes were slaine,
By which I fainted hourely, more and more,
Nor could I thinke, what cure could me restore.

But as a Turtle for her loued Make,
Whose Youth her deare Virginitie inioy'd,
Sits shrowded in some solitarie Brake,
With melancholy pensiueneſſe anoy'd,
Thus without comfort sat I all alone,
From the Sweet Presence of Prince *Edward* gone.

My Beautie, that disdayn'd the Summers sight,
Now fouly beaten with bleake Winters stormes,
My Limbs were put to trauell Day and Night,
So often hugg'd in Princely *Edwards* Armes,
Those Eyes oft viewing Pleasure in her pride,
Saw fearefull Obiects on their either side.

Whilst in these Tempests I was strangely tost,
My selfe confining in my native *France*,
By many a sad calamitie still croſt,
Inseparables to my sore mischance,
Others that stem'd the Current of the Time,
Whence I had falne, stroue suddenly to Clime.

Like the Camelion, whilst Time turnes the hue,
And with false *Proteous* puts on sundrie shapes,
This change scarce gone, a second doth ensue,
One fild, another for promotion gapes,
Thus doe they swarme like Flies about the brim,
Some drownd, and some doe with much danger swim,

And ſome, on whom the Sunne ſhone wondrous fayre,
Yet of the Seaſon little ſeem'd to vaunt,
For there were Clouds hung in the troubled Ayre,
Threatning, that they of their deſires might want,
Which made them flagge, prepared elſe to flye,
Whilſt with their Falls, they fading Honour buy.

When poſting Time, that neuer turnes againe,
Whoſe winged Feet flie ſwiftly with the Sunne,
By the Fleet houres attending on his Traine,
His Reuolution fatally begunne,
And in his courſe brought ſuddenly about,
That, which before the wiſer ſort did doubt.

For whilſt King *Edward* wholly doth attend,
A happy Voyage to the Holy Land,
For which the Laytie mightie Summes did lend,
Euen whilſt this buſineſſe hotly was in hand,
See, but to me what fortune there can fall,
This Conquerors death hath quickly alterd all,

Should I preſume his Prayſes to report,
Thinking thereby to grace his ſo great Name,
My meane indeuours would fall farre too ſhort,
And I too much ſhould but impaire his Fame,
Ile leaue that to ſome ſacred Muſe to tell,
Vpon whoſe Life a Poets Pen might dwell.

Scarce was his Body lap'd vp in the Lead,
Before his dolefull Obſequies were done,
When *Englands* Crowne was ſet on *Edwards* head,
With whom too ſoone my ioyfull dayes begun,
As the black Night at the approching Day,
My former ſorowes vaniſhed away.

Edward Carnaruon calls me from Exile.
Whom *Edward Longſhanks* baniſh'd to his death,
I whom the Father held moſt baſe and vile,
Was to the Sonne as precious as his Breath,
What th'old King writ, the yong King forth did blot,
" Th'aliue's remembred, dead mens words forgot.

The faire Wind wafts me to that wiſh'd-for Place,
And ſets me ſafely on that bleſſed Shore,
From whence I ſeem'd, but baniſh'd for a ſpace,
That my returne might honor'd be the more,
There to my lou'd Lord, happily to leaue me,
Whoſe Armes were caſt wide open to receiue me.

Who would haue ſeene that Noble *Roman* Dame,
O'recome with ioy, giue vp her vitall Breath,
Her Sonne returning ſounded in by fame,
When thankefull *Rome* had mourned for his death,
Might here behold her perſonated right,
At my approch, to my deare *Edwards* ſight.

My *Ione*, now Lord of the Aſcendant is,
In an Aſpect, to promiſe happy ſpeed,
And ſuch on me that influence of his,
As prays'd the Courſe, wherein we did proceed,
Yet moſt prodigious it to ſome appeares,
Telling the Troubles, of enſuing Yeares.

When like to *Midas* all I touch'd was Gold,
Vpon me ſhowr'd, as into *Dana's* Lap,
For, I obtayned any thing I would,
So well had Fortune lotted out my hap,
" For Princes Treaſures like to Oceans are,
" To whom all Riuers naturally repayre.

The Isle of *Man*, the first, to me he gaue,
He could not stay, vntill I would demand,
And to be sure to giue, ere I could craue,
I next receiued from his bounteous Hand,
Faire *Wallingford*, which many yeeres had beene,
The wealthy Dower of *Elianor* the Queene.

Those Summes his Father had beene leuying long,
By Impositions, for the Warre abroad,
Other his Princely benefits among,
At once on me he liberally bestow'd,
When some that saw, how much on me he cast,
Perceiu'd, his wealth could not maintayne his waste.

He gaue me then his Secretaries place,
Thereby to trayne me in affaires of State:
Me in those Roomes that I was in, to grace,
And Earle of *Cornwall* frankly did create,
Besides, in Court more freely to partake me,
Of *England*, he High Chamberlayne did make me.

And to the Royall Bloud me to aly,
(Which did but backe my humour of Ambition)
In Bands of Wedlocke did to me affie,
A Lady of an excellent condition,
Which *Ioane* of *Acres* his deare Sister bare,
To th'Earle of *Gloster*, that right Noble *Clare*.

O blessed Bountie, giuing all content!
The only Fautresse of all Noble Arts,
That lend'st successe to euery good intent,
A grace that rests in the most Godlike Hearts,
By Heauen to none, but happy Soules infused,
Prie it is, that ere thou wast abused.

When

When thoſe here firſt that my Exile procur'd,
Which in my Heart ſtill hated did abide,
As they before, by no meanes mee endur'd,
So were they now impatient of my pride,
" For Emulation euer did attend
" Vpon the Great, and ſhall ſo to the end.

To croſſe whom, into fauour I wrought thoſe,
That from meane Places lifted vp by me,
Being factious Spirits, were fitteſt to oppoſe
Them, that perhaps too powerfull elſe might be,
That againſt Enuie rayſed by my Hand,
Muſt vphold me, to make themſelues to ſtand.

Hauing my Frame ſo cunningly contriu'd,
To boulſter me in my ambitious Wayes,
I ſhew'd the King my hate to be deriu'd,
From thoſe high Honours that he on me layes,
Drawing him on (my courſes to partake)
Still to maintayne what he himſelfe did make.

Thus did my Youth but exerciſe extreames,
My heed was Raſhneſſe to forerunne my Fall,
My Wit but folly, and my Hopes but dreames,
My Counſell ſeru'd my ſelfe but to inthrall,
Abuſing me, but with a vaine Illuſion,
And all together haſting my Confuſion.

When as King *Edward* haſtneth his repaire,
T'eſpouſe the Princeſſe *Iſabell* of *France*,
Daughter to *Philip* that was call'd the *Faire*,
By which he thought his ſtrength much to aduance,
And here at Home to perfect my command,
He left me the protection of the Land,

Giuing me Power ſo abſolute withall,
That I dranke pleaſure in a plentious Cup,
When there was none me to account to call,
All to my Hands ſo freely rendred vp,
That Heauen on me no greater bliſſe could bring,
Except to make me greater then my King.

Thus being got as high as I could clime,
With this abundance beyond meaſure bleſt,
I thought t'imbrace the benefit of Time,
Fully to take what freely I poſſeſt,
" Holding for truth, that he is worſe then mad,
" Fondly to ſpare a Princes wealth that had.

Their counſell then continually I croſt,
As ſcorning their Authoritie and Blood,
And thoſe things that concern'd their Honours moſt,
In thoſe againſt them euermore I ſtood,
And things for publique priuately did ſpend:
To feed my Ryot that could find no end:

Vntill falſe Fortune, like a treacherous Foe,
Which had ſo long attended on my Fall,
In the playne Path wherein I was to goe,
Layd many a baite to trayne me on withall,
Till by her skill ſhee cunningly had brought me
Into the Trap, where ſhee at pleaſure caught me.

Eor when the Barons hotly went in Hand,
With Tilts and Turney's for the Kings returne,
To ſhew the *French* the glorie of the Land,
The fixed Day I labour'd to adiourne,
Till all their charge was laſtly ouerthrowne,
Who could abide no Glorie but mine owne.

Thus

Thus ſought my Fate me forward ſtill to ſet,
As though ſome Engine ſeys'd, me with a ſlight:
One miſchiefe ſoone a Second doth beget,
The Second brings a Third but on too right,
And euery one it ſelfe imployeth wholly,
In their iuſt courſe to proſecute my folly.

For when the Barons found me to retayne,
Th'ambitious courſe wherein I firſt began,
And deeply felt, that vnder my diſdayne,
Into contempt continually they ran,
They tooke vp Armes to remedy their wrong,
Which their cold Spirits had ſuffred but too long;

Me boldly charging to abuſe the King,
A waſtefull Spender of his Wealth and Treaſure,
A ſecret Thiefe of many a ſacred Thing,
And that I led him to vnlawfull Pleaſure,
Who neuer did in any thing delight,
But what might pleaſe my Beſtiall appetite:

That like a ſickneſſe on the Land was ſent,
Whoſe hatefull courſes the chiefe cauſe had beene,
The Common-wealth thus totter'd was and rent,
And worſe and worſe yet euery day foreſeene.
Thus was I ſcandall'd publiquely of many,
Who pitied none, not pitied was of any.

And ſince I thus was match'd by Men of might,
The King, my danger that diſcreetly way'd,
Seeing them to purſue me with ſuch ſpight,
Me into *Ireland* ſecretly conuay'd
Till with my Peeres, my peace he might procure,
Or might my ſafetie otherwiſe aſſure.

Like one whose Houſe remedileſly burning,
Seeing his Goods long heap'd together loſt,
The miſchiefe no whit leſned by his mourning,
Taketh ſome one thing that he loueth moſt,
And to ſome ſure place doth with that retire,
Leauing the reſt to th'mercy of the Fire.

And he that nought to deare for me did deeme.
So it might ſerue to couer my diſgrace,
To make my abſence otherwiſe to ſeeme,
And to the World to beare a fayrer Face,
Leſt my Exile ſuggeſted by their hate,
In *England* here perhaps might wound my State:

By their wiſe Counſell that were him about,
Of *Ireland* he me Deputie doth make,
And caus'd it each-where to be giuen out,
My Iourney therefore thither I did take,
To ſtop their mouth's that gladly would imbrace
The leaſt thing, that might ſound to my diſgrace.

Whereas he ſet me in that Princely ſort,
As in my place might purchaſe me Renowne,
With no leſſe Bountie to maintaine a Court,
Then hourely crau'd th'Reuenues of a Crowne,
Thither his Bountie ſo much did me bring,
That though he raign'd, yet there was I a King.

There were few Weeks, but ſome the Channell croſt
With ſundrie Preſents of a wond'rous price,
Some Iewell that him infinitely coſt,
Or ſome rich Robe of excellent deuice,
That they which ſaw what he vpon me threw,
Well might diſcerne, ſome change muſt needs inſue.

And

And since the Flow me followed in this wise,
The fulnesse I as amply entertaine,
It had beene folly to haue seem'd precise,
To take that, which fell on me like the Raine,
Such as before no Age had euer seene,
And since he was, I thinke, hath seldome beene;

So that, when the bold Barony had found
The cunning vs'd in couering of my flight,
That shifted me but to a surer ground,
On which, they vainely had bestow'd their might,
Perceiu'd farre off, that greater perill rose,
Then they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that striue to stop some swelling Sourse,
(Whose plentie non can comprehend in bounds)
Which climes aboue th'Opposers of his course,
And that which should incircle it, surrounds,
That so innated in it selfe is blest,
That 'tis the more, the more it is depress.

For fearing much the Force I had abroad,
Who knew the way, the *Irish* hearts to win,
They thought me better here to bestow'd,
And for the State more safely farre therein,
Where though my spoile they hop'd not to preuent,
Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiu'd the thought,
And did thereto but seemingly descend,
But that the King immediately it caught,
Nor car'd he by it, what they did intend,
Plot what they could, so he thereby might gayne me,
Once in his Court againe to intertayne me.

What

What is ſo heard, but Maieſtie commands,
Yea, and ſeuerely humbleth with the Eye?
Whoſe very Nod acts with a thouſand Hands,
In it ſuch Vertue ſecretly doth lye,
Hauing t'vphold it, the high power of Fate,
It is Emperious, both o're Loue and Hate.

This King, who no occaſion could neglect,
That ought, me to my happineſſe might win,
Did with ſuch care my buſineſſes effect,
And euer was ſo fortunate therein,
That he to paſſe in little time did bring,
What moſt Men thought to be a doubtfull thing.

When Poſts away with there full Packets went,
Me out of *Ireland* inſtantly to call,
Allow'd of by the generall conſent,
Although not lik'd of inwardly of all,
Yet 'twas ſufficient that it freedome gaue me,
But to here where he deſired to haue me.

My proud Sayles ſwelling with a proſp'rous Wind,
The boyſt'rous Seas did homage to mine Eyes,
And much aboue their vſuall courſe were kind,
All lowring Clouds abandoning the Skies,
Nothing diſcern'd in any Starre to feare me,
Fortune her ſelfe ſate at the Helme to ſtere me.

What time the King a Progreſſe needs would make
Into *North-Wales*, his Natiue Place to ſee,
Which was indeed, but only for my ſake,
Who at *Weſt-Cheſter*, knew to meet with Mee,
And there, with all the State He could deuiſe,
To doe Me honour, in the Peoples eyes.

Where,

Where, for my Landing, long He did prouide,
That nought might want to nouriſh my Delight,
And at each Lodging as along We ride,
He entertaind Me, with ſome pleaſing ſight,
And that the Realme our Friendſhip might report,
We entred *London* in this Royall ſort.

Which prou'd ſharpe Spurres to my vntam'd Deſire,
Lending the Reines to my laſciuious Will,
And put Me forth vpon my full Careere,
On places ſlipperie, and my manage ill,
Small my fore-ſight, and ouer-much my haſte,
Which Me, alas infortunately caſt.

King *Edwards* Eare when hauing at command,
Who ought would haue, He muſt Me entertaine;
And yet before it paſt my gripple hand,
I ſhare the great'ſt part to my priuate gaine,
Nor car'd I what from any I could wring,
So I might Coine into my Coffers bring.

Then daily beg'd I great Monopolies,
Taking the Lands belonging to the Crowne,
Tranſporting all the beſt Commodities,
Vſefull to *England*, needed of her owne,
And baſely ſold all Offices, till then:
The due Reward of wel, deſeruing Men.

And being inconſiderately proud,
Held all things vile that ſuted not my vaine,
Nothing might paſſe, but that which I allow'd,
A great opinion to my wit to gaine,
Giuing vile Termes and Nick-names of Diſgrace,
To Men of great Birth, and of greater Place.

Where.

Whereby brake out that execrable Rage,
Which long before had boyled in their Bloud,
Themſelues by Oath againſt Me they engage,
Who thus had all Authoritie with ſtood,
And in the Quarrell vp their Armes doo take,
Or to marre all, or better it to make.

They durſt affirme my Mother was a Witch,
And in the fire condemned burnt to be,
And I her Sonne, ſo rightly of her pitch,
She had bequeath'd her Sorceries to Me,
Vrging it on, for a moſt certaine thing,
That I by Magicke wrought vpon the King.

And into *France* they charg'd Me to conuay
A goodly Table of pure Maſſie Gold,
A Relike kept in *Windſor* many a day,
Which to King *Arthur* did belong of old,
Vpon whoſe margent, as they did ſurmiſe,
There were ingrauen *Merlins* Propheſies.

And by appealing to the Sea of *Rome*,
They ſoone procur'd a Legate to the Land,
With Malediction, by the Churches doome,
Vpon that Man which on my part ſhould ſtand,
The King ſuſpending, ſhould He not conſent,
To ratifie the Baronies intent.

Which they tō purpoſe proſp'rouſly effect,
Then at full ſtrength, to counterpoyſe his force,
Hauing withall the Clergie to direct,
Them the beſt way, in their reſiſtleſſe courſe,
Till at the laſt King *Edward* they procure,
By ſolemne Oath Me euer to abiure.

The

Th'vncertaine iſſue of each earthly thing,
Set out moſt liuely in my ſtar-croſt State,
That doth remaine in Fortunes managing,
Appearing in my variable Fate:
On Me that frown'd and flatt'red Me ſo oft,
Caſting Me downe, then ſetting Me aloft.

To *Flanders* then my preſent courſe I caſt,
Which as the fair'ſt ſo fitteſt for my eaſe:
" That way is ſaf'ſt that ſoneſt can be paſt,
All, not my Friends, that were abroad at Seas,
Such Friends in *France*, they daily did procure,
That there my Selfe I doubted to ſecure.

Where though I chang'd my Habit and my Name,
Hoping thereby to liue vnknowne to any;
Yet ſwift Report had ſo divulg'd my Shame,
My hatefull Life was publiſh'd to too many,
That as I paſt through euery Street along,
I was the Tale of euery common Tongue.

From whence I found a ſecret meanes, to haue
Intelligence with my kind Lord the King,
Who fail'd no Mon'th, but He Me notice gaue,
What the proud Barons had in managing,
And labour'd then, as He had done before,
Me into *England* ſafely to reſtore.

For which relying on my Soueraignes Loue,
To whom as Life I had beene euer deare,
Which ne'r then now, I had more need to proue,
Who ſtroue t'obtaine, if any meane there were,
A Diſpenſation for His former Oath,
In their deſpight that thereto ſeem'd moſt loth.

Which

Which long debating, We reſolu'd at length,
Since I by Marriage ſtrongly was alli'd,
I at this pinch ſhould ſtand vpon my ſtrength,
And ſhould for *England*, hap what could betyde,
And in a Ship that for my Paſſage lay,
Thither my Selfe to ſecretly conuay.

Where ſafely landed on the wiſhed Shore,
With ſpeed to Court I cloſely Me betooke,
Yet gaue the King Intelligence before,
About what time, He there for Me ſhould looke,
Who was deuiſing when I ſhould arriue,
The ſureſt way, my ſafety to contriue.

Which the Lords finding, whilſt their bloud was hot,
That to themſelues then onely were to truſt,
For what before was done, auail'd them not,
And for my ſake, they found the King vniuſt,
Bringing thereby, whilſt trifling they doe ſtand,
Spoile on themſelues, and perill on the Land.

Who was ſo dull, that did not then diſtaſte,
That thus the King His Nobles ſhould neglect?
And thoſe in Court, We for our purpoſe plac'd,
Gaue vs iuſt cauſe their dealings to ſuſpect,
And they that view'd Vs with the pleaſed'ſt Eye,
Yet at our Actions often look'd awry.

Which made King *Edward* preſently prouide
A choſen Conuoy of His cheſeſt Friends,
To guard Me ſafe to *Yorke*, to be ſupply'd
With Forraine Succours, and to *Scotland* ſends,
To Warlike *Baliol*, and to *Wales*, from whence,
He hop'd for Power to fruſtrate their preſence.

But

But they His Agents, quickly intercept,
Not then to ſeeke, in ſo well-knowne a thing,
And both the *Marches* they ſo ſtrictly kept,
That none could enter to aſſiſt the King,
Only to chaſtiſe my abhorred ſinne,
Who had the Cauſe of all theſe Troubles bin.

Thus like a Ship deſpoiled of her Sailes,
Shoou'd by the Wind againſt the ſtreamfull tyde,
This way the one, that way the other hales,
Now tow'rds this Shore, and now tow'rds that doth ryde,
As that poore Veſſell's ſuch my brittle ſtay,
The neerer Land, the neerer caſt away.

Thou Kingdomes Corſiue, home-begotten Hate,
In any Limits neuer that waſt bounded,
When didſt thou yet ſeize vpon any State,
By Thee that was not vtterly confounded?
How many Empires be there that doe rue Thee?
Happie the World was till too well it knew Thee.

Thus of all ſuccour vtterly bereft,
Only ſome ſmall force that We had at Sea,
For vs to truſt to, Fortune had vs left,
On which our Hopes, vpon this Vpcaſt lay,
Which We to haſten ſpeedily doe make,
Our former Courſes, forced to forſake.

Our preſent perill hapning to be ſo,
That did for aide importunately call,
Wherefore in *Yorke*, as ſafeſt from the Foe,
He left Me to the keeping of the Wall,
Till His Returne Me further aide might giue,
Whom more and more, He ſtudied to releeue.

The

The Barons then from *Bedford* ſetting on,
Th'appointed *Randy* where they gath'red head,
When they had notice that the King was gone,
Tow'rds *Yorkeſhire* with celeritie them ſped,
To ſeize my Perſon purpoſed that were,
Whoſe preſence elſe might make them to forbeare.

When leauing *Yorke*, to *Scarborough* I poſt,
With that ſmall Force, the Citie had to lend Me,
The ſtrongeſt Fort, that ſtood vpon the Coaſt,
And of all other likeſt to defend Me,
Which at the worſt, from whence in their Deſpight,
The Hils at hand might priuiledge my Flight.

But they which kept the Countrey round about,
Vpon each paſſage ſet to watchfull Spies,
Of well-wall'd *Yorke* that I was ſcarſly out,
But on their light-Horſe after Me they riſe,
And ſuddenly they in vpon Me came,
Ere I had time to get into the ſame.

Thence with intent tow'rds *Oxford* to conuay Me,
When by the way, as Birds doe at the Owle,
Some wondred at Me, ſome againe did bay me,
As hungrie Woluesat Paſſengers doe howle:
Each one reioycing that I thus was caught,
Who on the Land theſe Miſeries had brought.

Conducted thus to *Dedington* at laſt,
Where th'Earle of *Pembrooke* will'd Me to be ſtay'd,
To vnderſtand before they further paſt,
What by the King could on my ſide be ſayd,
About this Buſineſſe, and towards *Edward* went,
T'acquaint Him with the generall intent,

But

But th'Earle of *Warwicke* (lying but too neere)
The Dogge of *Arden* that I vs'd to call,
Who mortall Hatred did Me euer beare,
He whom I most suspected of them all,
Thither repayring with His powerfull Band.
Seized vpon Me with a violent hand.

To *Warwicke* Castle carrying Me along.
(Where He had long desired Me to get)
With Friends and Tenants absolutely strong,
Whom all the puisant Baronie abet,
Which, since occasion offred them such hold,
Hasten my Death by all the meanes they could.

North from the Towne, a mile, or very neere,
A little Hill in publike view doth lye,
That's called *Blacklow*, of the Dwellers there,
Neere to the ancient Hermitage of *Guy*,
To which, the Lords Me as a Traytor led,
And on a Scaffold tooke away my Head.

My Life and Fortunes liuely thus expreſt,
In the ſad Tenor of my Tragique Tale,
Let Me returne to the faire fields of reſt,
Thither tranſported with a proſperous gale,
And leaue the World my Deſtinie to view,
Bidding it thus eternally adiew.

FINIS.

THE LEGEND OF GREAT *CROMWELL.*

AWak'd, and trembling betwixt Rage and Dread
With the lowd ſlander (by the impious Time)
That of my Actions euery-where is ſpread,
Through which to honour falſly I ſhould clime:
From the ſad dwelling of th'vntimely dead,
To quit Me of that Execrable Crime,
Cromwell appeares his wretched plight to ſhew,
Much that can tell, as one that much did know,

Roughly not made vp in the common mould,
That with that vulgar vilely I ſhould die,
What thing ſo ſtrange of *Cromwell* is not told?
What man more prays'd? Who more condemn'd then I?
That with the World when I am waxed old,
Moſt 'twere vnfit that Fame of Me ſhould lie,
With Fable s vaine my Hiſtorie to fill,
Forcing my good, excuſing of my Ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated Name,
Your ancient Malice instantly bewray,
And for my sake your ill-deserued Blame,
Vpon my Legend publikely shall lay;
Would you forbeare to blast Me with Defame,
Might I so meane a priuiledge but pray,
He that three Ages had endur'd your wrong,
Heare Him a little who hath heard you long.

Since *Romes* sad Ruine here by Me began,
Who Her Religion pluckt vp by the Root,
Of the false World such Hate for which I wan,
Which still at Me her poisned'st Darts doth shoot;
That to excuse it, doe the best I can,
Little, I feare my labour Me will boot
Yet will I speake my troubled Heart to ease,
Much to the Minde, Her selfe it is to please.

O powerfull Number, from whose stricter Law,
Heart-mooving Musike did receiue the Ground
Which Man to faire Ciuility did draw,
With the bruite Beast when lawlesse He was found:
O, if according to the wiser Saw,
There be a high Diuinitie in sound,
Be now abundant prosp'rously to aide
The Pen prepar'd, my doubtfull Cate to plead.

Putney the Place made blessed by my birth,
Whose meanest Cottage simply Me did shrowd,
To Me as deerest of the *English* Earth;
So of my bringing that poore Village proud,
Though in a time when neuer lesse the death
Of happie Wits, yet Mine so well allow'd,
That with the best She boldly durst prefer
Me, that my breath acknowledged from Her.

Twice flow'd proud *Thames* as at my coming wood,
Striking the wondring Bord'rers with Feare,
And the pale *Genius* of that aged floud,
To my ſicke Mother labouring did appeare,
And with a Countenance much diſtracted ſtood,
Threatning the Fruit Her pained Wombe ſhould beare:
My ſpeedy Birth being added thereunto,
Seem'd to fore-tell, that much I came to doe.

Who was reſerued for thoſe worſer daies,
As the great Ebbe vnto ſo long a Flow,
When what thoſe Ages formerly did raiſe.
This, when I liu'd, did laſtly ouerthrow,
And that great'ſt Labour of the World did ſeize,
Only for which immedicable Blow
Due to that Time, Me dooming Heauen ordain'd,
Wherein Confuſion abſolutely raign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious Signe,
Often Predictions of moſt fearefull things
As Plagues, or Warre, or great Men to decline,
Riſing of Commons, or the Death of Kings;
But ſome ſtrange Newes though euer it diuine,
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,
Vntill th'effects Men afterward did learne,
To know that Me it chiefly did concerne.

Whilſt yet my Father by His painfull Traid,
Whoſe labour'd Anuile only was His Fee,
Whom my great tow'rdneſſe ſtrongly did perſwade,
In knowledge to haue educated Mee:
But Death did Him vnluckily inuade,
Ere He the fruits of His Deſire could ſee,
Leauing Me young, then little that did know
How Me the Heauens had purpos'd to beſtow.

Hope

Hopeleſſe as helpleſſe moſt might Me ſuppoſe,
Whoſe meanneſſe ſeem'd their abiect breath to draw:
Yet did my Breſt that glorious fire incloſe,
Which their dull purblind Ignorance not ſaw,
Which ſtill is ſettled vpon outward Showes,
The Vulgars iudgement euer is ſo raw,
Which the vnworthieſt ſottiſhly doe loue,
In their owne Region properly that moue.

Yet Me my Fortune ſo could not diſguiſe,
But through this Cloud were ſome that did Me know,
Which then the reſt, more happie or more wiſe,
Me did relieue when I was driuen low,
Which as the ſtayres by which I firſt did riſe,
When to my height I afterward did grow,
Them to requite, my Bounties were ſo hie,
As made my Fame through euery Eare to flie.

That height and Godlike puritie of Minde,
Reſteth not ſtill, where Titles moſt adorne
With any, nor peculiarly confinde
To Names, and to be limited doth ſcorne:
Man doth the moſt degenerate from kinde,
" Richeſt and pooreſt both alike are borne;
" And to be alwaies pertinently good,
" Followes not ſtill the greatneſſe of our Bloud,

Pitie it is, that to one vertuous Man
That Marke him lent, to Gentrie to aduance,
Which firſt by Noble induſtrie he wan,
His baſer Iſſue after ſhould inhance,
And the rude Slaue not any good that can,
Such ſhould thruſt downe by what is his by chance:
As had not He beene firſt that him did raiſe,
Ne'r had his great Heire wrought his Grandſires praiſe.

How weake art thou that makeſt it thy end,
To heape ſuch worldly Dignities on thee,
When vpon Fortune only they depend,
And by her changes gouerned muſt bee?
Beſides the dangers ſtill that ſuch attend,
Liuel'eſt of all Men pourtrayed out in mee,
When That, for which I hated was of all,
Soon'ſt from me fled, ſcarce tarrying for my fall.

You that but boaſt your Anceſtors proud Stile,
And the large Stem whence your vaine Greatneſſe grew,
When you your ſelues are ignorant and vile,
Nor glorious Thing dare actually purſue,
That all good Spirits would vtterly exile,
Doubting their worth ſhould elſe diſcouer you,
Giuing your ſelues vnto Ignoble things;
Baſe I proclaime you, though deriu'd from Kings.

Vertue, but poore, *God* in this Earth doth place,
'Gainſt the rude World to ſtand vp in his right,
To ſuffer ſad affliction and diſgrace,
Not ceaſing to purſue her with deſpight:
Yet when of all ſhee is accounted baſe,
And ſeeming in moſt miſerable plight,
Out of her Power new Life to her doth take,
Leaſt then diſmayd, when all doe her forſake.

That is the Man of an vndaunted ſpirit,
For her deare ſake that offereth him to dye,
For whom, when him the World doth diſinherit,
Looketh vpon it with a pleaſed Eye,
What's done for Vertue thinking it doth merit,
Daring the proudeſt menaces defie,
More worth thē Life, how ere the baſe World rate him,
Belou'd of Heauen, although the Earth doth hate him.

Iniu-

Iniurious Time, vnto the Good vniuſt,
O! how may weake Poſteritie ſuppoſe
Euer to haue their merit from the Duſt,
'Gainſt them thy partialitie that knowes!
To thy report, O who ſhalt euer truſt,
Triumphant arches building vnto thoſe,
Allow'd the longeſt memorie to haue,
That were the moſt vnworthy of a Graue!

But my cleere mettle had that powerfull heate,
As it not turn'd with all that Fortune could:
Nor when the World me terribleſt did threat,
Could win that place, which my high thoughts did hold,
That waxed ſtill more proſperouſly great,
The more the World me ſtroue to haue controll'd,
On mine owne Columnes conſtantly to ſtand,
Without the falſe helpe of anothers Hand.

My Youthfull courſe thus wiſely did I ſteere,
T'auoid thoſe Rocks my wracke that elſe did threat:
Yet ſome faire Hopes from farre did ſtill appeare,
If that too much my wants did me not let:
Wherefore my Selfe aboue my Selfe to beare,
Still as I grew, I knowledge ſtroue to get,
To perfect that which in the Embryon was,
Whoſe Birth, I found, Time well might bring to paſſe.

But when my meanes to faile me I did find,
My ſelfe to Trauell preſently I tooke,
For 'twas diſtaſtefull to my Noble mind,
That the vile World into my wants ſhould looke,
Being beſides induſtriouſly inclinde,
To meaſure others Actions with my Booke,
My Iudgement more to rectifie thereby,
In matters that were difficult and hye.

When, loe, it hapt, that Fortune as my Guide,
Of me did with ſuch prouidence diſpoſe,
That th' *Engliſh* Merchants then, who did reſide
At *Antwerpe*, me their Secretarie choſe,
(As though in me to manifeſt her pride)
Whence to thoſe Principalities I roſe,
To plucke me downe, whence afterward ſhee fear'd,
Beyond her Power, that almoſt ſhee had rear'd.

When firſt the wealthy *Netherlands* me trayn'd,
In wiſe Commerce moſt proper to that Place,
And from my Countrie carefully me wayn'd,
As with the World it meant to winne me Grace,
Where great experience happily I gayn'd;
Yet here I ſeem'd but tutor'd for a ſpace,
For high imployment otherwiſe ordayn'd.
Till which, the Time I idlely entertayn'd.

For *Boſton* buſineſſe hotly then in hand,
The charge thereof on *Chambers* being layd,
Comming to *Flanders*, hapt to vnderſtand
Of me, whom he requeſted him to ayd;
Of which, when I the benefit had ſcand,
Weighing what time at *Antwerpe* I had ſtayd,
Sooneſt me wonne fare *Italy* to trie,
Vnder a cheerefull and more luckie skie:

For what the meaneſt cleerely makes to ſhine,
Youth, Wit, and Courage, all in me concurre:
In euery proiect, that ſo powerfull Trine,
By whoſe kind working brauely I did ſturre,
Which to each high and glorious deſigne
(The Time could offer) freely did me ſpurre,
As forcing Fate, ſome new thing to prepare,
(Shewing ſucceſſe) t'attempt that could me dare

Wher

Where now my Spirit got roomth it ſelfe to ſhow,
To the fayr'ſt pitch to make a gallant flight,
From things that too much earthly were and low,
Strongly attracted by a Genuine light,
Where higher ſtill it euery day did grow;
And being in ſo excellent a plight,
Crau'd but occaſion happily to proue,
How much it ſate each vulgar Spirit aboue.

The good ſucceſſe th'affaires of *England* found,
Much prays'd the choice of me that had beene made:
For where moſt Men the depth durſt hardly ſound,
I held it nothing boldly through to wade,
My ſelfe, and through the ſtraiteſt wayes I woond.
So could I act, ſo well I could perſwade,
As meerely Iouiall in my ſelfe was I,
Compos'd of freedome and alacritie.

Not long it was ere *Rome* of me did ring
(Hardly ſhall *Rome* ſo full dayes ſee agen)
Of Freemens Catches to the Pope I ſing,
Which wan much licence to my Countrimen,
Thither, the which I was the firſt did bring,
That were vnknowne to *Italy* till then:
Light humours, them when iudgement doth direct,
Euen of the Wiſe winne plauſible reſpect.

And thoſe, from home that Penſions were allow'd,
And there did for Intelligence remayne,
Vnder my power themſelues were glad to ſhrowd,
Ruſſell and *Pace*, yea, oftentimes were fayne,
When as their Names they durſt not haue auow'd,
Me into their Societie t'retayne,
Riſing before me, Mightie as they were,
Great though at home, yet did they need me there.

In

In forraine parts neere Friends I yet forſake,
That had before beene deeply bound to mee,
And would againe I vſe of them ſhould make,
But ſtill my Starres command I ſhould be free,
And all thoſe offers lightly from me ſhake,
Which to requite, I fettred elſe might bee;
And though that oft great perils me oppung,
And meanes were weake, my mind was euer ſtrong.

Yet thoſe great wants, Fate to my Youth did tye,
Me from the pompe of thoſe Countries driue,
Thereby inforc'd with painfull induſtrie,
Againſt affliction manfully to ſtriue,
Vnder her burthen faintly not to lye:
But ſince my good I hardly muſt deriue,
Into the ſame I thought to make my way,
Through all the Power againſt me ſhee could lay.

As a Comedian and my life I led,
For ſo a while my need did me conſtraine,
With other my poore Countrimen (that plai'd)
Thither that came in hope of better gaine:
Whereas when Fortune ſeem'd me low to tread
Vnder her feete, ſhee ſet me vp againe,
Vntill her vſe bad me her not to feare,
Her good and ill that patiently could beare.

Till *Charles* the fift th'Emperiall Power did bend
'Gainſt *Rome*, which *Burbon* skilfully did guide,
Which faſt-declining *Italy* did rend;
For th'Right that him her Holineſſe denide,
Wholly her ſelfe inforced to defend
'Gainſt him that iuſtly puniſhed her pride,
To which my ſelfe I laſtly did betake,
To ſee thereof what fortune meant to make.

And

And at the ſiege with that great Generall ſeru'd,
When he firſt girt her ſtubborne waſte with ſteele,
Within her Walls who well-neere being ſtaru'd,
And that with faintneſſe ſhee began to reele,
Shewing her ſelfe a little as ſhee ſwaru'd:
Firſt her then noting I began to feele,
Shee, whoſe great power ſo farre abroad did roame,
What in her ſelfe ſhee truely was at home.

That the great Schoole of the falſe World was then,
Where her's their ſubtill practices did vie,
Amongſt that mightie confluence of Men,
French plots propt vp by *Engliſh* policie,
The *German* powers, falſe ſhuffling, and agen
All contermin'd by skilfull *Italy*,
Each one in poſſibilitie to win,
Great reſts were vp, and mightie hands were in.

Here firſt to worke my buſie brayne was ſet,
(My inclination finding it to pleaſe
This ſtirring World which ſtrongly ſtill did whet)
To temper in ſo dangerous aſſayes,
Which did ſtrange formes of policies beget;
Beſides in times ſo turbulent as theſe,
Whereto my ſtudies wholly I did bend
To that which then, the wiſeſt made their end:

And my experience happily me taught
Into the ſecrets of thoſe Times to ſee,
From whence to *England* afterward I brought
Thoſe ſlights of State deliu'red there to mee,
In t'which there then were very few that ſought,
Nor did with th'humour of that age agree,
Which after did moſt fearefull things effect,
Whoſe ſecret working few did then ſuſpect.

When

When though 'twere long, it hapned yet at laſt,
Some Hopes me homeward ſecretly allur'd,
When many perils ſtrangely I had paſt,
As many ſad calamities endur'd:
Beyond the Moone, when I began to caſt,
By my rare parts what place might be procur'd,
If they at home were to the Mightie knowne,
How they would ſeeme compared with their owne.

Or if that there the Great ſhould me neglect,
As I the worſt that vainely did not feare,
To my experience how to gayne reſpect
In other Countries that do hold it deare,
I no occaſion vainely did reiect,
Whil'ſt ſtill before me other riſing were,
And ſome themſelues had mounted to the skie,
Little before vnlike to thriue as I.

When now in *England* Bigamie with blood
Lately begot by Luxurie and Pride,
In their great'ſt fulneſſe peremptorie ſtood;
Some that thoſe courſes diligently ey'd,
Slily were fiſhing in that troubled Flood,
For future changes wiſely to prouide,
Finding the World ſo rankely then to ſwell,
That till it brake, it neuer could be well.

But floting long vpon my firſt arriue,
Whil'ſt many doubts me ſeemed to appall,
Like to a Barke that with the Tide doth driue,
Hauing nought left to faſten it withall,
Thus with the Time by ſuffring I doe ſtriue
Into what Harbour doubtfull yet to fall;
Vntill inforc'd to put it to the chance,
Caſting the fair'ſt, my fortune to aduance.

Making

Making my ſelfe to mightie *Woolſey* knowne,
That *Atlas*, which the gouernement vpſtay'd,
Who from meane place in little time was growne
Vp to him, which that weight vpon him lay'd,
And being got the neereſt to his Throne,
He the more eaſly this great Kingdome ſway'd,
Leaning thereon his wearied ſelfe to breath,
Whil'ſt euen the Greateſt fat him farre beneath.

Where learned *More* and *Gardiner* I met,
Men, in thoſe Times, immatchable for wit,
Able that were the dulleſt Spirit to whet,
And did my humour excellently fit,
Into their Ranke and worthily did get
There as their proud Competitor to ſit.
" One Excellence to many is the Mother,
" Wits doe, as Creatures, one beget another.

This Founder of the Palaces of Kings,
Whoſe Veine with more then vſuall Spirit were fild,
A Man ordayned to the mightiſt Things,
In *Oxford* then determining to build
To *Chriſt* a Colledge, and together brings
All that thereof the great Foundation wills,
There me imployes, whoſe induſtrie he found
Worthy to worke vpon the nobleſt Ground.

Yet in the entrance wiſely did he feare
Coyne might fall ſhort, yet with this worke on fire,
Wherefore ſuch Houſes as Religious were,
Whoſe being no neceſſitie require,
But that the greater very well might beare,
From *Rome* the Card'nall cunningly did hire,
Winning withall his Soueraigne to conſent,
It colouring with ſo Holy an intent.

This

This like a ſymptome to a long diſeaſe,
Was the forerunner to this mightie Fall,
And but too vnaduiſedly did ceaze
Vpon the part that ruinated all,
Which, had the Worke beene of ſo many dayes,
And more againe, recouer hardly ſhall:
But, loe, it ſunke, which Time did long vphold,
Where now it lyes euen leuell'd with the mold.

Thus, thou great *Rome*, here firſt waſt ouerthrowne,
Thy future harmes that blindly couldſt not ſee,
And in this worke they only were thine owne,
Whoſe knowledge lent that deadly wound to thee,
Which to the World before had they not ſhowne,
Ne're had thoſe ſecrets beene deſcry'd by mee,
Nor by thy wealth ſo many from the plow,
Worne thoſe high Types wherein they flouriſh now.

For which, my Maſter *Woolſey* mighs and mayne,
Into ſuch fauour with the King me brought,
Tow'rds whom my ſelfe ſo well I did demeane,
As that I ſeem'd to exerciſe his thought,
And his great liking ſtrongly did retayne,
With what before that Card'nall had me taught,
From whoſe example, by thoſe Cells but ſmall,
Sprang the ſubuerſion laſtly of them all.

Yet many a let was caſt into the way,
Wherein I ranne ſo ſteadily and right,
And many a ſnare my Aduerſaries lay, (ſlight,
Much wrought they with their power, much with their
Wiſely perceiuing that my ſmalleſt ſtay
Fully requir'd the vtmoſt of their might,
To my aſcendant haſting then to clime,
There as the firſt predomining the time.

Knowing

Knowing what wealth me earneſtly did woo,
Which I through *Woolſey* hapned had to find,
And could the Path moſt perfectly vnto,
The King thereafter earneſtly inclin'd,
Seeing beſides what after I might doe,
If ſo great Power me fully were aſſign'd,
By all their meanes againſt me ſtrongly wrought,
Lab'ring as faſt to bring their Church to nought.

Whil'ſt to the King continually I ſue,
And in this buſineſſe faithfully did ſtirre,
Strongly t'approue my iudgement to be true,
'Gainſt thoſe who moſt ſuppoſed me to erre,
Nor the leaſt meanes which any way I knew
Might grace me, or my purpoſes preferre
Did I omit, till I had wonne his Eare,
Moſt that me mark'd, when leaſt he ſeem'd to heare.

This wound to them thus violently giuen,
Enuy, at me her ſharpeſt Darts did roue,
Affecting the Supremacy of Heauen,
As the firſt Gyants warring againſt *Ioue*,
Heap'd Hills on Hills, the Gods till they had driuen,
The meaneſt Shapes of Earthly things to proue:
So muſt I ſhift from them that 'gainſt me roſe,
Mortall their hate, as mightie were my Foes.

But their great force againſt Me wholly bent,
Preuail'd vpon my purpoſes ſo farre,
That I my Ruine ſcarſly could preuent,
So momentarie worldly Fauours are,
That till the vtmoſt of their ſpight was ſpent,
Had not my ſpirit maintain'd a manly Warre,
Riſen they had, when I had layne full low,
Vpon whoſe Ruine after I did grow,

When

When the Great King, their ſtrange Reports that tooke
Who as pernicious as they potent were,
And at the faire growth of my Fortune ſtrooke,
Whoſe deadly Malice blame Me not to feare,
Me at the firſt ſo violently ſhooke,
That they this frame were likely downe to beare,
If Reſolution with a ſettled Brow,
Had not vpheld my peremptorie Vow.

Yet theſe Encounters thruſt Me not awry,
Nor could my Courſes force Me to forſake,
After this Shipwracke I againe muſt try,
Some happier Voyage hopefull ſtill to make:
The Plots that barren long we ſee doe lie,
Some fitting Seaſon plentifully take.
" One fruitfull Harueſt frankly doth reſtore
" What many Winters hindred haue before.

That to account I ſtrictly call my Wit,
How it this while had managed my State,
My Soule in counſell ſummoning to ſit,
If poſſible to turne the courſe of Fate,
For wayes there be the greateſt things to hit,
If Men could find the peremptorie gate,
And ſince I once e was got ſo neere the Brincke.
More then before, 'twould grieue Me now to ſinke.

Ruſſell, whoſe Life (ſome ſaid) that I had ſau'd
In *Italy* one that Me fauoured moſt,
And Reuerend *Hayles*, who but occaſion crau'd
To ſhew his Loue, no leſſe that I had coſt,
Who to the King perceiuing Me diſgrac'd,
Whoſe fauour I vnluckily had loſt,
Both with Him great, a foot ſet in withall,
If not to ſtay, to quallifie my Fall.

High

High their regard, yet higher was their hap;
Well-neere quite ſunk, recouer Me that could.
And once more get me into Fortunes Lap,
Which well my ſelfe might teach Me there to hold;
Eſcap'd out of ſo dangerous a trap,
Whoſe prayſe by Me to Ages ſhall be told,
As the two props by which I only roſe,
When moſt ſuppreſt, moſt trod on by my Foes.

This Me to vrge the Premunire wonne,
Ordain'd in Matters dangerous and hie,
In t'which the heedleſſe Prelacie were runne,
That backe vnto the Papacie did flie,
Sworne to that Sea, and what before was done,
Due to the King, diſpenſed were thereby,
In t'which firſt entring offred Me the Meane,
That to throw downe, alreadie that did leane.

This was to Me that ouer-flowing Sourſe,
From whence His Bounties plentifully ſpring,
Whoſe ſpeedie currant with vnuſuall forte
Bare Me into the Boſome of the King,
By putting Him into that readie courſe,
Which ſoone to paſſe His Purpoſes might bring,
Where thoſe which late imperiouſly contrould Me,
Strooke pale with feare, ſtood trembling to behold Me,

When State to Me thoſe Ceremonies ſhow'd,
That to ſo great a Fauourite were due,
And Fortune ſtill with Honours did Me load,
As though no meane, She in me riſing knew,
Or Heauen to Me, more then to Man had ow'd,
(What to the World vnheard of was and new,)
And was to other ſparing of her ſtore,
Till She could giue, or I could aske no more.

Thoſe high Preferments He vpon Me laid,
To make the World Me publikely to know,
Were ſuch, in iudgement rightly being wai'd,
Seemed too great for Me to vndergoe,
Nor could His Hand from powring on be ſtai'd,
Vntill I ſo abundantly did flow,
That looking downe whence lately I was clome,
Danger bad Feare, if further I ſhould rome.

For firſt from Knighthood riſing in degree,
The Office of the Iewell-houſe my lot,
After, the Rolles he frankly gaue to Me,
From whence a Priuie Counſeller I got,
Then of the Garter: and then Earle to be
Of *Eſſex*: yet ſufficient theſe weare not,
But to the greate Vicegerencie I grew,
Being a Title as Supreme as new.

So well did Me theſe Dignities befit,
And Honour ſo Me euery way became,
As more then Man, I had beene made for it,
Or as from Me it had deriu'd the Name:
Where was he found? whoſe loue I not requit,
Beyond His owne imaginarie aime,
Which had Me ſuccor'd neerely being driuen,
As things to Me that idly were not giuen?

What Tongue ſo ſlow, the Tale ſhall not report
Of Hoſpitable *Friſcobald* and Mee,
And ſhew in how reciprocall a ſort
My thankes did with his Courteſie agree,
When as my Meanes in *Italy* were ſhort,
That Me relieu'd, I leſſe that would not bee,
When I of *England*, was Vicegerent made,
His former Bounties lib'rally repaid?

The

The manner briefly gentler *Muſe* relate,
Since oft before it wiſely hath beene told,
The ſudden change of vnauoided Fate,
That famous Merchant reuerend *Friſcobald*,
Grew poore, and the ſmall remnant of His State,
Was certaine Goods to *England* He had ſold,
Which in the hands of Creditors but bad,
Small hope to get, yet leſſer Meanes He had.

Hither His Wants Him forcibly conſtrain'd,
Though with long trauell both by Land and Seas;
Led by this Hope, that only now remaind.
Whereon His Fortune finally He layes,
And if He found that Friendſhip here were fain'd
Yet at the worſt it better ſhould Him pleaſe,
Farre out of ſight, to periſh here vnknowne,
Then vnrelieu'd be pitied of His Owne.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd *Weſtminſter* did ride,
'Mongſt the great concourſe paſſing to and fro;
An aged Man I happily eſpide,
Whoſe outward lookes much inward griefe did ſhow,
Which made Me note Him, and the more I ey'd
Him, Me thought more preciſely I ſhould know;
Reuoluing long, it came into My minde,
This was the Man to Me had beene ſo kinde.

Was therewithall ſo ioyed with His ſight,
(With the deare ſight of His ſo reuerend Face)
That I could ſcarſly keepe Me from t'alight,
And in mine armes Him kindly to embrace;
Weighing yet (well) what ſome imagine might,
He being a Stranger, and the publike place,
Checkt my affection, till ſome fitter houre,
On Him my Loue effectually might ſhowre.

Neuer, quoth I, was Fortune ſo vniuſt,
As to doe wrong to thy moſt Noble Heart,
What Man ſo wicked could betray the truſt
Of one ſo vpright, of ſo good deſert?
And though obey Neceſſitie thou muſt,
As when th'waſt great'ſt the ſame to Me thou art,
Let Me alone the laſt be left of all,
That from the reſt declin'd not with thy Fall.

And calling to a Gentleman of mine,
Wiſe and diſcreet that well I knew to bee,
Shew'd Him that Stranger, whoſe deiected Eyne,
Fixt on the Earth, ne'r once lookt vp at Mee,
Bid yonder Man come home to Me and dine
(Quoth I) beſpeake Him reuerently you ſee,
Scorne not His Habit, little canſt thou tell,
How rich a Minde in thoſe meane Rags doth dwell.

He with my Name that kindly did him greet,
Slowly caſt vp His deadly-mouing Eye,
That long time beene had fixed on His feet,
To looke no higher then His Miſerie,
Thinking Him more Calamitie did greete,
Or that I had ſuppoſed Him ſome Spie,
With a deep ſigh that from His heart He drew,
Quoth He, His Will accompliſht be by you.

My Man departed, and the Meſſage done,
He whoſe ſad Heart a ſtrange Impreſſion ſtrooke,
To thinke vpon this accident begunne,
And on Himſelfe ſuſpiciouſly to looke,
Into all doubts He fearfully doth runne,
Oft Himſelfe cheering, oft himſelfe forſooke:
Strangely perplext, He to my Houſe doth come,
Not knowing why iudg'd, nor dreading yet his doome.

My

My Seruants ſet His comming to attend,
That were therein not common for their skill,
Whoſe vſage yet the former did amend:
He hop'd not good, nor guiltie was of ill,
But as a Man whoſe thoughts were at an end,
Fortune (quoth He) then worke on Me thy will:
Wiſer then Man I thinke He were that knew,
Whence this may come or what will it enſue.

His Honour'd preſence ſo did me inflame,
That being then in preſence of my Peeres,
I ſdaigned not to meete Him as He came,
(That very hardly could containe my teares)
Kindly ſalute Him call Him by His name,
And oft together aske Him how He cheeres;
Which ſtill along maintaining the extreame,
The Man thought ſure, He had beene in a Dreame.

At length to wake Him gently I began
With this demand, If once He did not know
One *Thomas Cromwell*, a poore Engliſhman,
By Him reliu'd when He was driuen low?
When I perceiu'd He my remembrance wan.
Yet with His teares it ſilently did ſhow:
I wept for woe, to ſee mine Oaſt diſtreſt:
But He for ioy, to ſee His happie Gheſt.

Him to the Lords I publiſht by my praiſe,
And at my Table carefully Him ſet,
Recounting them the many ſundrie wayes.
I was to this good Gentleman in debt,
How great He was in *Florence* in thoſe dayes,
With all that Grace or Reuerence Him might get:
Which all the while yet ſilently He heares,
Moiſting, among, His Viands with His teares.

And to lend fulneſſe laſtly to His Fate,
Great Summes I gaue Him, and what was His due,
Made knowne, my Selfe became His Aduocate,
And at my Charge His Creditors I ſue,
Recouering Him vnto His former State:
Thus He the World began by Me anew,
That ſhall to all Poſteritie expreſſe
His honor'd Bountie, and My Thankfulneſſe.

But *Muſe* recount, before thou further paſſe,
How this great change ſo quickly came about,
And what the cauſe of this ſad downfall was,
In euery part the ſpacious Realme throughout,
Being effected in ſo little ſpace,
Leaue not thereof Poſteritie to doubt,
That to the World obſcured elſe may bee,
If in this place reuealed not by Thee.

If the whole Land did on the Church relie,
Hauing full Power Kings to acount to call,
That to the World red only Policie,
Beſides Heauens Keyes to ſtop or let in all,
Let Me but know from Her Supremacie
How She ſhould come ſo ſuddenly to fall:
'Twas more then Chance ſure put a hand thereto,
That had the power ſo great a thing to doe.

Or ought there were had biding vnder Sunne,
Who would haue thought thoſe Edifices great,
Which firſt Religion holily begunne,
The Church approu'd, and Wiſdome richly ſeat,
Deuotion nouriſh'd, Faith allowance wonne,
With what might make them any way compleat,
Should in their Ruines laſtly buryed lye,
But that begunne and ended from the Skye?

And

And the King late obedient to Her Lawes,
Againſt the Clerke of *Germanie* had writ,
As He that firſt ſtirr'd in the Churches cauſe,
Againſt Him greatlieſt that oppugned it,
And wanne from Her ſo gretfull an applauſe,
Then in Her Fauour chiefly that did ſit,
That as the prop, whereon She onely ſtay'th,
Him She inſtil'd *Defender Of The Faith.*

But not their Power, whoſe Wiſdomes ſhe did place,
In the firſt ranke, the Oracles of State,
Who that opinion ſtrongly did imbrace,
Which through the Land receiued was of late,
Then ought at all preuailed in this Caſe;
O powerfull Doome of vnauoyded Fate,
Whoſe depth not weake Mortalitie can know!
" Who can vphold what Heauen will ouerthrow?

When time now vniuerſally did ſhow
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,
With moſt abundance then when She did flow,
Yet euery houre ſtill proſp'rouſly She wex'd,
But the World poore did by looſe Riots grow,
Which ſerued as an excellent pretext,
And colour gaue to plucke Her from Her Pride,
Whoſe only Greatneſſe ſuffred none beſide.

Likewiſe to that, Poſteritie did doubt,
Thoſe at the firſt not rightly to adore,
Their Fathers that too credulous deuout,
Had to the Church contributed their ſtore,
And to recouer only went about,
What their great Zeale had lauiſhed before,
On Her a ſtrong hand violently laid,
Preying on that, they gaue for to be pray'd.

Beſides, the King ſet in a courſe ſo right,
Which I for Him laboriouſly had tract,
(Who till I learn'd Him, had not knowne His Might)
I ſtill to prompt His Power with Me to act,
Into thoſe Secrets got ſo deepe a ſight,
That nothing laſtly to His Furth'rance lackt,
And by Example it to Him was ſhowne,
How *Rome* might here be eaſly ouerthrowne.

In taking downe yet of this goodly Frame,
He ſuddenly not brake off euery band,
But tooke the Power firſt from the Papall Name,
After awhile let the Religion ſtand,
When limbe by limbe He daily did it lame,
Firſt, tooke a Legge, and after tooke a Hand,
Till the poore ſemblance of a Bodie left,
But all ſhould ſtay it, vtterly bereft.

For iffome Abbey hapned void to fall,
By death of Him that the Superiour was,
Gaine, that did firſt Church-libertie enthrall,
Only Supreame, promoted to the Place.
'Mongſt many bad, the worſt moſt times of all,
Vnder the colour of ſome others Grace,
That by the Slander, which from Him ſhould ſpring,
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from Heauen when by a ſecret courſe,
Diſſenſion vniuerſally began,
(Preuailing as a Planet at the courſe)
I'th'Church beleeuing, as *Mahumetans*,
When *Luther* firſt did thoſe Opinions nurſe,
Much from great *Rome* in little ſpace that wan,
To this change ſo aptly did diſpoſe,
From whoſe ſad Ruine, ours ſo great aroſe.

When

When here that fabrique vtterly did faile,
Which powerfull Fate had limited to Time,
By whose strong Law it naturally must quaile,
From that proud height to which it long did clime,
Letting 'gainst it the contrary preuaile,
Therein to punish some notorious Crime,
For which at length iust dooming Heauen decreed,
That on Her Buildings Ruine here should feed.

Th' authoritie vpon Her Shee did take,
And vse thereof in euery little thing,
Finding Her selfe how oft She did forsake,
In Her owne bounds Her selfe not limiting,
That awfull feare and due Obedience brake,
Which Her reputed Holinesse did bring,
From slight regard and brought Her into Hate,
With those that much dislik'd of Her Estate.

Seeing those parts She cunningly had plaid,
Beliefe to Her great Miracles to winne,
To the wise World were euery day bewrai'd,
From which the doubt did of Her power begin,
Damnation yet to question what She said,
Made most suspect the Faith they had beene in,
When their Saluation easly might be bought,
Found not this yet the way that they had sought.

When those ill humours rip'ned to a head,
Bred by the rankenesse of the plentious Land,
And they not only strangely from her fled,
Bound for her ancient Libertie to stand,
But what their Fathers gaue her being dead,
The Sonnes rap'd from her with a violent Hand,
And those her Buildings most of all abus'd,
That with the waight their Fathers Coffins brus'd.

The

The wiſeſt and moſt prouident but build,
For time againe but only to deſtroy,
The coſtly Pyles and Monuments we glid,
Succeeding Time ſhall reckon but a toy,
Viciſſitude impartially will'd,
The goodlyeſt things be ſubiect to annoy.
And what one Age did ſtudiouſly maintaine,
The next againe accounteth vile and vaine.

Yet Time doth tell, in ſome things they did erre,
That put their helpe her brauerie to deface,
When as the Wealth, that taken was from her,
Others ſoone rayſed, that did them diſplace,
Their Titles and their Offices confer
On ſuch before, as were obſcure and baſe,
Who would with her, they likewiſe downe ſhould goe,
And o'rthrew them that her did ouerthrow.

And th' *Romiſh* Rites that with a cleerer ſight
The wiſeſt thought they iuſtly did reiect,
They after ſaw, that the receiued Light
Not altogether free was from defect,
Myſterious things being not conceiued right,
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect,
For, in opinion ſomething ſhort doth fall,
Wants there haue beene, and ſhall be ſtill in all.

But negligent Securitie and Eaſe
Vnbridled Senſualitie begat,
That only ſought his appetite to pleaſe,
As it in midſt of much abundance ſat
The Church not willing others ſhould her praiſe,
That ſhee was leane, when as her Lands were fat,
Her ſelfe to too much libertie did giue,
Which ſome perceiu'd that in thoſe times did liue.

Pierce

Pierce the wiſe Plowman, in his viſion ſaw
Conſcience ſore hurt, yet ſorer was afraid
The ſeuen great Sinnes to Hell him like to draw,
And to wiſe Clergie mainly cry'd for aide;
Falne eare he wiſt (whom perill much did awe)
On vncleane Prieſts whil'ſt faintly he him ſtaid,
Willing good Clergie t'eaſe his wretched caſe,
Whom theſe ſtrong Gyants hotly had in chaſe.

Clergie call'd Friers, which neere at hand did dwell,
And them requeſts to take in hand the cure,
But for their Leechcraft that they could not well,
He liſted not their dreſſing to endure,
When in his eare Need ſoftly him did tell
(And of his knowledge more did him aſſure)
They came for gaine, their end which they did make,
For which on them the charge of Soules they take.

And voluntarie Pouertie profeſt,
By food of Angels ſeeming as to liue;
But yet with them th'accounted were the beſt,
That moſt to their Fraternitie did giue,
And beyond number that they were increaſt:
If ſo (quoth Conſcience) thee may I beleeue,
Then 'tis in vaine more on them to beſtow,
If beyond number like they be to grow.

The Frier ſoone feeling Conſcience had him found,
And hearing how Hypocriſie did thriue,
That many Teachers euery-where did wound,
For which Contrition miſerably did grieue:
Now in deceite to ſhew himſelfe profound,
His former hopes yet laſtly to reuiue,
Gets the Popes Letters, whereof he doth ſhape
Him a diſguiſe, from Conſcience to eſcape,

And

And ſo towards goodly Vnitie he goes,
A ſtrong-built Caſtle ſtanding very hie,
Where Conſcience liu'd, to keepe him from his Foes,
Whom, leſt ſome watchfull Centinell ſhould ſpie,
And him ſhould to the Garriſon diſcloſe,
His Cowle about him carefully doth tie,
Creepes to the Gate, and cloſely thereat beat,
As one that entrance gladly would intreat.

Peace, the good Porter, readie ſtill at hand
It doth vn-pine, and prayes him *God* to ſaue,
And after ſaluing kindly doth demand
What was his will, or who he there would haue?
The Frier low lowting, croſſing with his Hand,
T'ſpeake with Contrition (quoth he) I would craue.
Father (quoth Peace) your comming is in vaine,
For, him of late, Hypocriſie hath ſlaine.

God ſhield (quoth he) and turning vp the eyes,
To former health I hope him to reſtore,
For in my skill his ſound recouerie lyes,
Doubt not thereof if ſetting *God* before.
Are you a Surgeon, Peace againe replyes?
Yea (quoth the Frier) and ſent to heale his ſore: (ſpeed.
Come neere (quoth Peace) and *God* your comming
Neuer of helpe Contrition had more need.

And for more haſte he haleth in the Frier,
And his Lord Conſcience quickly of him told,
Who entertayn'd him with right friendly cheere:
O Sir (quoth he) intreate you that I could
To lend your hand vnto my deare Couſin here,
Contrition, whom a ſore diſeaſe doth hold,
That wounded by Hypocriſie of late,
Now lyeth in moſt deſperate eſtate.

Sir

Sir (quoth the Frier) I hope him ſoone to cure,
Which to your comfort quickly you ſhall ſee,
Will he awhile my dreſſing but endure;
And to Contrition therewith commeth hee,
And by faire ſpeech himſelfe of him aſſure,
But firſt of all going thorow for his Fee:
Which done (quoth he) if outwardly you ſhow
Sound, 't not auailes if inwardly or no.

But ſecretly aſſoyling of his ſin,
No other med'cine will he to him lay,
Saying that Heauen his ſilucr him ſhould win,
And to giue Friers, was better then to pray,
So he were ſhrieu'd, what need he care a pin?
Thus with his Patient he ſo long did play,
Vntill Contrition had forgot to weepe:
This the wiſe Plowman ſhew'd me from his ſleepe.

He ſaw their faults that looſely liued then,
Others againe our weakeneſſes ſhall ſee:
For this is ſure he bideth not with men,
That ſhall know all to be, what they ſhould bee:
Yet let the faithfull and induſtrious Pen
Haue the due Merit; but returne to mee,
Whoſe fall this while blinde Fortune did deuiſe,
To be as ſtrange as ſtrangely I did riſe.

Thoſe ſecret Foes yet ſubt'ly to deceiue,
That me maligning, lifted at my State,
The King to marry forward ſtill I heaue,
(His former Wife being repudiate)
With *Anne*, the Siſter of the Duke of *Cleaue*,
The *German* Princes to confederate,
To backe me ſtill 'gainſt thoſe againſt me lay,
Which as their owne retayn'd me here in pay.

Which

Which my deſtruction principally wrought;
When afterward abandoning her bed,
Which to his will to paſſe could not be brought,
So long as yet, I bare about my head,
The onely Man her ſafetie that had ſought,
Of her againe and only fauoured,
Which was the cauſe he haſted to my end,
Vpon whoſe fall Hers likewiſe did depend,

For in his high diſtemp'rature of blood,
Who was ſo Great, whoſe Life he did regard?
Or what was it that his deſires withſtood,
He not inueſted, were it ne'r ſo hard?
Nor held he me ſo abſolutely good.
That though I croſt him, I could not be ſpar'd,
But with thoſe things I laſtly was to goe,
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When *Wincheſter*, with all thoſe Enemies
Whom my much power from Audience had debarr'd,
The longer time their miſchiefes to deuiſe,
Feeling with me how laſtly now it far'd,
When I had done the King what did ſuffice,
Laſtly thruſt in againſt me to be heard,
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,
Making a mayne to th'ſheading of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,
Hauing his Ryot ſatisfied thereby,
Seemes not to know how I there in did ſway,
What late was Truth, now turn'd to Heriſie:
When he by me had purchaſed his prey,
Himſelfe to cleere, and ſatisfie the ſin,
Leaues me but late his inſtrument therein,

Thoſe

Thoſe Lawes I made my ſelfe alone to pleaſe,
To giue me power more freely to my Will,
Euen to my Equals hurtfull ſundrie wayes,
(Forced to things that moſt doe ſay were ill)
Vpon me now as violently ſeyze,
By which I laſtly periſht by my skill,
On mine owne Necke returning (as my due)
That heauie Yoke wherein by me they drew.

My Greatneſſe threatned by ill-boding eyes.
My actions ſtrangely cenſured of all,
Yet in my way, my giddineſſe not ſees
The Pit wherein I likely was to fall:
O were the ſweets of mans felicities
Often amongſt not temp'red with ſome Gall!
He would forget by his o'rweening skill,
Iuſt Heauen aboue doth cenſure good and ill.

Things ouer ranke, doe neuer kindly beare,
As in the Corne, the Fluxure when wee ſee
Fills but the Straw, when it ſhould feed the Eare,
Rotting that time, in ripening it ſhould bee,
And being once downe, it ſelfe can neuer reare:
With vs well doth this Simile agree,
(By the Wiſe man) due to the Great in all,
By their owne weight being broken in their fall.

Selfe-loving Man what ſooner doth abuſe,
And more then his proſperitie doth wound?
Into the deepe but fall, how can he chuſe
That ouer-ſtrides whereon his foot to ground?
Who ſparingly proſperitie doth vſe,
And to himſelfe doth after-ill propound,
Vnto his height who happily doth clime,
Sits aboue Fortune, and controlleth Time.

Not chooſing what vs moſt delight doth bring,
And moſt that by the generall breath is freed,
Wooing that Suffrage, but the vertuous Thing.
Which in it ſelfe is excellent indeed,
Of which the depth and perfect managing
Amongſt the moſt, but few there be that heed,
Affecting that agreeing with their blood,
Seldome enduring, and as ſeldome good.

But whil'ſt we ſtriue too ſuddenly to riſe
By flatt'ring Princes with a ſeruill tong,
And being Soothers to their tyrannies,
Worke our much woes by what doth many wrong,
And vnto others tending iniuries,
Vnto our ſelues it hapning oft among,
In our owne Snares vnluckily are caught,
Whil'ſt our attempts fall inſtantly to naught.

The Councell Chamber place of my Arreſt,
Where chiefe I was, when greateſt was the ſtore,
And had my ſpeeches noted of the beſt,
That did them as high Oracles adore:
A Parliament was laſtly my Enqueſt,
That was my ſelfe a Parliament before,
The Tower-Hill Scaffold laſt I did aſcend:
Thus the great'ſt Man of *England* made his end.

FINIS.

IDEA.

1.

LIke an aduenturous Sea-farer am I, (beene,
Who hath some long and dang'rous Voyage
And call'd to tell of his Discouerie,
How farre he sayl'd, what Countries he had seene,
Proceeding from the Port whence he put forth,
Shewes by his Compasse, how his Course he steer'd,
When East, when West, when South, and when by North,
As how the Pole to eu'ry place was rear'd,
What Capes he doubled, of what Continent,
The Gulphes and Straits, that strangely he had past,
Where most becalm'd, wherewith foule Weather spent,
And on what Rocks in perill to be cast?
Thus in my Loue, Time calls me to relate
My tedious Trauels, and oft-varying Fate.

2.

MY Heart was ſlaine, and none but you and I:
Who ſhould I thinke the Murther ſhould commit?
Since, but your ſelfe, there was no Creature by,
But onely I, guiltleſſe of murth'ring it.
It ſlew it ſelfe; the Verdict on the view
Doe quit the dead, and me not acceſſarie:
Well, well, I feare it will be prou'd by you,
Th'euidence ſo great a proofe doth carrie.
But O, ſee, ſee, we need inquire no further,
Vpon your Lips the ſcarlet drops are found,
And in your Eye, the Boy that did the Murther,
Your Cheekes yet pale, ſince firſt he gaue the Wound.
By this I ſee, how-euer things be paſt,
Yet Heau'n will ſtill haue Murther out at laſt.

3.

TAking my Penne, with Words to caſt my Woe,
Duely to count the ſumme of all my cares,
I finde, my Griefes innumerable growe,
The reck'nings riſe to millions of Deſpaires,
And thus diuiding of my fatall Houres,
The paiments of my Loue, I read, and croſſe,
Subſtracting, ſet my Sweets vnto my Sowres;
My Ioyes arrerage leades me to my loſſe;
And thus mine Eies a debtor to thine Eye,
Which by Extortion gaineth all their lookes,
My heart hath paid ſuch grieuous Vſurie,
That all their Wealth lies in thy beauties Bookes,
And all is Thine which hath been due to Mee,
And I a Bankrupt, quite vndone by Thee.

Bright

4.

BRight ſtarre of Beauty, on whoſe eye-lids ſit
A thouſand Nimph-like and inamor'd Graces,
The Goddeſſes of Memory and Wit,
Which therein order take their ſeuerall places,
In whoſe deare Boſome, ſweet delicious Loue
Layes downe his Quiuer, which he once did beare:
Since he that bleſſed Paradiſe did proue,
And leaues his Mothers lap to ſport him there,
Let others ſtriue to entertaine with Words,
My Soule is of a brauer Mettle made,
I hold that vile, which Vulgar wit affords;
In Me's that Faith which Time cannot inuade.
Let what I praiſe, be ſtill made good by you:
Be you moſt worthy, whilſt I am moſt true.

5.

NOthing but No and I, and I and No;
How fals it out ſo ſtrangely you reply?
I tell yee (Faire) ile not be anſwered ſo,
With this affirming No, denying I.
I ſay, I Loue, you ſleightly anſwere I:
I ſay, You Loue, you peule me out a No:
I ſay, I Die, you Eccho me with I:
Saue mee I Crie, you ſigh me out a No;
Muſt Woe and I, haue naught but No and I?
No I, am I, if I no more can haue;
Anſwere no more, with Silence make reply,
And let me take my ſelfe what I doe craue,
Let No and I, with I and you be ſo:
Then anſwere No and I and I and No.

6.

HOw many paltry, fooliſh, painted things,
That now in Coaches trouble eu'ry Street,
Shall be forgotten, whom no Poet ſings,
Ere they be well wrap'd in their winding Sheet?
Where I to thee Eternitie ſhall giue,
When nothing elſe remayneth of theſe dayes,
And Queenes hereafter ſhall be glad to liue
Vpon the Almes of thy ſuperfluous prayſe;
Virgins and Matrons reading theſe my Rimes,
Shall be ſo much delighted with thy ſtory:
That they ſhall grieue, they liu'd not in theſe Times,
To haue ſeene thee, their Sexes onely glory:
So ſhall thou flye aboue the vulgar Throng,
Still to ſuruiue in my immortall Song.

7.

LOue, in a Humor, play'd the Prodigall,
And bad my Senſes to a ſolemne Feaſt;
Yet more to grace the Company withall,
Inuites my Heart to be the chiefeſt Gheſt:
No other Drinke would ſerue this Gluttons turne,
But precious Teares diſtilling from mine Eyne,
Which with my Sighes this Epicure doth burne,
Quaffing Carowſes in this coſtly Wine;
Where, in his Cups o'recome with foule Exceſſe,
Straightwayes he play's a ſwagg'ring Ruffins part,
And at the Banquet, in his Drunkenneſſe,
Slew his deare Friend, my kind and trueſt Heart:
A gentle warning (Friends) thus may you ſee,
What 'tis to keepe a Drunkard companie.

There's

8.

THere's nothing grieues me, but that age ſhould haſt,
That in my dayes I may not ſee thee old,
That where thoſe two cleare ſparkling Eyes are plac'd,
Onely two Loope-holes, then I might behold.
That louely, arched yuorie, polliſh'd Brow,
Defac'd with Wrinkles, that I might but ſee;
Thy daintie Hayre, ſo curl'd, and criſped now,
Like grizzled Moſſe vpon ſome aged Tree;
Thy Cheeke, now flush with Roſes, ſunke, and leane,
Thy Lips, with age, as any Wafer thinne,
Thy Pearly Teeth out of thy Head ſo cleane,
That when thou feed'ſt, thy Noſe ſhall touch thy Chinne:
Theſe lines that now ſcorn'ſt, which ſhould delight thee
Then would I make thee read, but to deſpight thee.

9.

AS other Men, ſo I my ſelfe doe Muſe,
Why in this ſort I wreſt Inuention ſo,
And why theſe giddy Metaphors I vſe,
Leauing the Path the greater part doe goe
I will reſolue you; I am Lunaticke,
And euer this in Mad-men you ſhall finde,
What they laſt thought of, when the Braine grew ſicke,
In moſt diſtraction they keepe that in Minde.
Thus talking idly in this Bedlam ſit,
Reaſon and I (you muſt conceiue) are twaine,
Tis nine yeeres now ſince firſt I loſt my Wit,
Beare with Me then, though troubled be my Braine;
With Diet and Correction Men diſtraught,
(Not too farre paſt) may to their Wits be brought.

10.

TO nothing fitter can I Thee compare,
Then to the Sonne of some rich Penny-father,
Who hauing now brought on his end with Care,
Leaues to his Sonne all he had heap'd together;
This new rich Nouice, lauish of his cheſt,
To one Man giues, doth on another ſpend,
Then heere he riots, yet amongſt the reſt,
Haps to lend ſome to one true honeſt Friend.
Thy Gifts thou in Obſcuritie doſt waſte,
Falſe Friends thy kindneſſe, borne but to deceiue Thee:
Thy Loue, that is on thee vnworthy plac'd,
Time hath thy Beautie, which with Age will leaue thee;
Onely that little which to Me was lent,
I giue Thee backe, when all the reſt is ſpent.

11.

YOu not alone, when You are ſtill alone,
O God from You, that I could priuate be,
Since You one were, I neuer ſince was one,
Since You in Me, my ſelfe ſince out of Me,
Tranſported from my Selfe, into Your being,
Though either diſtant, preſent yet to either,
Senſeleſſe with too much Ioy, each other ſeeing.
And onely abſent, when Wee are together.
Giue Me my Selfe, and take your Selfe againe,
Deuiſe ſome meanes, but how I may forſake You,
So much is Mine, that doth with You remaine,
That taking what is Mine, with Me I take You;
You doe bewitch Me, O that I could flie,
From my Selfe You, or from your owne Selfe I.

That

To the Soule.

12.

THat learned Father, which so firmely proues
The Soule of Man immortall and diuine,
And doth the seu'rall Offices define:
Anima Giues her that Name, as she the Body moues,
Amor Then is she Loue, imbracing Charitie,
Animus Mouing a Will in vs, it is the Mind,
Mens Retayning Knowledge, still the same in kind;
Memoria As intellectuall, it is Memorie,
Ratio In iudging Reason onely is her Name,
Sensus In speedie apprehension, it is Sense,
Conscientia In Right or Wrong they call her Conscience
Spiritus The Spirit, when it to God-ward doth inflame:
These of the Soule the seu'rall Functions bee,
Which my Heart lightned by thy Loue, doth see.

To the Shadow.

13.

LEtters and Lines we see are soone defaced,
Metals doe waste and fret with Cankers Rust,
The Diamond shall once consume to Dust,
And freshest Colours with foule staynes disgraced:
Paper and Inke can paint but naked Words,
To wright with Bloud, of force offends the Sight;
And if with Teares I find them all too light,
And Sighes and Signes a silly Hope affords,
O sweetest Shadow, how thou seru'st my turne!
Which still shalt be, as long as there is Sunne;
Nor whilst the World is neuer shall be done,
Whilst Moone shall shine, or any Fire shall burne:
That eu'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,
May in his Shadow my Loues storie read.

14.

IF he, from Heau'n that filch'd that liuing Fire,
Condemn'd by *Ioue* to endlesse Torment bee,
I greatly maruell, how you still goe free,
That farre beyond *Promethem* did aspire:
The Fire he stole, although of Heau'nly kind,
Which from aboue he craftily did take,
Of liuelesse Clods, vs liuing Men to make,
He did bestow in temper of the Mind.
But you broke into Heau'ns immortall store,
Where Vertue, Honour, Wit, and Beautie lay;
Which taking thence you haue escap'd away,
Yet stand as free as ere you did before:
Yet old *Prometheus* punish'd for his Rape,
Thus poore Theeues suffer, when the greater scape.

His Remedie for Loue.

15.

SInce to obtaine thee, nothing me will sted,
I haue a Med'cine that shall cure my Loue,
The powder of her Heart dry'd, when she is dead,
That Gold nor Honour ne'r had pow'r to moue;
Mix'd with her Teares, that ne'r her true-Loue crost,
Nor at Fifteene ne'r long'd to be a Bride,
Boyl'd with her Sighes, in giuing vp the Ghost,
That for her late deceased Husband dy'd;
Into the same then let a Woman breath,
That being chid, did neuer word replie,
With one thrice-marry'd's Pray'rs, that did bequeath
A Legacie to stale Virginitie.
If this Receit haue not the pow'r to winne me,
Little Ile say, but thinke the Deuill's in me.

'Mong'st

An Alluſion to the Phœnix

16.

MOngſt all the Creatures in this ſpacious Round,
Of the Birds kind, the Phœnix is alone,
Which beſt by you, of liuing Things, is knowne;
None like to that, none like to you is found:
Your Beautie is the hot and ſplend'rous Sunne,
The precious Spices be your chaſte Deſire,
Which being kindled by that heau'nly fire,
Your Life ſo like the Phœnix's begun;
Your ſelfe thus burned in that ſacred flame,
With ſo rare ſweetneſſe all the Heau'ns perfuming,
Againe increaſing, as you are conſuming,
Onely by dying, borne the very ſame:
And wing'd by fame, you to the Starres aſcend,
So you of Time ſhall liue beyond the End,

To Time.

17.

STay ſpeedy Time, behold, before thou paſſe,
From Age to Age, what thou haſt ſought to ſee,
One, in whom all the Excellencies be,
In whom, Heau'n lookes it ſelfe as in a Glaſſe:
Time, looke thou too, in this Tralucent Glaſſe,
And thy Youth paſt, in this pure Mirrour ſee,
As the World's Beautie in his Infancie,
What it was then, and thou before it was;
Paſſe on, and to Poſteritie tell this,
Yet ſee thou tell, but truly, what hath beene,
Say to our Nephewes, that thou once haſt ſeene,
In perfect humane ſhape, all heau'nly Bliſſe;
And bid them mourne, nay more, deſpaire with thee,
That ſhe is gone, her like againe to ſee,

To

To the Celestiall Numbers.

18.

TO this our World, to Learning, and to Heauen,
Three Nines there are, to euery one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both Diuine,
One Woman now, makes three odde Numbers euen;
Nine orders first of Angels be in Heauen,
Nine Muses doe with Learning still frequent,
These with the Gods are euer resident;
Nine worthie Women to the World were giuen:
My worthie, One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my faire Muse, one Muse vnto the Nine,
And my good Angell (in my Soule diuine)
With one more Order, these nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthie, and my Angel then,
Makes euery One of these three Nines a Ten.

To Humor.

19.

YOu cannot loue, my pretie Heart, and why?
There was a time You told Me that you would,
But now againe You will the same denie,
If it might please You, would to God You could;
What will You hate? nay that You will not neither,
Nor Loue, nor Hate, how then? what will You doe?
What will You keepe a meane then betwixt either?
Or will You loue Me, and yet hate Me too?
Yet serues not This: what next, what other Shift?
You Will, and Will not, what a coyle is here?
I see Your craft, now I perceiue Your drift,
And all this while, I was mistaken there:
Your Loue and Hate is this, I now doe proue You,
You loue in Hate, by Hate to make Me loue You.

An

20.

AN euill ſpirit your beautie hants Me ſtill,
Where with (alas) I haue beene long poſſeſt,
Which ceaſeth not to tempt Me to each Ill,
Nor giues Me once, but one poore minuts reſt:
In Me it ſpeakes, whether I Sleepe or Wake,
And when by Meanes, to driue it out I try,
With greater Torments, then it Me doth take,
And tortures Me in moſt extermity;
Before my Face, it layes downe my Deſpaires,
And haſtes Me on vnto a ſudden Death;
Now tempting Me, to drowne my Selfe in teares,
And then in ſighing, to giue vp my breath;
Thus am I ſtill prouok'd, to euery Euill,
By this good wicked Spirit, ſweet Angell Deuill.

21.

A Witleſſe Gallant, a young Wench that woo'd,
(Yet his dull Spirit her not one iot could moue)
Intreated me, as e'r I wiſh'd his good,
To write him but one Sonnet to his Loue:
When I, as faſt as e're my Penne could trot,
Powr'd out what firſt from quicke Inuention came;
Nor neuer ſtood one word thereof to blot,
Much like his Wit, that was to vſe the ſame:
But with my Verſes he his Miſtres wonne,
Who doted on the Dolt beyond all meaſure.
But ſee, for you to Heau'n for Phraze I runne,
And ranſake all *Apollo's* golden Treaſure;
Yet by my Froth, this Foole his Loue obtaines,
And I looſe you, for all my Wit and Paines

With

To Folly.

22.

WIth Fooles and Children good Diſcretion beare:
Then honeſt people, beare with Loue and Me,
Nor older yet, nor wiſer made by yeeres,
Amonſt the reſt of Fooles and Children be:
Loue ſtill a Baby, playes with Gawdes and Troyes,
And like a Wanton, ſports with euery Fether;
And Ideots ſtill are running after Boyes,
Then Fooles and Children fitt'ſt to goe together:
He ſtill as young as when he firſt was borne,
No wiſer I, then when as young as he.
You that behold vs, laugh vs not to ſcorne,
Giue Nature thankes, you are not ſuch as we:
Yet Fooles and Children ſometimes tell in play,
Some wiſe in ſhew, more Fooles indeed then they.

23.

LOue baniſh'd Heauen, in Earth was held in ſcorne,
Wand'ring abroad in Need and Beggerie;
And wanting Friends, though of a Goddeſſe borne,
Yet crau'd the Almes of ſuch as paſſed by:
I, like a Man deuout, and charitable,
Clothed the Naked, lodg'd this wand'ring Gheſt,
With Sighes and teares ſtill furniſhing his table,
With what might make the Miſerable bleſt.
But this vngratefull, for my good deſert,
Intic'd my Thoughts, againſt me to conſpire,
Who gaue conſent to ſteale away my Heart,
And ſet my Breſt, his Lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my Friends, when Beggers grow thus bold
No maruell then though Charitie grow cold.

I heare

24.

I Heare some say, this Man is not in loue
Who? can he loue? a likely thing, they say;
Reade but his Verse, and it will eas'ly proue.
O, iudge not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,
Because I loosely trifle in this sort,
As one that faine his Sorrowes would beguile:
You now suppose me all this time in sport,
And please your selfe with this Conceit the while;
Yee shallow Censures, sometimes see yee not,
In greatest Perils some men pleasant be,
Where Fame by Death is onely to be got,
They resolute? so stands the case with me;
Where other Men in depth of Passion crie,
I laugh at Fortune, as in iest to die.

25.

O, Why should Nature niggardly restraine
That Foraine Nations rellish not our Tongue,
Else should my Lines glide on the Waues of *Rhene*,
And crowne the *Piren's* with my liuing Song:
But bounded thus, to *Scotland* get you forth,
Thence take you Wing vnto the *Orcades*,
There let my Verse get glory in the North,
Making my Sighes to thaw the Frozen Seas;
And let the *Bards* within that *Irish* Ile,
To whom my Muse with fierie Wings shall passe,
Call backe the stiffe-neck'd Rebels from Exile,
And mollifie the slaught'ring *Galliglasse*;
And when my flowing Numbers they rehearse,
Let Wolues and Beares be charmed with my Verse.

I Euer,

To Despaire.

26.

I Euer loue, where neuer Hope appeares,
Yet Hope drawes on my neuer-hoping Care,
And my Liues Hope would die, but for Despaire.
My neuer-certaine Ioy breeds euer-certaine Feares,
Vncertaine Dread giues Wings vnto my Hope;
Yet my Hopes Wings are laden so with Feare,
As they cannot ascend to my Hope's Spheare;
Though Feare giues them more then a Heau'nly Scope,
Yet this large Roome is bounded with Despaire,
So my Loue is still fetter'd with vaine Hope,
And Liberty depriues him of his Scope,
And thus am I impriſon'd in the Aire:
Then, sweet Despaire, a while hold vp thy head,
Or all my Hope for Sorrow will be dead.

27.

IS not Loue here, as 'tis in other Clymes,
And differeth it, as doe the seu'rall Nations?
Or hath it lost the Vertue, with the Times,
Or in this Iland alt'reth with the Fashions?
Or haue our Passions lesser pow'r then theirs,
Who had lesse Art them liuely to expresse?
Is Nature growne lesse pow'rfull in their Heires,
Or in our Fathers did she more transgresse?
I am sure my Sighes come from a Heart as true,
As any Mans, that Memory can boast,
And my respects and Seruices to you
Equall with his, that loues his Mistres most:
Or Nature must be partiall in my Cause,
Or onely you doe violate her Lawes.

To

28.

TO such as say, Thy Loue I ouer-prize,
And doe not sticke to terme my Prayses folly;
Against these Folkes, that thinke themselues so wise,
I thus oppose my Reasons forces wholly:
Though I giue more then well affords my state,
In which expence, the most suppose me vaine,
Which yeelds them nothing, at the easiest rate,
Yet at this price returnes me treble gaine.
They value not vnskilfull how to vse,
And I giue much, because I gaine thereby:
I that thus take, or they that thus refuse,
Whether are these deceiued then, or I?
In euery thing I hold this Maxim still,
The Circumstance doth make it good, or ill.

To the Senses.

29.

WHen conqu'ring Loue did first my Heart assayle,
Vnto mine aid I summon'd euery Sense,
Doubting, if that proud Tyrant should preuayle,
My Heart should suffer for mine Eyes Offence;
But he with Beautie first corrupted Sight,
My Hearing brib'd with her Tongues Harmonie,
My Taste by her sweet Lips drawne with Delight,
My Smelling wonne with her Breath's Spicerie:
But when my Touching came to play his part,
(The King of Senses, greater then the rest)
He yeelds Loue vp the Keyes vnto my Heart,
And tells the other, how they should be blest.
And thus by those of whom I hop'd for ayd,
To cruell Loue my Soule was first betray'd.

Those

To the Veſtals.

30.

THoſe Prieſts which firſt the Veſtall Fire begun,
Which might be borrow'd from no Earthly flame,
Deuis'd a Veſſell to receiue the Sunne,
Being ſtedfaſtly oppoſed to the ſame:
Where, with ſweet Wood, layd curiouſly by Art,
On which the Sunne might by reflection beat,
Receiuing ſtrength from eu'ry ſecret part,
The Fuell kindled with Celeſtiall Heate.
Thy bleſſed Eyes, the Sunne which lights this Fire,
My holy Thoughts, they be the Veſtall flame,
The precious Odors be my chaſte Deſires,
My Breſt's the Veſſell, which includes the ſame:
Thou art my *Veſta*, thou my Goddeſſe art,
Thy hallow'd Temple onely is my Heart.

To the Critticke.

31.

ME thinkes I ſee ſome crooked Mimicke ieere,
And taxe my Muſe with this fantaſticke Grace,
Turning my Papers, askes, What haue we heere?
Making withall ſome filthy Antike Face,
I feare no cenſure, nor what thou canſt ſay,
Nor ſhall my Spirits one iot of vigor loſe.
Think'ſt thou, my Wit ſhall keepe the pack-Horſe Way,
That eu'ry Dudgen low Inuention goes?
Since Sonnets thus in Bundles are impreſt,
And eu'ry Drudge doth dull our ſatiate Eare;
Think'ſt thou my Loue ſhall in thoſe Ragges be dreſt,
That eu'ry Dowdy, eu'ry Trull doth weare?
Vp, to my Pitch, no common Iudgement flyes,
I ſcorne all Earthly Dung-bred Scarabies.

Our

To the Riuer Ankor.

32.

OVr Flouds-Queene *Thames*, for Ships & Swans is crowned,
And ſtately *Seuerne* for her Shoare is prayſed,
The Cryſtall *Trent*, for Foords and Fiſh renowned,
And *Auons* Fame, to *Albons* Cliffes is rayſed,
Carlegion Cheſter vaunts her holy *Dee*,
Yorke many Wonders of her *Owſe* can tell,
The *Peake* her *Doue*, whoſe Bankes ſo fertile be,
And *Kent* will ſay, her *Medway* doth excell,
Cotſwold commends her *Iſis* to the *Tame*,
Our Northerne Borders boaſt of *Tweeds* faire Floud,
Our Weſterne Parts extoll their *Wilis* Fame,
And the old *Lea* brages of the *Daniſh* Bloud;
Ardents ſweet *Ankor*, let thy glory bee,
That faire *Idea* onely liues by thee.

To Imagination.

33.

WHilſt yet mine Eyes doe ſurfet with Delight,
My wofull Heart, impriſon'd in my Breſt,
Wiſheth to be transformed to my Sight,
That it, like thoſe, by looking might be bleſt:
But whilſt Mine Eyes thus greedily doe gaze,
Finding their Obiects ouer-ſoone depart,
Theſe now the others Happineſſe doe prayſe,
Wiſhing themſelues, that they had beene my Heart;
That Eyes were Heart, or that the Heart were Eyes,
As couetous the others vſe to haue:
But finding Nature their requeſt denyes.
This to each other mutually they craue:
That ſince the one cannot the other bee,
That Eyes could thinke of that my Heart could ſee.

To Admiration.

34.

MAruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Ratiish'd a World beyond the farthest Thought,
And knowing more then euer hath beene taught,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Ayming at things exceeding all perfection,
To Wiſedome's ſelfe to miniſter direction,
That I am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire;
Maruell not, Loue, though I thy pow'r admire,
Though my Conceit I further ſeeme to bend,
Then poſſibly Inuention can extend,
And yet am onely ſtaru'd in my deſire:
If thou wilt wonder, here's the wonder, Loue,
That this to me doth yet no wonder proue.

To Miracle.

35.

SOme misbeleeuing, and prophane in Loue,
When I doe ſpeake of Miracles by thee,
May ſay, that thou art flattered by mee,
Who onely write, my skill in Verſe to proue;
See Miracles, ye vnbeleeuing, ſee,
A dumbe-borne Muſe made to expreſſe the Mind,
A cripple Hand to write, yet lame by Kind,
One by thy Name, the other touching thee;
Blind were mine Eyes, till they were ſeene of thine,
And mine Eares deafe, by thy Fame healed bee,
My Vices cur'd, by Vertues ſprung from thee,
My Hopes reuiu'd, which long in Graue had layne:
All vncleane Thoughts, foule Spirits caſt out in mee,
Onely by Vertue that proceeds from thee.

Thou

Cupid coniured.

36.

THou purblind Boy, since thou hast beene so slacke,
To wound her heart, whose Eyes haue wounded me,
And suffred her to glory in my Wracke,
Thus to my aid, I lastly coniure thee;
By Hellish *Styx* (by which the *Thund'rer* sweares)
By thy faire Mothers vnauoided Power,
By *Hecat's* Names, by *Proserpine's* sad Teares,
When she was rapt to the infernall Bower;
By thine owne loued *Psyches*, by the Fires
Spent on thine Altars, flaming vp to Heau'n;
By all true Loues Sighes, Vowes, and Desires,
By all the Wounds that euer thou hast giu'n;
I coniure thee by all that I haue nam'd,
To make her loue, or *Cupid* be thou damn'd.

37.

DEare, why should you command me to my Rest,
When now the Night doth summon all to sleepe?
Me thinkes this Time becommeth Louers best;
Night was ordayn'd, together Friends to keepe:
How happie are all other liuing Things,
Which though the Day diuoyne by seu'rall flight,
The quiet Eu'ning yet together brings,
And each returnes vnto his Loue at Night?
O Thou that art so courteous else to all!
Why should'st thou, Night, abuse me onely thus,
That eu'ry Creature to his kind do'st call,
And yet 'tis thou do'st onely seuer vs?
Well could I wish, it would be euer Day,
If when Night comes, you bid me goe away.

38.

SItting alone, Loue bids me goe and write;
Reason plucks back, commanding me to stay,
Boasting, that she doth still direct the way,
Or else Loue were vnable to indite,
Loue growing angry, vexed at the Spleene,
And scorning Reason's maymed Argument,
Straight taxeth Reason, wanting to inuent,
Where she with Loue conuersing hath not beene;
Reason reproched with this coy Disdaine,
Despiteth Loue, and laugheth at her Folly;
And Loue contemning Reasons reason wholly,
Thought it in weight too light by many a Graine:
Reason put back, doth out of sight remoue,
And Loue alone picks reason out of loue.

39.

SOme when in Ryme, they of their Loues doe tell,
With Flames and Lightnings their Exordiums paint,
Some call on Heauen, some inuocate on Hell,
And Fates and Furies, with their woes acquaint,
Elizium is too high a seate for Me,
I will not come in *Stix* or *Phlegeton*,
The thrice-three Muses but too wanton be,
Like they that Lust, I care not, I will none.
Spightfull *Erinnis* frights Me with her Lookes,
My manhood dares not with foule *Ate* mell,
I quake to looke on *Hecat's* charming Bookes,
I still feare Bug-beares in *Apollo's* Cell.
I passe not for *Minerua*, nor *Astrea*,
Onely I call on my diuine *Idea*.

My

40.

MY heart the anuile, where my thoughts doe beate,
My Words the Hammers, fashioning my desire,
My Breast the Forge, including all the heate,
Loue is the Fewell, which maintaines the fire;
My Sighes the Bellowes, which the Flame encreaseth,
Filling mine Eare with Noise, and Nightly groning,
Toyling with Paine, my Labour neuer ceaseth,
In grieuous Passions, my Woes still bemoning:
My Eyes with Teares against the fire striuing,
Whose scorching gleed, my heart to Cinders turneth;
But with those Dropes, the Flame againe reuiuing,
Still more and more it to my torment burneth:
With *Sisiphus* thus doe I role the stone,
And turne the Wheele with damned *Ixion*,

Loues Lunacie.

41.

WHy doe I speake of Ioy, or write of Loue,
When my Heart is the very Den of Horror,
And in my Soule the paines of Hell I proue,
With all his Torments and Infernall terror?
What should I say? what yet remaines to doe?
My Braine is drie with weeping all too long,
My Sighes be spent in vtt'ring of my Woe,
And I want words, wherewith to tell my Wrong:
But still distracted in Loues Lunacie,
And Bedlam-like, thus rauing in my Griefe,
Now raile vpon her Haire, then on her Eye:
Now call her Goddesse, then I call her Thiefe;
Now I deny Her, then I doe confesse Her,
Now doe I curse Her, then againe I blesse Her.

42.

SOme Men there be, which like my Method well,
And much commend the ſtrangeneſſe of my Vaine;
Some ſay, I haue a paſſing pleaſing Straine,
Some ſay, That in my Humor I excell;
Some, who not kindly reliſh my Conceit,
They ſay (As Poets doe) I vſe to faine,
And in bare words paint out my Paſſions paine;
Thus ſundry Men their ſundry Minds repeat:
I paſſe not, I, how Men affected bee,
Nor who commends or diſcommends my Verſe;
It pleaſeth me, if I my Woes rehearſe,
And in my Lines, if ſhe my loue may ſee:
Onely my comfort ſtill conſiſts in this,
Writing her prayſe, I cannot write amiſſe.

43.

WHy ſhould your faire Eyes with ſuch ſou'raigne grace,
Diſperſe their Rayes on euery vulgar Spirit,
Whilſt I in darkeneſſe, in the ſelfe-ſame place,
Get not one glance to recompence my Merit?
So doth the Plow-man gaze the wand'ring Starre,
And onely reſt contented with the Light,
That neuer learn'd what Conſtellations are,
Beyond the bent of his vnknowing Sight.
O, why ſhould Beautie (Cuſtome to obey)
To their groſſe Senſe apply her ſelfe ſo ill?
Would God I were as ignorant as they,
When I am made vnhappy by my skill:
Onely compell'd on this poore good to boaſt,
Heau'ns are not kind to them, that know them moſt.

Whilſt

44.

WHilſt thus my Pen ſtriues to enternize thee,
Age rules my Lines with Wrinkles in my Face,
Where, in the Map of all my Miſerie,
Is model'd out the World of my Diſgrace;
Whilſt in deſpite of tyrannizing Times,
Media-like, I make thee young againe,
Proudly thou ſcorn'ſt my World-out-wearing Rimes,
And murther'ſt Vertue with thy coy diſdaine:
And though in youth, my Youth vntimely periſh,
To keepe Thee from Obliuion and the Graue,
Enſuing Ages yet my Rimes ſhall cheriſh,
Where I intomb'd, my better part ſhall ſaue;
And though this Earthly Body fade and die:
My Name ſhall mount vpon Eternitie.

45.

MVſes which ſadly ſit about my Chayre,
Drown'd in the Teares, extorted by my Lines.
With heauie Sighes whilſt thus I breake the Ayre,
Painting my Paſſions in theſe ſad Deſignes;
Since ſhe diſdaines to bleſſe my happie Verſe,
The ſtrong-built Trophies to her liuing Fame,
Euer henceforth my Boſome be your Hearſe,
Wherein the World ſhall now intombe her Name;
Incloſe my Muſike, you poore ſenſeleſſe Walls,
Sith ſhe is deafe, and will not heare my Mones,
Soften your ſelues with eu'ry Teare that falls,
Whilſt I like *Orpheus* ſing to Trees and Stones;
Which with my plaint ſeeme yet with pittie moued,
Kinder then ſhe whom I ſo long haue loued.

46.

PLaine-path'd Experience, th'vnlearneds guide,
Her simple Followers euidently shewes
Sometimes what Schoole-men scarcely can decide,
Nor yet wise Reason absolutely knowes:
In making tryall of a Murther wrought,
If the vile actors of the heynous deed
Neere the dead Body happily be brought,
Oft 't'ath been prou'd, the breathlesse Coarse will bleed.
She comming neere, that my poore Heart hath slaine,
Long since departed (to the World no more)
Th'ancient Wounds no longer can containe,
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:
But what of this? Should shee to death be led,
It further Iustice, but helpes not the dead.

47.

IN pride of Wit, when high desire of Fame
Giue Life and Courage to my lab'ring Pen,
And first the sound and vertue of my name
Wonne grace and credit in the Eare of Men;
With those the thronged Theaters that presse,
I in the Circuit for the Lawrell stroue:
Where, the full Prayse I freely must confesse,
In heat of Bloud, a modest Mind might moue,
With Showts and Claps at eu'ry little pawse,
When the proud Round on eu'ry side hath rung,
Sadly I sit, vnmou'd with the Applause,
As though to me it nothing did belong:
No publike Glorie vainely I pursue,
All that I seeke, is to eternize you.

Cupid

48.

CVpid, I hate thee, which I'de haue thee know,
A naked Starueling euer may'ſt thou be,
Poore Rogue, goe pawne thy *Faſcia* and thy Bow,
For ſome few Ragges, wherewith to couer thee;
Or if thou'lt not, thy Archerie forbeare,
To ſome baſe Ruſtick doe thy ſelfe preſerre,
And when Corne's ſowne, or growne into the Eare,
Practiſe thy Quiuer, and turne Crow-keeper;
Or being Blind (as fitteſt for the Trade)
Goe hyre thy ſelfe ſome bungling Harpers Boy;
They that are blind, are Minſtrels often made,
So may'ſt thou liue, to thy faire Mothers loy:
That whilſt with *Mars* ſhe holdeth her old Way,
Thou, her blind Sonne, may'ſt ſit by them, and play.

49.

THou Leaden Braine, which cenſur'ſt what I write,
And ſay'ſt, my Lines be dull, and doe not moue;
I maruell not, thou feel'ſt not my Delight,
Which neuer felt'ſt my fierie touch of Loue:
But thou, whoſe Pen hath like a Packe-Horſe ſeru'd,
Whoſe Stomack vnto Gall hath turn'd thy Food,
Whoſe Senſes, like poore Pris'ners, hunger-ſtaru'd,
Whoſe Griefe hath parch'd thy Body, dry'd thy Blood;
Thou which haſt ſcorned Life, and hated Death,
And in a moment Mad, Sober, Glad, and Sorrie;
Thou which haſt bann'd thy thoughts & curſt thy Birth,
With thouſand Plagues, more then in Purgatorie:
Thou, thus whoſe Spirit Loue in his fire refines,
Come thou and reade, admire, applaude my Lines,

As

50.

AS in some Countries farre remote from hence,
The wretched Creature, destined to die,
Hauing the Iudgement due to his Offence,
By Surgeons beg'd, their Art on him to trie,
Which on the Liuing worke without remorse,
First make incision on each mast'ring Veine,
Then stanch the bleeding, then transe-pierce the Coarse,
And with their Balmes recure the Wounds againe;
Then Poyson, and with Physike him restore:
Not that they feare the hope-lesse Man to kill,
But their Experience to increase the more:
Eu'n so my Mistres workes vpon my Ill;
By curing me, and killing me each How'r,
Onely to shew her Beauties Sour'aigne Pow'r.

51.

CAlling to minde since first my Loue begun,
Th'incertaine Times oft varying in their Course,
How Things still vnexpectedly haue runne,
As't please the Fates, by their resistlesse force;
Lastly, mine Eyes amazedly haue seene
Essex great fall, *Tyron* his Peace to gaine,
The quiet end of that Long-liuing Queene,
This Kings faire Entrance, and our Peace with *Spaine*,
We and the *Dutch* at length our Selfe to seuer;
Thus the World doth, and euermore shall Reele:
Yet to my Godlesse am I constant euer:
How e're blind Fortune turne her giddie Wheele:
Though Heauen and Earth, proue both to me vntrue,
Yet am I still-inuiolate to You.

What

52.

WHat do'ſt thou meane to Cheate me of my Heart,
To take all Mine, and giue me none againe?
Or haue thine Eyes ſuch Magike, or that Art,
That what They get, They euer doe retaine,
Play not the Tyrant, but take ſome Remorſe,
Rebate thy Spleene, if but for Pitties ſake;
Or Cruell, if thou can'ſt not; let vs ſcorſe,
And for one piece of Thine, my whole heart take.
But what of Pitty doe I ſpeake to Thee,
Whoſe Breſt is proofe againſt Complaint or Prayer?
Or can I thinke what my Reward ſhall be
From that proud Beauty, which was my betrayer?
What talke I of a Heart, when thou haſt none?
Or if thou haſt, it is a flinty one.

Another to the Riuer Ankor.

53.

CLeere *Ankor*, on whoſe Siluer ſanded ſhore,
My Soule-ſhrin'd Saint, my faire *Idea* lies,
O bleſſed Brooke, whoſe milke-white Swans adore,
Thy Criſtall ſtreeme refined by her Eyes,
Where ſweet Myrrh-breathing *Zephire* in the Spring
Gently diſtills his Nectar-dropping ſhowres;
Where Nightingales in *Arden* ſit and ſing,
Amongſt the daintie Dew-impearled flowres;
Say thus faire Brooke, when thou ſhalt ſee thy Queene,
Loe, heere thy Shepheard ſpent his wandring yeeres;
And in theſe Shades, deare Nymph, he oft hath beene,
And heere to Thee he ſacrific'd his Teares:
Faire *Arden*, thou my *Tempe* art alone,
And thou, ſweet *Ankor*, art my *Helicon*.

Yet

54.

YEt reade at last the storie of my Woe,
The drerie abstracts of my endlesse Cares,
With my Life's Sorrow interlined so,
Smoak'd with my Sighes, and blotted with my Teares;
The sad Memorialls of my Miseries,
Pen'd in the griefe of mine afflicted Ghost,
My Liues complaint in dolefull Elegies,
With so pure Loue, as Time could neuer boast;
Receiue the Incense which I offer here,
By my strong Faith ascending to thy Fame.
My Zeale, my Hope, my Vowes, my Prayse, my Pray'r,
My Soule's Oblations to thy sacred Name:
Which Name my Muse to higheſt Heau'ns shall rayse,
By chaste Desire, true Loue, and vertuous Prayse.

55.

MY Faire, if thou wilt register my loue,
A World of Volumes shall thereof arise:
Preserue my Teares, and thou thy Selfe shalt proue
A second Floud, downe rayning from mine Eyes:
Note but my Sighes, and thine Eyes shall behold
The Sun-beames smothered with immortall Smoke,
And if by Thee my Prayers may be enrol'd
They Heauen and Earth to pittie shall prouoke;
Looke Thou into my breſt, and Thou shalt see
Chaste holy Vowes for my Soule sacrifice,
That Soule (sweet Maid) which so hath honor'd Thee,
Erecting Trophies to thy Sacred Eyes,
Those Eyes to my Heart shining euer bright,
When Darkneſse hath obscur'd ech other Light.

When

An alluſion to the Eaglets.

56.

WHen like an Eaglet I firſt found my Loue,
For that the vertue I thereof would know,
Vpon the Neſt I ſet it forth, to proue,
If it were of that Kingly kind, or no:
But it no ſooner ſaw my Sunne appeare,
But on her Rayes with open Eyes it ſtood,
To ſhew, that I had hatch'd it for the Ayre,
And rightly came from that braue mounting Brood;
And when the Plumes were ſumm'd with ſweet deſire,
To proue the Pynions, it aſcends the Skyes;
Doe what I could, it needſly would aſpire
To my Soules Sunne, thoſe two Celeſtiall Eyes:
Thus from my Breſt, where it was bred alone,
It after thee, is like an Eaglet flowne.

57.

YOu beſt diſcern'd of my Minds inward Eyes,
And yet your Graces outwardly Diuine,
Whoſe deare remembrance in my Boſome lyes,
Too rich a Relique for ſo poore a Shrine:
You, in whom Nature choſe her ſelfe to view,
When ſhe her owne perfection would admire,
Beſtowing all her Excellence on you;
At whoſe pure Eyes, Loue lights his hallow'd Fire,
Eu'n as a Man that in ſome Trance hath ſeene,
More then his wond'ring vtt'rance can vnfold,
That rapt in Spirit, in better Worlds hath beene,
So muſt your prayſe diſtractedly be told;
Moſt of all ſhort, when I ſhould ſhew you moſt,
In your perfections ſo much am I loſt.

In

58.

IN former times, such as had store of Coyne,
In Warres at home, or when for Conquests bound;
For feare that some their Treasure should purloyne,
Gaue it to keepe to Spirits with in the Ground;
And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,
Till they return'd: Home when they neuer came,
Such as by Art to get the same haue try'd,
From the strong Spirit by no meanes force the same;
Neerer Men come, That further flyes away,
Striuing to hold it strongly in the Deepe:
Eu'n as this Spirit, so you alone doe play
With those rich Beauties Heauen giues you to keepe:
Pittie so lett, to coldnesse of your blood,
Not to auaile you, nor doe others good.

To Prouerbe.

59.

AS Loue and I, late harbour'd in one Inne,
With Prouerbs thus each other intertaine:
In Loue there is no lack, thus I begin,
Faire words make Fooles, replyeth he againe;
Who spares to speake, doth spare to speed (quoth I)
As well (sayth he) too forward, as too slow;
Fortune assists the boldest, I reply,
A hastie Man (quoth he) ne'r wanted Woe;
Labour is light, where Loue (quoth I) doth pay,
(Saith he) Light, Burthen's heauy, if farre borne;
(Quoth I) The Maine lost, cast the By away;
You haue spunne a faire Thred, he replyes in scorne.
And hauing thus awhile each other thwarted,
Fooles as we met, so Fooles againe we parted.

Desme

60.

DEfine my Weale, and, tell the ioyes of Heauen,
Expreſſe my Woes, and ſhew the paines of Hell,
Declare what Fate vnlucky Starres haue giuen,
And aske a World vpon my Life to dwell.
Make knowne the Faith, that Fortune could not moue,
Compare my Worth with others baſe Deſert,
Let Vertue be the Touch-ſtone of my Loue,
So may the Heauens read wonders in my Heart?
Behold the Clouds which haue eclips'd my Sunne,
And view the Croſſes which my courſe doe let,
Tell Me, if euer ſince the World begunne,
So Faire a riſing, had ſo Foule a ſet:
And ſee if Time (if he would ſtriue to proue)
Can ſhew a Second to ſo pure a Loue.

61.

SInce ther's no helpe, Come let vs kiſſe and part.
Nay, I haue done: You get no more of Me,
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
That thus ſo cleanly, I my Selfe can free,
Shake hands for euer, Cancell all our Vowes,
And when We meet at any time againe,
Be it not ſeene in either of our Browes,
That We one iot of former Loue reteyne;
Now at the laſt gaſpe, of Loues lateſt Breath,
When his Pulſe fayling, Paſſion ſpeechleſſe lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of Death,
And Innocence is cloſing vp his Eyes,
Now if thou would'ſt, when all haue giuen him ouer,
From Death to Life, thou might'ſt him yet recouer.

When

62.

When first I Boded, then I first began;
Then more I Trauell, further from my Rest,
Where most I Lost, their most of all I Wan,
Pined with Hunger, rising from a Feast.
Me thinkes I Flie, yet want I legges to Goe,
Wise in Conceit, in Act a very foe,
Rauish'd with Ioy amid'st a hell of Woe,
What most I Seeme, that surest am I Not.
I build my Hopes a world aboue the Skie,
Yet with the Mole I creepe into the Earth,
In Plenty I am starv'd with Penurie,
And yet I Surfet in the greatest Dearth:
I haue, I want, Despaire, and yet Desire,
Burn'd in a Sea of yce, and drown'd amidst a fire.

63.

TRuce, gentle Loue, a Parly now I craue,
Me thinks 'tis long since first these Warres begun,
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can haue,
Bad is the Match, where neither partie wonne.
I offer free Conditions of faire Peace,
My Heart for Hostage that it shall remaine,
Dischage our Forces here let Malice cease,
So for my Pledge thou giue me Pledge againe,
Or if no thing but Death will serue thy turne,
Still thirsting for subuersion of my state:
Doe what thou canst, raze, massacre and burne;
Let the World see the vtmost of thy hate:
I send defiance, since if ouerthrowne,
Thou vanquishing, the Conquest is mine owne.

FINIS.